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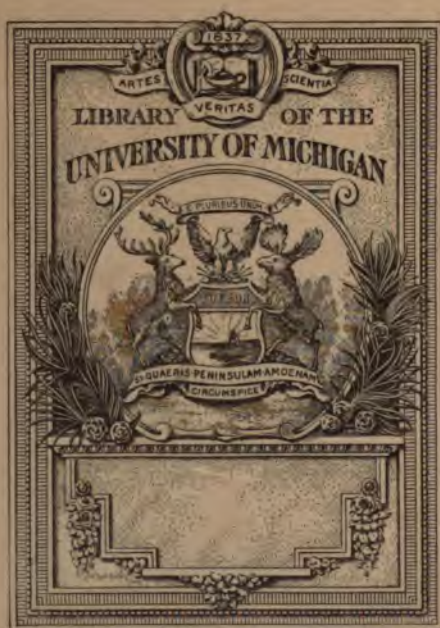
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THE GIFT OF
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DEATH OF THE BOY CHATTERTON.—See Page 92.



LONDON. Early Morning, 23rd August, 1771.
"One more Unfortunate,—weary of breath,—rashly importunate,—gone to his Death,"

Shorthouse, Edmund

A PRESENT TO YOUTHS & YOUNG MEN.

Printed for Private Circulation, and Presentation.



"Christian" at the "Wicket Gate."

"Knock, and it shall be opened unto you!"

The "Old" Theology, versus the "New" Theology.

"No man having tasted Old wine straightway desireth New, for he saith, the Old is better."

Once, to every Man, and Nation, comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the Good or Evil side;
Some great Cause calls to all, offering each the Bloom or Blight,
Purses the Goats upon the left hand, and the Sheep upon the right,
And the Choice goes on for ever, 'twixt the Darkness and the Light.

"By going down the Street of 'By and By,' one comes,—at last,—
to the Gate of 'Never!'"

From the Arabic.

In Nurse's arms,—a naked, new born Child,—
Weeping thou sat'st, whilst all around thee *Smiled*;
Live so,—that,—sinking,—to thy last, long, Sleep,—
Calm may'st thou Smile,—whilst all around thee Weep!

TO A FATHER,
WHOSE CONSCIENTIOUS LIFE,
UNDEVIATING RECTITUDE, AND UNFAILING LOVE,
HAVE,—DURING A LENGTHENED PERIOD,—
PROVED THE BEST EXAMPLE TO HIS SONS,
THIS BOOK
IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

The above Dedication was to the Earlier Editions.
He died 11th October, 1880. His eldest son was the Author of
"John Inglesant," who died 4th March, 1903, a Portrait
of whom is at the End of Volume II.

NOTE.—It is suggested to place the Stamp of the Library, or Institution on this Page.

PRESENTED TO THE LIBRARY OF

WITH THE BEST WISHES OF THE
AUTHOR.

"I expect to pass through this World but once; if, therefore, there be any good I can do, let me do it now! Let me not defer, or neglect it; for I shall not pass *this way again*."—ANON.

192093

ERRATA.

- Page 176,—For "Owen,"—read "Owen Swift."
.. 550,—For "The light,"—read "slight."
.. 571,—For "Storm,"—read "Storm Bell," or "Bell Buoy."
.. 598,—For "we should never,"—read "we never should."
.. 614,—For "live yet," read "live ye."
.. 624,—For "or," read "on their hands."
.. 609,—For "of the Fathers," read "Father."
.. 622,—For "Ancient Prophet," read "Prophets."
-

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PREFACE TO NEW EDITION, 1908.

Former issues of this Work,—from 1864 to the last in 1892,—having been approved by Libraries, one more Improved Edition,—probably the last,—is once more offered for their acceptance. Although applications from private persons cannot be entertained, the Book may be had on application, from all our English Public Libraries, and “Y.M.C.A.” Branches, also at similar excellent Institutions in the United States, Canada, etc.

NOVEL READING.

The habitual Novel, or Story, Reader, will,—at times,—candidly express a fear that the habit debilitates the Mind,—consumes countless hours, and useless Sentiments over bogus Heroes, etc., who never had any existence,—while it gradually disinclines to rational Study, or useful,—instructive,—Reading.

Undoubtedly he is right! The Problem remains,—“Can a Book of an instructive tendency be rendered, at the same time readable,—without having recourse to Fiction?”

The Candid Reader is asked, how far this Query is answered in this Vol. I., in (1) The Loss of the “London,” s.s., Pages 50-70, “The Royal Charter,” and “Duncan Dunbar,” off Sydney Heads. (2) The Boy Chatterton, Page 22. (3) Edmund Kean and Master Betty,—the Boy Actors,—Page 110. (4) The Boy Colbert, of Paris, Page 130. (5) “The Good (?) Old Times,” Page 142. (6) Rules for Daily Habits, to secure Health, Page 210. (7) The Retreat from Russia, 1812, Page 329. (8) The “Sunday School,” Page 238. (9) “The Fall,” Page 401. (10) Suggestions for a Christian Life, Page 419. (11) The “Eternal Hope” Delusion, Page 318, also 465-523. (12) The True “Eternal Hope,” Page 597.

SIR GEORGE WILLIAMS,
“Y.M.C.A.”

During world-wide travel, the Writer,—on one occasion,—crossed the Atlantic with the late excellent Mr. (afterwards Sir) GEORGE WILLIAMS,—of “Y.M.C.A.” celebrity.

This was in 1876,—on a Tour to the first, American “Centennial” Exhibition, at the People’s Park, Philadelphia,

extended to Kansas,—Colorado,—Salt Lake City,—“ ‘Frisco,”
—Mexico,—Canada,—etc.

Thirty years ago, travel in the Far West was not without its incidents,—Mr. Williams, and his son, being shot at, across the street, by a drunken Rowdy at Cheyenne. The splendid wave of “Prohibition” has,—since that day,—spread over America. Would that it would do so over Great Britain.

Even in 1876, the Writer was greatly struck with the Noble Schools,—Colleges,—“Y.M.C.A.’s”—Public Libraries,” etc., of America,—the latter—through the munificent aid of that great, and wise, Philanthropist,—Mr. Carnegie,—and other Patriotic Citizens now immensely increased in number.

“JOHN INGLESANT.”

Not possessing the Genius of his late Brother,—the AUTHOR of the Historical Romance,—“JOHN INGLESANT,”—a favourite Book of Mr. Gladstone’s,—the Writer can only offer to the Libraries of the above excellent Institutions,—this little work, —with his good wishes.

George Washington, Patriot.

The Grandfather of the Writer,—for many Years,—added the Business of American Merchant to his English Manufactory. and was in New York, when the Great Patriot,—GEORGE WASHINGTON,—died,—14th December, 1799.

NOTE.—Those were the “Good” (?) old days of “Sailing” Ships. Delays of weeks took place at times,—waiting for a Wind to get fairly out to Sea. He left Liverpool in a well-found Ship,—the “Severn,”—Captain Sheffield,—an able Mariner,—22 September, 1799. Attempting,—but failing,—to negotiate the South of Ireland route,—they had to take to the Northern passage. A Stormy voyage,—narrowly missing Sable Island Shoals,—in a terrible Gale. They reached New York 23 November, 1799,—a 61 days’ passage. But the “Harriet,”—leaving Liverpool the day before them,—took 13 weeks!—while the “Neptune” from Bristol took 15 weeks 4 days (109 days) and ran short of Provisions! They were all in constant Dread of meeting the “French Privateer” Vessels,—and carried guns! “Good old times,” Reader!

Rather a contrast to the Floating Palaces,—the “Lusitania,” and “Mauretania,” of 1908,—800 feet in length, 32,500 tons,—and 70,000 h.p.,—crossing in less than 5 days! The first “Cunard” s.s.,—the “Britannia,”—207 feet long,—left Liverpool the 4th July, 1840,—and crossed in 14 days 8 hours, with 124 Passengers. Mr. SAMUEL CUNARD,—the worthy Quaker of Halifax,—who accompanied them,—within 24 hours of landing, received 1,800 Invitations to Dinner, from hospitable American Citizens!

THEOLOGY,—“ UNREST IN THE CHURCHES,” 1908.
THE “ OLD THEOLOGY ” VERSUS “ THE NEW THEOLOGY.”

“ No man having tasted old wine straightway desireth new : for he saith, **The old is better.**”

The Reader,—disturbed by the eccentric Theological Teaching of this day,—is asked to peruse the following Chapters in Volume I.,—giving them a fair hearing,—and to say whether the propositions advanced do not commend themselves to the Conscience, and,—may it be added,—our Common Sense ?

(1) The Existence of Sin, the necessity of Trial, and Freedom of Choice, Page 405, also Page 408.

(2) Good Books, Page 429.

(3) Bible “ Difficulties,” Page 459.

(4) Heaven and Hell, Pages 465-523.

(5) John Wesley and George Whitfield, Page 497.

(6) The “ Eternal Hope ” Delusion ; or, the “ Old Theology ” versus the “ New Theology,” Pages 465 to 596. The True “ Eternal Hope,” Page 597.

To avoid misconception,—this Work is not a “ Proselytizing ” one. It is not connected with,—nor advancing the views of,—any Especial Christian Sect,—or Denomination. What little Sectarian reserve the Writer might,—from early associations,—have imbibed, has, long ago, disappeared. Having attended, with much Respect, and Interest, the various Churches, Chapels, and Meeting Houses, during world-wide Travels,—of, he thinks, almost every known Religious Denomination, he has found the same Essentials to true Religion,—Reverence, Faith, and Worship. He ventures, therefore, to claim that every true Believer,—whatever may be the name of the “ Church ” he may elect to unite with,—belongs,—in addition,—to one VAST FAMILY, who, throughout the World, claim God, as their Father,—Jesus Christ, as their Saviour,—and God, the precious Holy Spirit, as their Sanctifier. Surely,—then,—all True Believers in our Lord are Fellow Christians,—alike entitled to Respect and Esteem.

The object being entirely a Philanthropic,—not a Financial, one,—as in previous Editions of this Book, no Copy can ever be Sold. It must be accepted literally as a “ *Present* ” to Young Men.

“ *Freely ye have received,—freely give.*”—Matt. x. 8.

INTRODUCTION.

THE following work was written by a gentleman interested in Working Men's Clubs,—Youths' Institutes,—Sunday Schools, &c.

Before leaving England, for a time, he desired to leave with a number of youths, from 14 to 25 years of age, a book which—if carefully read—might, with God's blessing, induce a Youth to commence a manly, noble, and pious Life. Not being able to meet with precisely the kind of Book he required, he resolved to attempt the present little Work.

Having spent very many pleasant hours—he might almost say *years*—in their company, in teaching in the Sabbath-school, Night Institute, &c., he has gained some experience, and the hints given to Youths in this Volume will, he thinks, be appreciated by many a Youth setting out in life.

Amongst the thousands of Works now weekly published on Travel, History, Fiction, Poetry, and even Theology, one but rarely meets with a Book purposely designed to encourage good and religious feeling in those young in years, and yet one which a Youth might read without feeling that weariness and repugnance so often felt by him for works of a more pretentious and advanced character.

Books designed to combine entertainment and piety are often not very successful in advancing either;—"semi-religious" tales are prone to become more and more uninteresting, and are sometimes so transparently unreal, and fictitious, as to become comparatively worthless. On the other hand, in the few books extant having no other object than that of presenting Religion to those in early life, the error is made of forgetting that the attention of a Youth cannot reasonably be expected to be held too long on one subject, without some break or change.

In the earnest "*Persuasions to Piety*," and similar excellent Works by Mr. Pike, the *practical* part, as it bears upon the daily life and habits, has been almost entirely omitted, so as to leave the youthful, and inexperienced, in some degree at a loss as to what are the first steps to be taken, in their case, towards the Life recommended. On the other hand, the practical predominates so much in that admirable book for young students, "*The Manual*," by the Rev. John Todd,

and in such works as Mr. Smiles's "Self-Help," &c., as to leave but little room for those earnest *persuasives* so helpful and encouraging to the young Believer. The hard, practical lessons suggested fail, in their absence, to inspire him with that love and affection for his Lord without which it is to be feared a life of self-improvement, begun under the most excellent system, will, after a time, insensibly glide back into the habits, and train of thought, common to the worldly and thoughtless of his age.

RELIGION THE WORK OF A LIFETIME.

One view of Religion alone may appear opposed, in the following chapters, to the spirit felt so much in the present day by many; it is the insisting more upon a natural, quiet, and habitual course of Intellectual and Religious advancement, rather than relying upon the sudden and remarkable changes—little short of miracles—brought forward so prominently in the present day—a Religion dependent on the *feelings* rather than on the conscientious life.

"AWAKENING" NOT NECESSARILY "CONVERSION."

Let us be thankful for all "Revivals,"—and "Revivalists,"—for surely there never was a time when a Great Revival of true, practical Religion was more needed.

But let the Young Reader clearly understand what a "Revival" really means. "Awakening" is by no means necessarily "Conversion!" Surely if there ever lived a Man who might have been inclined to rest upon his "Awakening" as a true, genuine "Conversion," that man was the Great Apostle Paul! Does he rest content with that Damascus journey, as "Conversion," and as his title to Salvation? *Certainly not!* He is ever urging us all to follow his wise and holy example, and leave the "things that are behind." "But this one thing I do,—forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before," Phil. iii. 13, "Not as though I had already attained, but I follow after." "Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended." "Know ye not that they which run in a Race run all,—but one receiveth the Prize? So run that ye may obtain," 1. Cor. ix., 24. Very different teaching this, dear Reader, to resting on a past scene, or scenes, of emotion, or excitement, for Salvation! Instead of allusion to having been "Converted" on the Damascus road, the Apostle, on the contrary, says, "I keep my body under, and bring it into subjection," 1 Cor. ix. 27. *Why?* "Lest,—after having preached to others, I *myself* should be a Castaway!"

The after Life of multitudes who once seemed deeply impressed with Religion has proved by the *irresistible* logic of *facts*,—that the Pious emotions they once experienced, certainly did *not* lead *them* on to that *true, lasting,—real* “Conversion” the Apostle urges upon us. “If ye know these things,” says our Blessed Lord,—“happy are ye *if ye do them*, John xiii. 1. “Not every one that saith unto Me, ‘Lord, Lord,’—shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, but he that *doeth* the will of my Father, which is in Heaven,” Matt. vii. 1. The *wise* Builder was he who heard our Lord’s words and *did them*, whose house was found to be *upon the rock*.

True, every Christian places his *only hope* of Reconciliation, and of Salvation, in the *first place*, upon the Atonement and Sacrifice of our Lord Jesus Christ. It is the shedding of the precious Divine blood of Christ which can alone Redeem any, or can alone offer Mankind any hope or standpoint. Nothing else gives the true Christian any hope,—any satisfaction,—any confidence! We *start* with this. It is the first Principle,—and Standpoint of true Christianity! But *then* follows the question of faithfulness in the Christian life and walk, the Path of Duty.

Are we seeking our Pleasures in God,—in serving Christ’s Cause,—or in a Life for Worldly Pleasure, Self, or Gain?

Because the Believer ever desires to be “Found in Him, not having mine own righteousness” (to rest upon for Salvation)—“but that which is through the faith of Christ,”—(Phil. iii. 9)—that is surely no reason why he is not to be ever anxious to do his duty, with Christ’s aid! And, dear Reader,—no two words about it,—that duty *must* be done. Multitudes are impressed,—feel at some time or other of their lives “the Power of the World to come,”—but it was not “Conversion.” By no conceivable means could their after life be called a Christian one! They fell away! They shirked the Conflict at the beginning! The Great Apostle never says, “I was converted on the Damascus road.” On the contrary,—years after,—he says—“I have *fought* a good Fight; I have *kept* the Faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a Crown of Righteousness!” Dear Reader! Why not let us recognise with the Great Apostle,—and every true Follower of our Lord since His day,—the Fact that, though Christ’s Atonement has *certainly* opened to all the way to Heaven, there is yet a “Good Fight,” for us *also* to “fight;”—a “Faith” for us, *too*, to be tried;—(and *tried* it *certainly will be*)—and to be “kept” also, by us, before the “Well done! Good, and faithful Servant! enter thou

into the joy of thy Lord,"—can come,—(as God wishes it to come)—also to us!

Young Reader! Value Religious emotions and Pious feelings,—especially in early life,—as the most precious of all God's gifts,—but value them, as He intends them to be valued, as a Means to an End. Do not rest on them,—grasping the Shadow for the Substance;—they are intended to lead to,—but are not in themselves,—“Conversion.” A religion which *costs you nothing* is just *no Religion at all!* Depend upon it, a religion of mere sentiment,—without the Cross,—will never win the Crown! “Without Holiness no Man shall see the Lord,” Heb. xii. 14.

THE YOUNG BELIEVER DISCOURAGED.

Without this true View of “Conversion” being taught him, the Young Christian may become utterly discouraged. Why! I quite thought that at such and such a time I was “Converted,”—and yet *here are all the old sins* still! Why I quite thought from that day all would be Happiness and Peace!

I thought that there would be no more doubts, no more very great,—or, at any rate,—very successful,—temptations, and that I should fall no more into any very serious sins.” *Did you?* Then, dear young Reader, you were expecting a Life contrary to the experience of every child of God!

To be “Born again,”—is not so easy a matter! The change from a State of Nature to a State of Grace is not so easily effected! It is the Work of a Lifetime! Else what are we here “three-score years and ten” for?

You are expecting the Crown,—before the Cross,—the Victory before the Conflict! It cannot be! The Christian must be tried! As a young Christian you are expected to prove a true,—not a sham,—“fair weather only,” Soldier of the Cross. Our Saviour's own path led Him to the Cross on Calvary! The Christian's life would be unintelligible,—if there was no trial—no conflict—no foe to face,—no fighting a good fight of Faith,—no Satan to oppose,—no confidence in God to be tried!

GIVING IT ALL UP.

Many youths,—looking to themselves alone,—and forgetting the power of the Almighty,—conclude that Christ's precepts are,—at least to the immense majority of Mankind,—infinitely too high for poor human nature to entertain the slightest hope of following them. Thus, the precepts of Jesus Christ, in regard—for instance,—to *absolute purity* in Life, and even in Thought,—the “giving up all, and follow-

ing Him," the "loving our neighbour,"—nay, even our enemy, "as ourselves," &c. "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect,"—are Precepts so transcendently high as to be ineffectual,—because impossible to follow. It is to be feared that many, usefully engaged in Christian work,—having to come in constant contact with these precepts,—are so depressed with the immense contrast presented by their own practice,—and the lives of those around them, to the teaching of Christ,—that they say, "I cannot go on preaching to others what I do not, and cannot, follow myself,—it is a farce to do so," and give up in sheer despair!

WE HAVE ETERNITY TO WORK IN.

Being Himself Divine, how could our Saviour's Precepts and Standard be anything else but "transcendent" and Godlike? But, dear Reader, we must remember that, to reach that Standard of being perfect, the Christian will have Eternity in which to approach,—without ever reaching—Divine goodness! This is merely the *Commencement* of the Christian's life! If God gives the *desire*, He will, in time, give the ability. "I can do all things through Christ strengthening me."

The fault surely lies in looking too much at the "impossible" of man, and forgetting that "with God all things are possible." Because neither we, nor those around us, seem able, at present, to obey the Gospel precepts,—are we to madly give up all faith,—in the amazing changing power of God, the Holy Spirit,—and that life of prayer which we are assured will lead ultimately to our becoming "sons of God"?

No one denies for a moment the *immense corruption* of the Christian church, if judged by Christ's standard. Where is the consistent "Christian"? may well be asked in 1907.

TRUE CONVERSION.

It certainly requires Faith to believe that the wondrous change can take place. But before the mysterious and blessed influence of God the Holy Spirit a marvellous change is experienced. That terrible hunger and greed after gain, and money,—for instance,—that terrible Sin of Covetousness,—the sin of our day (and the Sin especially of the English-speaking Race)—relaxes its fearful hold upon the Soul, as higher ambitions, and hopes, begin to dawn upon the Believer.

So with the Besetting Sin,—Intemperance,—Immorality,—Dishonesty,—Irreligion,—whatever it may be. God the Blessed Holy Spirit, the Sanctifier,—can, *in time*,—but

it takes time,—if earnestly sought,—entirely change that deadly Selfish Heart,—change the entire Character, Ambitions, and Desires! Do you doubt it? Well, look around you! What! never seen that wondrous change in any Companion, Relative, or Friend? It is incredible! We see it,—thank God,—certainly! Nay! We experience it,—as Believers,—*ourselves!* And you, if you only persevere in a Prayerful and Christian Life,—shall experience it too! Things,—which once were everything to us,—upon which the then worldly, selfish, Christless heart was set,—are nothing,—thank God,—to us now! The taste for them has gone! We have *something better* now! This is “CONVERSION,”—the true Change, for Time and for Eternity!

EXCITEMENT.

There never was a time when it was more needful to bear in mind that all things in Nature designed to be lasting and permanent, much more, all things connected with Religion, must, from the Constitution of things, be of extremely slow and gradual growth.

In these days of increased intelligence and excited feeling, we demand Preachers who can thunder and lighten, and urge their hearers forward by a succession of powerful impulses—almost without their knowing it—into the kingdom of Heaven. What an idea of unreal and fictitious growth do such means present to us, to which all things in Nature—and, above all, God’s dealings with Mankind—offer a denial. With God all things are possible; but except in occasional instances, upon which we have no authority to rely—they being the exception, not the rule—His dealings with man have been as remarkable for their extreme deliberation as for their inevitable accuracy and certainty. Although hopelessly and fatally corrupt, a hundred and twenty years are given to a World, altogether corrupt, to repent, before it is destroyed. A hundred and twenty years did Noah warn the sinners before the Flood of the Wrath to come, while, though the World went on as usual, he was ever building the Ark. It is probable that they only laughed at the “foolish old man,” who had been toiling for a hundred years on his mad scheme: for we learn how few righteous and repenting would have stayed God’s hand when His judgment waited till righteous Lot was in a place of safety. Noah, we are told, was “a Preacher of Righteousness,”—but he preached in vain! The “hundred and twenty years” of God’s long-suffering slowly passed; and God warned Noah, at length, to go into the Ark. Louder than ever laughed the scoffers around him, at the silly old man and his family shut in on dry land,—they

ate, they drank, but the rain came,—the very windows of heaven were opened,—the fountains of the great Deep were broken up,—and swept them all away!

The Deluge.



"The Earth also was corrupt before God, and the earth was filled with violence, for all flesh had corrupted his way upon the Earth; and God saw that the wickedness of man was great upon the Earth, and the Lord said, My Spirit shall not always strive with man, yet his days shall be an hundred and twenty years. In the Second Month and the Seventeenth day of the Month, the same day were all the fountains of the great Deep broken up and the windows of Heaven were opened. And the waters prevailed exceedingly upon the earth; and all the high hills were covered. Fifteen cubits upward did the waters prevail, and the mountains were covered."—*Genesis vi. 7.*

Again, a city, with not ten unpolluted by frightful sin, is visited by God Himself, to see "whether they have done altogether according to the report," before it is overwhelmed. The dealings of the Creator with His creatures undoubtedly exhibit amazing long-suffering, "not willing that any should perish." But such examples only serve to confirm the certainty of judgment which overtakes the hardened and habitual sinner before he can persuade himself that there is any cause for alarm. Hence the caution with which the many extraordinary accounts of sudden changes in those old and con-

firmed in sin should be propagated, especially amongst the young and unthinking ; for they tend to encourage fallacious hopes, and fail in every way to stimulate the young to earnest and real endeavours after a better life, while time and opportunity are theirs. The Thief on the Cross, we may conjecture, although we are not positively told so, may have never heard or known of Christ before. This man was undoubtedly converted and accepted while upon the Cross ; but does *this apply* to one who has known from very Childhood all the truths of the Gospel, and yet known them in vain ? How little do we know of the former life, the circumstances, the state of Society in which this man had lived ! If he for the *first* time had heard of good, how little can we understand that *degree of faith*, in a Criminal of those dark times, which enabled him to discern in one convicted, crucified, and reviled, a Saviour who would shortly be the Lord over Heaven and Earth—a faith surpassing that of His immediate followers, who had been with Him from the first—amidst the tumult and excitement of the scene, with the knowledge that in a few hours at the longest he must pass into eternity, and the consciousness that he was looking for the last time on the world around, which enabled him to address to Christ those touching words, “ Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom.” Was this intended as an *ordinary* case of one whom sin and Satan had been hurrying on from one stage of guilt and pollution to another ? Is this a case, constantly as we hear it brought forward, which—till we know more of its unusual features,—we dare to cite to others as an instance of the *ordinary* dealings of God—the ordinary termination of a polluted, woeful, drunken, criminal, immoral, misspent life ?

Surely the parallel case of the parable of the workmen not called to work in the vineyard until the *eleventh* hour is not meant to encourage any madly to risk his all upon the chance of a late, so called “ Conversion.” The *object* of the parable, designed as all were *for certain states of mind* in those who heard them, aimed rather to reprove the jealousy, which, having all things, could not feel pleasure in their being also bestowed on others.

Surely, when Piety and its duties have been presented to the mind from very early days, there can be no application of this often misapplied parable, seeing that the “ Call ” to a Religious life—a life of Piety towards God—has already gone forth, not in the “ *eleventh* ” hour, but in youth, long ago.

The gracious words, “ Let the wicked forsake his way,” etc., and again, “ But if the wicked will turn from all his sins that he hath committed, and keep all My statutes, and

do that which is lawful and right, he shall surely live, he shall not die," offer no false hopes in respect to those sudden changes met with so frequently in tracts and modern publications of a religious character, though less frequently in actual and real life.

WE MUST HAVE TIME FOR ALL THIS.

Such passages of Scripture evidently impress us most strongly with the conviction that a *complete change* is absolutely necessary. Shouting "Glory Songs,"—next rushing in crowds to cheer "**New Theology**," fatal Heresies, is surely a delusive "conversion." Fancy crowds cheering during Divine Service! A day of vulgar irreverence. What is needed is a real permanent *change of heart*, a leaving off of evil, a performance of that which is lawful and right; and, surely, this necessitates the *being in a position*, having the *time* and *power*, to do those things, and not the leaving off evil merely because it is no longer *in our power* to follow it. "But if the wicked will turn"—here seems to be the point. A death-bed repentance can *never be proved* to be real and lasting, unless the person could be restored and put to the test; and if he has failed once to live a holy life, what ground have we for thinking that he would be successful if he had another opportunity?

For does not what we ourselves have seen in him to whom the character may be applied of being a thoroughly wicked and proud man, *confirmed in sinful habits*, tend much rather to the assertion, that "When the leopard can change his spots, then may they also do good who are accustomed to do evil"?

The change from *virtue* to *vice* is, like all others, *slow*—no one becomes altogether evil *all at once*. They *could* not do so if they *tried*! And shall, then, the change from *sinfulness* to holiness—the most wonderful of all others—be alone marked for its sudden, unexpected, and instant growth?

The natural world offers a type of the same gradual growth or decay which marks the spiritual condition of mankind.

Passing over the periods of almost eternal duration needed to form the earth on which we live, let us take, amongst numberless examples, the simple illustration of the growth of an acorn. At first, from the swelling shell bursts forth, little by little, the first small shoot of green, in time the seedling is formed, which for years must struggle, with uncertain success, to rise above the long grass in which it is concealed; then, as year after year rolls by in slow succession—the returning and returning seasons, the wintry days of snow and rain, the long

warm days of Summer, leaving their gradual impressions the Seedling becomes a Sapling ; and, when generations of Mankind have been long ago gathered to the dust, the stately and far-spreading oak tree towers above all around, until, after weathering the storms of Centuries, in gradual and silent decay, it slowly passes away !



It was an Acorn once.

And is not such a type of the slow and gradual steps by which a *Character* is formed—formed not for Time only, but for Eternity ? Is it not by such degrees the Great and Holy have, in all ages, been matured to what they were ? The early turning of love to heavenly things. The hymn said at a mother's knee ; the habit of thought and feeling ; the impressions gained insensibly from examples of piety, especially in those of the same age as ourselves—impressions which are felt in after-life, when the circumstances, and the actors, have long since passed away ; the vague and childish idea of " Our Father Who art in Heaven " ripening into faith, year after year, in the growing consciousness of the actual

presence of an Almighty Friend ; the quiet, habitual communion with Him in prayer, in Boyhood and Youth ; the book after book read in scenes of retirement, all leaving their deep and lasting impressions on the boy's mind—who can doubt that these are the principles on which to act, as the natural and hopeful means by which holiness and true piety have ever been attained ? Again, in those cases when the awakening from a woeful, Christless, prayerless life comes in later life, is there no struggle between the good and evil ? No warfare ? No self-denial ? No frequent prayers, no earnest seeking, before the Soul, long accustomed to a Godless life decides at length, once and for ever, for the higher, rather than the lower, life ? Then, surely, we *must have time* for all this ! Surely *daily actions—daily thoughts*, words, and deeds, produce *Habits* both in thought and deed ! Equally surely do *habits*,—long continued,—form the *Character* whether for good or evil. And certainly the *Character* decides the fate, or destiny ; and what is fate, or destiny, but *Heaven or Hell* ? “ Depart from Me all ye that work iniquity.”

Let us then attempt, by slow but sure degrees, to present true and intelligent ideas of religion and God to our scholars of all classes and ranks—ever in dependence for the Divine blessing upon our efforts—without which we must all feel conscious nothing can result. Unless practical ideas of religion are thus obtained, the efforts at public education, however excellent they may be, must ever prove ineffectual in reaching the springs of action in *touching the heart*. Our country owes its supremacy far more to the Religious disposition of the English than to our mere advantages of position and wealth ; and there surely never was a period when its teeming population needed more intelligent views of Christianity. Fully allowing that “ God alone giveth the increase,” that “ unless He build the city, they labour in vain that build it,” and knowing that all holy impressions must come from Him alone, surely this offers *no more reason* for omitting every means in our power, than the knowledge that its after-growth and success must be left to nature alone, need deter the husbandman from *sowing the seeds* of the future harvest.

Let us then seek to use the means God *points out* to us as the hopeful ones for success ; instead of placing dependence upon that subtle, self-deceiving thought, common to old and young, that we are much the same as others, and that when needful, a certain time will yet come,—why we know not ; when, or how, we know not—when “ Conversion ” is to take place, *while we are allowing*, at the same time, *our short allotment of time and opportunity to pass by unimproved*.

“TIME ENOUGH YET!”

That “Conversion” which they fondly hope is, some distant day, to be effected in an instant,—with no attempts, no labour on our part,—unaccompanied by any *conscious change* in our *daily habits*, and *daily thoughts*,—to multitudes never comes at all!

How is it possible that it should, where no efforts are made, —no means employed?

Those sudden and unexpected changes of character which are to take place in the most depraved most certainly to multitudes do *not* come!

Such delusive hopes of a change to take place,—but *always* at some *future time*,—must surely be a hazardous “Conversion” on which to rest an Eternity of Weal or Woe!

“By going down the Street of ‘BY AND BY,’—one comes, —at last,—to the Gate ‘NEVER’!”

CHILDISH TEACHING.

The fact is, there appears in the present day to be a general desire, on the part of Teachers, to *bring down* as much as possible to the comprehension of the dullest the Truths of that Religion we wish to promote. Whether those Truths *suffer nothing* from such attempts, and whether our efforts should not rather be directed to raise the intelligence of our Scholars *upwards* to them, we cannot now pause to consider; but there will often be found an acuteness of mind in the Youths we teach which needs something more than the almost *childish teaching* not unfrequently given them. There can be nothing more calculated to strike us painfully, whether it be in the Pulpit or in the School, than to see the Teacher actually behind the intelligence of those he is presumed to be instructing, who, longing for teaching of a *more advanced* character, and being ready to receive it with benefit—learn *insensibly* to think lightly of those Truths, the solemn meaning and requirements of which are lost sight of in the *poor* and *weak* manner in which they are presented.

But there will come a time, in the experience of every thoughtful Youth, when these subjects *must* be met and *thought out for himself*; and it will, we think, be conceded, that to enlighten the mind, as far as Divine revelation permits, as to the *cause of the evil* we see around us on every hand—although, as far as we know, all has been done that will be done, and eighteen hundred years have passed since the Redeemer came—the reason for the struggle between good

and evil, between the service of sin and Satan and the service of God—is of the utmost importance to the young Believer, just awakened to a sense of these truths, before he can estimate rightly the supreme blessing of the offer of a Saviour, and be induced to fly to Him for refuge and salvation.

Repetitions will be noticed, and the persuasions to accept the offers of Divine goodness and a Saviour's love, in early life, and to cherish with pious regard, those precious impressions of early religious feeling, will, perhaps, be thought to be repeated *almost to tediousness*; but it must be remembered that these addresses bear upon a point of such *infinite importance* to the *young*, for whom they were written, they have been left unaltered.

WHEN IS RELIGIOUS LIFE TO BEGIN ?

The importance of earnest teaching in this day must be felt, when we have constant examples to prove that the young of one sex may be (and often are) committing, and still more often wishing for the opportunity to commit, those sins of which the Scriptures say expressly, that they who do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God; and that the young of the other sex may be (and often are) principally intent upon the gratification of vanity, and looking for their chief happiness in the resorts of gaiety and folly; and yet, provided only that they are good-tempered and open, and not actually disobedient to their parents and other superiors, they are considered good-hearted young people—which it would be well if all young people were. It is considered uncharitable to doubt that when age has given them a little more wisdom and self-command they will be all that can be desired. But true charity is wakeful, full of solicitude, not so easily satisfied, and knowing what sin is, and the ruin it spreads over the fairest promise, is jealous of mischief, apt to suspect danger—especially to those whose age renders them unsuspecting of evil themselves.

Are not those the symptoms by which genuine regard manifests itself when it is solicitous about the bodily health of the object of affection—the wife or the child? and is not affectionate concern for the eternal interests of others characterised by the same infallible marks? And if those who are charged with the office of watching over the young, who naturally and almost insensibly take their habits of thought and views of religion from them, suffer themselves to be lulled asleep—or, for fear of being deemed uncharitable and over-anxious, spare themselves all pains in the duty of their position—shall it be called

uncharitable or unnecessary to endeavour to point out to the young the importance of that life upon which their eternal interests depend ?

THE LESSON NOT LEARNT IN YOUTH.

To the considerate mind is there nothing to create anxiety in seeing the engaging cheerfulness and gaiety incident to youth welcomed, as sufficient indications of goodness, and a hopeful sign for a future life of piety and usefulness, by their parents and friends ? The cheerful, lively disposition, the healthy, active body, the attractive exterior, and engaging manners ; surrounded by friends, with good prospects for future well-doing—hopeful signs these, you will say, for passing fifty or sixty years here ; but *what signs* do they give, not for sixty nor a thousand years, but for Time Everlasting ? Surely, the Poor in this World, without friends, without hope for the future, with a large share of the miseries of life,—born often in an atmosphere of disease and wretchedness,—have a *far better* chance of passing *their* fifty or sixty years *here* tolerably than those who have *not begun to turn* to God have of passing a *tolerable eternity* !

I would not cast one cloud over that cheerful spirit—throw one shadow of sadness over that light-hearted disposition—more than is needful to lead such to seek that home where clouds, and tears, and sadness can never come ; but—knowing as we all do how soon early innocence is tarnished, and that either good or evil *must* take up its abode in that joyous, thoughtless heart,—and with many an ebb and flow, one or the other will finally take up its abode there *never more to depart*—should we not avail ourselves of that period (which once wasted is not to be recalled) when the temper of the mind is soft and ductile, that period of docility and good-humoured acquiescence to lead a Youth to a Christian, pious, and happy life ?

The teachableness of youth is in general much greater than we might at first imagine ; their inexperience renders it so necessarily. In spite of much self-confidence, and a quick pride which seeks to hide the need of it, many a lesson is, nevertheless, taken home by a Youth never to be again entirely forgotten.

It is rare to find in a Youth a deliberate pride of mind which repels advice and instruction, on matters which nearly concern him, from the conscious strength he feels of having no need of them.

THE LESSON NOT LEARNT IN MANHOOD.

Let us, then, trace for a moment, in conclusion, the after career of those in whom this fair morning of life, this seed-time for a happy future, has been allowed to pass by without solicitude in regard to their eternal interests, or to their spiritual understanding and attainments. As these grow older, they marry and ordinarily settle into *decent, respectable* people, adopting the usual outward forms of religion, and a sufficiently regular performance of its duties and requirements. With a lax and very imperfect idea of *true piety* and holiness, with hearts rendered more unimpressionable by habit, and by the thousand duties, pleasures, and engagements of life, these listen with a *calm* and almost *listless* attention to the earnest truths which *once* would have gone home with infinite good to their hearts. They *may be no more set than ever* upon the great work of their Salvation: they may be chiefly bent upon merely worldly pursuits—the care of their families—improving their fortunes—enjoying the recreations considered needful and allowable in a life of business; but who can *now* press home the truth upon such it is of eternal consequence that they should feel? So long as they are kind in their conjugal and parental relations, decent and regular in their mode of life, who can be so uncharitable—so *rude*—as even to venture a doubt whether *that* condition can be a safe one which has passed youth without having *ever been touched* by a Saviour's love; without having ever *consciously become His*; and with whom, loving and engaged with earthly things, the short remaining period of allotted life is *rapidly hastening away*? Looking at the depth of misery and sin multitudes are plunged in, almost, alas! from childhood, causes us to consider their state as a hopeful one, in comparison. They seem “not far from the kingdom of heaven.”

But if there be any in whom good and pious resolutions have long since ripened into good and pious actions, and continued good actions have now led to a Christian life, how miserable would such think it to be only “not far from the Kingdom of Heaven;” how ill could they bear to go over again the struggles of earlier days which used to accompany almost every action, when done in defiance of habits of evil; how thankful will they be to have escaped from that season when they were seeking, but had not yet found, when that feeling of coldness and unwillingness to pray, because they had prayed so often in vain, at last gave way before a faith which instead of giving up the attempt, had prayed the more earnest and had been successful. Those who are thus within

the Kingdom of Heaven cannot but look back with pity upon those who are only as yet without its gates, much more upon those who have not taken a step towards it, nor appear to be doing so.

In their married life there is the same absence of any gross wickedness, and we see much that is amiable ; but the desire to turn to God, the sense of Sin and the need of a Saviour—the very first tending of the steps towards the Kingdom of God—these *we do not see* !

Young people are not tempted to be hard, interested, covetous, or insincere. Those in middle life are not so strongly tempted to be thoughtless, or idle, or licentious ; they have the restraints of their family connections ; the knowledge of what is expected from, and due to, their position ; the estimation of society, of which they now well know the value. They are not now so completely negligent in their attention to objects of real value ; *far from it*—family interest, the pursuit of wealth or ambition, and worldly cares, are now the objects of life and desire.

AND NOW, AT LENGTH, OLD AGE ADVANCES.

And now, at length, *old age advances*, with a step *no longer* to be mistaken ; *one after another* the lights of Vanity Fair are disappearing *in silence* and *in gloom* ; the bustle of the gay and thoughtless world is soon to fall no more upon our ears, but to be the portion of those who are just commencing, as they once did, its wearisome search after happiness.

Now, if ever, we may expect, that the lesson not taught in *youth*, nor learnt in *middle age*, will at *last* come home, and eternal concerns at length be the main object of earnest attention. Alas ! *nothing of the kind* ! There are still appropriate good qualities, the presence of much which calms disquietude and satisfies the requisitions of themselves and those around them ; they must now be indulgent of the frailties and follies of youth, remembering that when young they shared the same.

Aged Persons are now occupied with, and intent upon, the preservation of their Health. How best,—and where best,—to live to prolong the decaying powers of Body, and Mind. Do we not find them as anxious about their Property and Worldly concerns as ever ? Frequently, more so ! “ Gold ! Gold ! hugged by the old to the very verge of the churchyard mould ” ? How can it be otherwise if the hopes for a lifetime have been placed upon this World alone ?

Therefore if any man *be* in Christ, *he* is a new creature ; old things are passed away ; behold all things are become new.

And all things are of God, who hath reconciled us to himself by Jesus Christ, and hath given to us the ministry of reconciliation.

Can such lives as those described—by any conceivable means—be said to be “ Becoming a new Creature ” ? Have “ old things passed away ” ? Have “ all things become new ” ? Surely nothing of the kind !

Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.

“ YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN.”—John iii., 3-8.

IS *THIS* BEING BORN AGAIN ?

Is this that dread of sin, that life of holiness and heavenly desires, that advancing from strength to strength, that life of dedication, which marks the true Christian ? Is this all that is implied in the doctrine of our Lord, the “ *being born again*,” without which no man can see God, or enter into His kingdom ? Is this all that is implied in being “ Created anew after God, in righteousness and true holiness ” ? “ If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, *he is none of His*.” Romans viii. 9. Is this all we have to encourage in us the hope that our names are written in the Book of Life ? Youth, with its warmth and inexperience, its follies, and its temptations, being over, we may, indeed, live many years decent, sober, respectable, and even useful members of Society : but unless we have known something of a conscious coming to Christ, at some time or other of our lives, a conscious acceptance of Him, and a resolve to be His and serve Him for ever ;—unless we have not been merely content to struggle successfully with *one* marked sin, but, undismayed with the prospect, and in dependence upon Divine assistance, have resolved to overcome an *entire sinful nature*, and become renewed after God’s own image ; unless we have experienced the gradual death of sin, which, with *many an ebb and flow*, at last makes *certain progress* ; unless, at some time or other in our lives, we have known what it was to *fly to Christ*, as those in extreme peril from sin and misery, and have been accepted and forgiven by Him, shall we not find that we have been *building upon the sand* ?

BUILDING ON THE SAND.

“ SAVED ” OR DELUDED ? WHICH ?

If all this seems to us strange, extravagant, and unreal (unreal in the sense in which our houses, and land, and families,

and friends are real), surely we should ponder the Truth as expressed in that Book whose Author *cannot* lie, that we may live thus for many years, respectably and creditably, possessing large powers of mind ; with deep knowledge of earthly and even some of spiritual things ; enjoying the friendship and love of many, and possessing qualities worthy of their regard, and which even our enemies cannot fail to respect, and finally our names may be spoken of, in after times, as those who did worthily in their day and generation :—and yet we may find, when this Earth with all its concerns shall have closed for ever its mournful and yet glorious history, and shall have passed away, as a *thousand worlds* may have already passed away, in Infinite space, and in Infinite time, that in all these things in which we were so far *superior* to the sinful and miserable around us, we served *ourselves alone*, and not Him who died for us.

We may find that we have had our good things in this life, and shall find that there remains now nothing more ; the talents He committed to us, by which we rose superior to multitudes sunk in ignorance, and sin, kept us, indeed, from hurtful and disreputable vices, enabled us to live a happy, and “successful,” life, but brought forth *no fruit* to Him—were never employed consciously in His service, in order that the words of loving welcome might be ours, “Thou hast been faithful over a few things, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.”

We may find—having no interest in Christ, never having entered by the strait and narrow way into His fold—that to sinners such as we are the door of eternal life must be for ever closed. And the agony is neither to be *conceived* of nor *understood*. When God and Christ *have passed away for ever*, and we left to go out into Eternity, unchanged, unholy, unsanctified, and unsaved ;—to ponder upon that loss *so vast, so awful*, that it will take *an Eternity to understand*, and *an Eternity to deplore* !

BE WISE IN TIME.

To some older Reader—who may—perchance, take up a book intended for the Young,—the shades of evening are stretching o’er the landscape,—the Sun of your life’s Summer is sinking in the West ! You have seen the Comrades of your early days go down,—one after *another*,—to the silent tomb ! You have seen one loved Relative after *another*—laid out—in the cold, white, marble, Mystery of Death ! And how

many a so-called "Wealthy" and "Successful" man, is going out into Eternity unsaved ?

GRASPED THE DUNGHILL, MISSED THE STARRY CROWN.

"In my early life, *I*, too, had my calls to Piety and Religion—but I *slighted* them! The faithful God,—the precious Saviour,—came humbly knocking at *my* door too, in days that long since are over, and are gone! But I wished to be a wealthy and 'successful' man,—I slighted many Convictions! I grasped—for many a year—the treasures of a dying World, but I *missed the tide*, it was God's will should have borne me to my Heavenly Home! I grasped—for many a long year—the riches and the pleasures of a Phantom, Dying World! I grasped Earth's *Dunghill*,—I *missed the starry Crown!*" Reader! be wise,—before Death comes to *thee!* Reader! be *wise* before **Eternity!**



THE BARREN FIG TREE.

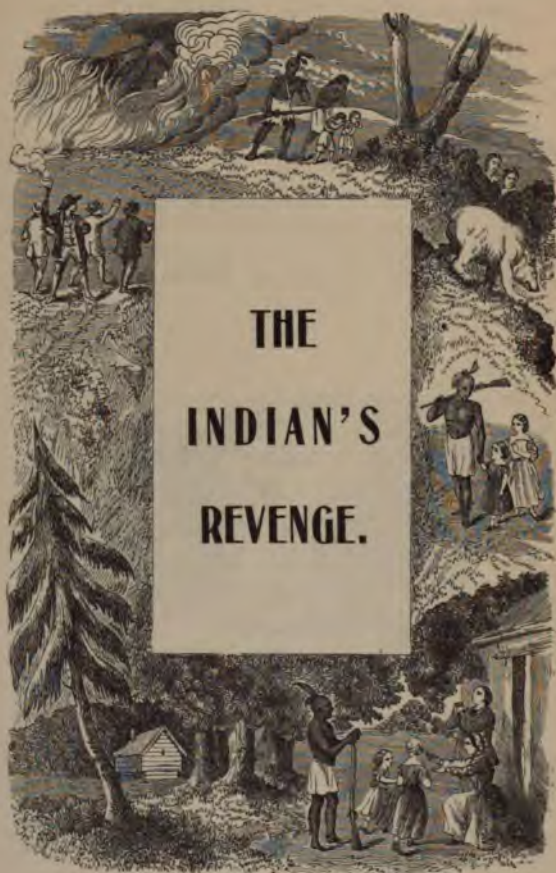
He spake also this parable; A certain *man* had a fig tree planted in his vineyard; and he came and sought fruit thereon, and found none.

Then said he unto the dresser of his vineyard, "Behold, these three years I come seeking fruit on this fig tree, and find none: cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?"

And he answering said unto him, "Lord, let it alone this year also, till I shall dig about it, and dung it;"

"And if it bear fruit, *well*; and if not, *then* after that thou shalt cut it down."

Is there not in this solemn Parable a Lesson for us all ?



CHAPTER I.

THE INDIAN'S REVENGE.

HERE was a man, named Warrington, who lived on the confines of an American Forest.

His house was made of logs, and pleasantly situated in a small valley, by the side of a little river. It was seven miles from the dwelling of any white person, and the road to the nearest settlement lay through the thick forest.

But although Mr. Warrington dwelt in a place so lonely, he did not feel his solitude.

He had a wife and two children ; these he loved very much, and they saved him from feeling that he was alone.

Of the children, the eldest was a girl, Laura, nine years old ; the other, John, a little boy of seven. They were very pretty children, and, what is better, were very good ; Laura, only, being rather too fond of wandering in the woods. Not far from Mr. Warrington's house there was an Indian, by name Shaumut. He lived in a small hut made of the branches of trees, covered with red turf. He was on the whole a good and friendly man ; though, like the other Indians, he dwelt in the forest, and lived in a wild and savage manner.

Now it happened that two bad white men who lived at the settlement, seven or eight miles from Mr. Warrington's, knowing that he lived alone, determined to rob him of what they could get.

Accordingly, one night they came into his house, and carried off several articles of considerable value in the estimation of a settler. The whole family being asleep, and the log hut being but insecure, they escaped in safety.

The thieves now went towards Shaumut's Hut, taking care to drop one or two of the things as they passed along ; for, being known as bad characters by the whole settlement, they had hit upon this expedient of getting the Indian to be suspected of the robbery. When the morning came the robbery was discovered.

It was then the custom to lay every misfortune upon the Indians, and every crime that was committed was set down to the red man. It was natural, therefore, that Mr. Warrington should impute the robbery to them. After thinking of it a little time, he resolved to go to Shaumut, and see if he could discover the truth.

While he was on his way he stumbled on one of the articles

which the rogues had dropped ; and as it was in a path which led but to the red man's hut, he did not care to go there alone, being now convinced that Shaumut had been the thief.

He repaired at once to the white settlement, and told the people what had happened. All agreed that the Indian was the robber, and *none were more sure of it* than the two white men who had *themselves* committed the crime.

It was determined that Shaumut should be instantly punished ; and four men, armed with guns, returned with Mr. Warrington to his house, for the purpose of carrying this scheme into execution.

They waited until it was dark, and then repaired to the scene of action. Shaumut's house, as I said before, consisted of sticks covered with sods. It was a kind of hut called a "Wigwam."

In a Wigwam there is no door, but the Indians pass in and out through a small hole, by creeping on their hands and knees. It was about ten o'clock, on a summer evening, that Warrington and his companions surrounded the red man's Wigwam. The Indian and his wife and three children were already asleep. Not thinking of danger, they were all reposing on their bear-skin beds, enjoying their rest, which the labours of hunting and fishing, in which their lives were passed, made doubly sweet.

Suddenly the silence of the night was broken by the sound of a musket. Shaumut heard the noise, and creeping out of his wigwam, was met by Mr. Warrington, who charged him with the theft. Shaumut denied the charge. "Theft," said he, "is the white man's crime ; the red man's hand may wield the tomahawk, or pull the bowstring, but his fingers cannot steal."

But, in spite of his declaration, Warrington and his friends believed the poor Indian was guilty ; it was true they could find none of the stolen articles anywhere about his wigwam, but what so easy as to hide or bury them ? They, therefore, drove him and his family from their home, and then set it on fire. At the same time they told the Indian to leave that place, and never to return to it. Thus the poor red man was forced to see his dwelling-place consumed, his wife and children without a shelter, and his own name branded with crime. But, like all Indians—silent—he said nothing.

He gloomily plunged into the forest, and followed by his family, disappeared from the little Valley where he had so long dwelt.

Some time had passed away, and the events which I have related were almost forgotten. Shaumut had never re-appeared,

and it was supposed he had gone away to the Far West.

One day that Summer, it was necessary for Mr. Warrington and his wife to go to the Settlement which I have already mentioned. They set out early in the morning, with the intention of returning at night.

Having given strict charge to their children to remain at home, they felt no anxiety, but went on their long walk with light hearts.

They had not been long gone when the children, feeling dull in the house, proposed to each other to play in the Woods near; for, though their parents had told them to stay at home, they would go but a very little way, and keep the hut in sight. But the day was very pleasant; the wild fruit and nuts were in abundance; the large butterflies (not like those in England, but several inches across the wings) of lovely colours were flitting about; the squirrels eating the nuts were leaping from bough to bough; and the birds occasionally filled the forest with their voices. And thus it was that the two children wandered on, and spent two or three hours, insensibly going further from their home. They now, however, determined to return. But though they walked for some time they saw no trace of their home, for they had missed their way! They wandered about for some time, and neither dared tell to each other that they were lost! But at length they looked into each other's faces, and began to cry. For some time they remained at the foot of a tree, lamenting their disobedience, and expressing their anxiety to each other; but by-and-by they arose, and, excited by their fears, they walked on as fast as the thick trees and bushes would permit. A recent writer, Mr. Bates, thus describes these immense forests of America:—"The few sounds of birds are of that pensive character which intensifies the feeling of solitude, rather than imparts a source of life and cheerfulness in these trackless wilds. Sometimes in the midst of the stillness a sudden yell or scream will startle one, as some defenceless fruit-eating animal is pounced upon by a tiger-cat or stealthy boa-constrictor. Morning and evening the howling monkeys make a most harrowing noise, under which it is impossible to keep one's usual spirits. Often in the still hours of mid-day a sudden crash will be heard resounding through the wilderness, as some great bough or entire tree falls to the ground. There are besides many sounds which it is impossible to account for; and I found the Indian natives generally as much at a loss in this respect as myself. Sometimes a sound is heard like the clang of an iron bar against a hollow tree, or a piercing cry rends the air;

these are not repeated, and the succeeding silence tends to heighten the unpleasant impression they produce on the mind. With the natives it is always the 'Curupia,' or Spirit of the Forest, which produces all sounds they are unable to explain."

It was into the depths of such a forest that poor Laura and John wandered for three days, living on nuts and wild fruit. One night, overcome with fatigue, they sat down, and both of them wept bitterly. Seated by the side of a rock, and folded in each other's arms, they fell asleep. So quiet were they, that a bird alighted on Laura's shoulder, early in the morning, and commenced his song, thus awakening her and her brother. For a moment they could not recollect where they were; on looking round they saw the thick woods, and remembered their dreary situation.

While hesitating what course to pursue this day, they heard a crackling in the leaves, as if someone approached. Their first feeling was of joy, for the children believed it was their father coming to their relief; but what was their terror to perceive a huge black Bear approaching them, which, startled by their scream, made a pause at the unusual noise. The children fled through the forest, through the tangled branches of the trees; and the Bear, recovering his surprise, snuffed the air for a few moments, and followed after them through the thick bushes. The children heard his gruff panting, snuffing, and growling; but the branches tore their arms and legs, and they at last came to a stand. The Bear, rendered bold by hunger, opened his arms and settled himself, for a leap, and the death-hug. When, at the same moment a bough or two were moved on one side—the barrel of a gun protruded from a tree close by—and a shot was fired. The Bear fell, and after a few struggles, died. At the same time, an Indian came rapidly up to them, and to their dismay proved to be no other than Shaumut. Knowing what had happened between her father and him, Laura, even at her age, felt alarmed at what the red man might do. But we shall see that the Indian's revenge was of a different nature to that expected.

I must now tell you that the Parents of the children had returned at evening, and found their home vacant. In vain did they call, and search the nearest woods, and call from every little hill in the valley. The night was spent in fruitless search; but, though men from the settlement assisted the disconsolate parents, days passed, and still the children were not to be found. The Parents were sitting, after another sleepless night, at the door of their hut, when suddenly Shaumut

came out of the woods with Laura and John. He stood apart, and witnessed the meeting of the parents with their children. When the first kisses and tears were over, the Indian came up to Mr. Warrington, and said :—

“ White man, listen ! ” You supposed I had done you wrong. You were mistaken. But still you set my wigwam on fire, and sent me and my family to seek a home beneath the cold shelter of the oak ! You drove me from the land of my fathers, by bestowing on me the name of robber and thief. A red man does not complain. Behold a red man's revenge ! I met your children in the wilderness. I could have carried them away, and made *your* heart desolate, as you have made *mine*, but I did not do it. I was leaving this place, to journey towards the sun ; but I have returned to bring your children back. I have brought them *far* ! I restore them to you—and now I say farewell ! ”

The red man turned away ; and before Mr. Warrington could make any reply, the Indian was lost amid the thick branches of the trees.

Some time after, the two white men who had committed the theft, were discovered by one of the stolen articles, which they had not disposed of with the rest, at a distant settlement, and were given up to justice. Convicted for other offences, one of them confessed the theft. But, though Mr. Warrington made *many* efforts, he never learned anything of Shaumut again, for the good Indian had left those parts, *never to return*.

“ If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Heavenly Father forgive your trespasses.”



Indians Fishing.



Scene in a Tropical Forest. A Friendly Monkey.

It would have been all over with poor "Bunny" had it not been for the lively Party,—some incorrectly claim to be a distant,—*very* distant,—Relative of Mankind. He was engaged in performing some,—no doubt healthy, but complicated Gymnastics,—when, just as the Serpent felt sure of poor "Bunny," our good-natured friend, the Monkey, burst out into loud screams, and chatter! The startled Rabbit made a spring, and disappeared in a moment, while the friendly Monkey,—chattering some unintelligible remarks,—sprang upwards from bough to bough, and resumed, from the tops of lofty trees, his usual occupation of cracking judicious Nuts.



"They all love Jack."



Scene in a Forest.

A NARROW ESCAPE, A "BOA" CATCHING A TARTAR.

Let one of these immense "Boa Constrictors" only get a *firm* "anchorage" to a Tree, etc., by the *end* of its tail,—upon which the "Grip" depends,—and it can break the ribs of any animal by its death squeeze.

The Serpent has caught a Tartar asleep in his Boat, but the fortunate return,—and *extremely* energetic measures,—of his comrades, seem to prove that in this instance,—the Reptile has "*Caught a Tartar*," in more ways than one.

Knowing the effect of the tail-hold,—a sagacious Tartar has,—very judiciously,—cut it off.

It enables them to scale high walls. A gentleman told the Writer that,—looking out of his window in early morning he saw a huge Serpent in his Garden,—probably after his Fowls. A lofty wall surrounded the Garden from the Jungle and Forest. The creature was coiling itself up under the wall,—rose on its tail,—wriggled itself over the top, and bundled itself "*head-over-heels*," into the Jungle,—before he could get out with his "*10-bore Express*" Rifle!



A lonely Pull.



"Yah! there goes Old Skinflint!"

CHAPTER II

CHARITY.

IN the southern part of France is a large city called Marseilles: here there once lived a man named Guizon; he was always busy, and seemed very anxious to amass money, both by his industry and his frugality. He was poorly clad, and his food was of the simplest and cheapest kind; he lived alone, and denied himself all the luxuries and many of the comforts of life. He was honest and faithful, never attempting to defraud others, and always exact in performing his promises; yet the people of Marseilles thought he was a miser, and they held him in great contempt. As he passed along the streets, the rich looked on him with scorn, while the poor hissed and hooted at him. Even the boys would cry out, "There goes old Skinflint." But the old man bore all this insult with gentleness and patience. Day by day he went to his labour, and day by day as he passed through the streets he was saluted with sneers and taunts. Thus time passed on, and poor old Guizon was now more than eighty years of age. But he still continued the same persevering industry, still lived in the same saving, simple manner as before. Though he was now bent almost double, and his hair was thin and white as snow; though his knees tottered as he went along the street, still the rude jokes of the crowd would

follow him, "Yah! there goes the old Skinflint!" But at length the old man died; and it was found that he had heaped together, in gold and silver, a sum equal to forty thousand pounds. On looking over his papers, his will was found, in which were the following words: "I was once poor, and I observed that the poor people of Marseilles suffered extremely for the want of pure fresh water. Having no family, I have devoted my life to the saving of a sum of money sufficient to build an aqueduct to supply the poor of the city of Marseilles with pure water, so that the poorest may have a full supply."

Let us be very careful how we judge from appearances, and act uncharitably in ridiculing or denouncing those who live differently from what we do, and who seem to us to be narrow-minded and selfish.

For years this good old man had borne the scoffs and taunts of the senseless mob. Fixed upon one noble purpose, he led a life of penury and self-denial, and died at last *friendless, despised, and alone*. But his noble object was accomplished, and when he was gone, *many* a wreath of flowers, and *many* a tear were dropped upon the old man's grave!

We may find in judging, and condemning one who does not live as we do, that we have been condemning one far better, and far nobler, than *ourselves*.



Saturday Night. Feeding the Squirrel.



" Gelert."

CHAPTER III.

ANGER.

IN a Village at the foot of Snowdon, the well-known mountain in North Wales, there is a tradition that Llewellyn, son-in-law to King John, had a residence in that neighbourhood. The king, it is said, had presented him with one of the finest wolfhounds in England, of the Highland or Scotch breed, named "Gelert." Llewellyn one day on going out to hunt, called all his dogs together; but his favourite wolfhound was missing, and nowhere to be found. He blew his horn as a signal for the chase, and still Gelert came not. Llewellyn was much disconcerted at the heedlessness of his favourite, but at length pursued the chase without him.

For want of Gelert the sport was limited; and tired and disappointed Llewellyn returned home at an early hour, when the first object that presented itself to him was Gelert, who bounded with his usual transport to meet his master, having his lips besmeared with blood. Llewellyn gazed with surprise at the unusual appearance of his dog. On going into the apartment where he had left his son and heir asleep, he found the bed-clothes and things surrounding the cradle all in confusion, and stained with blood; the cradle being overturned.

In the sudden fit of rage he hastily concluded that the dog must have killed his boy ; and, giving vent to it, without a moment's reflection he plunged his sword to the hilt through Gelert's side. The noble animal fell at his feet, uttering dying moans, and *endeavouring to lick his master's hand* ; his cries at the same moment awakening the child, who was safely sleeping beneath a mingled heap of clothes, while close by lay a huge Wolf, covered with gore, which the faithful and gallant Hound had followed into the chamber and destroyed ! Llewellyn, smitten with sorrow and remorse for his rash and frantic deed, which had deprived him of an animal he could *never* expect to replace, did all that was left to commemorate his fidelity, and unhappy fate. The place to this day is called "Beth-Gelert," or "the Grave of the Hound."



A Welsh "Coracle" (Basket Boat).

It is said that in similar,—but in larger,—Wicker Boats, the Ancient Britons in old times actually got across to Ireland in favourable weather.



A too successful Archer.



" The truth is, I am tired of ticking."

CHAPTER IV.

DISCONTENT.

THE following fable by Miss Jane Taylor was meant to encourage those who are apt to look too much at the labours and difficulties in advance, instead of remembering that the present day's work is easy to perform, and it is with the present alone that we have to do.

An Old Clock that had stood fifty years in a Farmer's kitchen without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one Summer's morning, before the family was stirring, suddenly *stopped* ! Upon this, the *dial* plate (if we may credit the fable) changed countenance with alarm ; the weights hung speechless ; the hands felt it impossible to indicate the right time. Each member felt very much disposed to lay the blame on the others. At length the dial plate instituted a formal enquiry throughout the works as to the cause of the stagnation ; when Hands, Wheels, Chains, and Weights, protested their innocence, and the *Clapper* was especially loud in its denial ; but now a faint tick was heard from below from the Pendulum, who thus spoke : " I confess myself to be the sole cause of the present stoppage, and am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is, that I am tired of ticking."

Upon this the Old Clock became so enraged that it was upon the point of *striking!* "Lazy thing!" exclaimed the dial-plate, holding up both its hands.

"Very good!" replied the Pendulum. "It is vastly easy for you, Mrs. Dial, who have always, as everyone knows, set yourself up *above* me—it is easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness! You, who have had nothing to do but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with all that goes on in the kitchen! Think, I beg of you, how you would like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and swing backwards and forwards, year after year, as I do."

"As to that," said the Dial, "Is there not a window in your house on purpose for you to look through?"

"For all that," resumed the Pendulum, "It is very dark here; and although there is a window, I dare not, as you all know, stop even for an instant to look out; besides, I am really weary of my way of life; and, if you please, I will tell you how I took this disgust at my employment. This morning I happened to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course of the next twenty-four hours. Perhaps some of you, above there, can give me the exact sum?"

The minute hand, being QUICK AT FIGURES, instantly replied, "Eighty-six thousand, four hundred times."

"Exactly so," replied the Pendulum; "well, I appeal to you all, if the thought of this was not enough to fatigue one? And when I began to multiply the stroke of one day by those of Months and Years, can any one wonder that I felt discouraged at the prospect. So after a good deal of reasoning, and hesitation, thinks I to myself, 'I'll STOP.'"

The Dial on this replied:—"Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful, industrious person as yourself should have been overcome by this sudden suggestion. Holding the important position you do, you should remember that we are really dependent upon your fulfilling the duties of your post, as it rests with you whether we obtain and merit the attachment and confidence of Mankind, or are brought into disgrace. The consciousness of how much depends upon your exertions, how little we can do without you, deserves your deepest consideration. It is true, you have done a great deal of work in your time. So have we all, and are likely to do; but although this may fatigue us to *think* of, the question is whether it will fatigue us to *do* it. Would you, now, do me the favour to give about half-a-dozen strokes to illustrate my argument?"

"Certainly," said the Pendulum, (who, to do him justice, was always sus-

ceptible to good and *straightforward* movements, and who had hitherto been remarkable for his *uniform* and *well-regulated* conduct.) And he ticked six times at his usual pace. "Now," resumed the Dial, "may I be allowed to enquire if that exertion was at all fatiguing or disagreeable to you?"

"Not in the least," replied the Pendulum; "it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor sixty, but of *MILLIONS*."

"Very good," replied the Dial; "but let me ask you to remember, what I think you have forgotten, that although you may *THINK* of a million strokes in an instant, you are required to execute but *ONE*, and that however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in."

"Well, this consideration staggers me, I confess," said the Pendulum.

"Then may we not hope," resumed the dial-plate, "that we shall all return at once to our work. For though we may stand still, we must remember that time goes on the same."

Upon this the Weights, who had never themselves been accused of *light* conduct, used all their influence,—throwing their weight into the scale. The Pendulum gave way, and began to wag once more; when, with one accord, the wheels began to turn, the hands to move, and the pendulum, to do it justice, ticked as loudly as ever; while a beam of the rising sun that streamed through the hole in the shutter of the kitchen window, shining brightly upon the dial-plate, it brightened up as if nothing had been the matter.

When the farmer came down to breakfast that morning, upon looking at the Clock he declared with surprise, that "His watch *must have gained* nearly half-an-hour in the night!"



Neddy Bray in a false position.

"1805." The old type of Sailor.



"Here I am, my lads! A Jack Tar of the right sort, who is as much at home in a cap-full of wind, as one of Mother Cary's chickens. Got ashore at last, after having been twelve months in the good ship 'Spitfire.' Spit fire! Yes! she did, and red-hot balls sometimes; or else, I suppose, old England might by this time have belonged to Mon'seer, the Frenchman!"

The old Type of Seaman, with the 'Pigtail,'—the days of Wooden 'Three Deckers,'—the Pressgang,—Flogging,—Nelson,—Grog,—and Glory!

What a contrast, do the scientific Ironclads, of our day,—resembling in their interiors the Workshops of Woolwich Arsenal, rather than Ships,—present to the old Navy!

Fortunately,—what with Naval Schools, Training Ships, Temperance, Miss Weston's Sailors' Homes, etc., and infinitely improved surroundings,—the lot of the 'Jack Tar' in our Navy of 1907 presents even a greater contrast to that of the neglected Sailor in those old, dark, heathen times.



"1805."

The "Spitfire" luffing up against the Breeze.

1907, Contrast to the old Times of the "Three Deckers."



1907. "Sailors' Homes." Miss Weston's, and others.



Formerly a swarm of Harpies pounced upon poor Jack, and carried him off,—and his Prize Money,—in a Whirlwind of Dissipation, till all was gone.



Jack Willis.

CHAPTER V.

JACK WILLIS, THE SAILOR BOY ; OR, A SAILOR'S GRATITUDE.

IT was a raw, bleak, Winter's night, in the old "coach-ing" days before Railways and Third-class Dining Cars." The rain was falling fast,—while the wind blew in violent gusts when the Portsmouth Night Mail Coach stopped at the principal Inn of a town on its way to London. The cold and weary passengers alighted for a few minutes to enjoy the comforts of the blazing fire and the well-spread table. "Will you give a poor fellow a night's shelter in your hay loft,"—asked a young sailor, addressing one of the ostlers,—"It's a rough night, and I can't go on further, having been robbed of my money at Portsmouth." "We can't have young fellows like you sleeping in our hay lofts," answered the man surlily—"you had better make your way off, and not prowl about here!" "Well," replied the sunburnt, honest-looking Sailor Boy,—“perhaps you may one day be sent adrift without a penny to keep your head above water; I had money enough,—hard-earned, too,—if the rogue had not robbed me of it; as to honesty, I hope I know better than to take what is not my own, even though I hadn't a shoe to my foot!"

"I wouldn't trust you further than I could see you," growled the surly ostler, and the others laughed in chorus. Poor Jack Willis was turning away, cold and hungry, when he was tapped on the shoulder by one of the stable lads. "If you were to go down the road,"—said the boy,— "to the first little shop you come to, Widow Smith, would, I dare say, let you sleep in her wood-house. She's a good old body, and is always ready to help anyone in distress; you should have my bed," added the good-natured lad,— "only they might not like it. I have a brother at sea no older than you are." "Thank you! thank you!" said the young sailor, shaking the boy's hand,— "I'll go and try!"

These few words caused a cheering feeling in the breast of the young sailor,—for they told him that there were still hearts in which kindness dwelt.

John Willis, on coming ashore, after a long cruise, had been robbed of all his wages and prize money; not an uncommon occurrence in those days, when every seaport swarmed with "crimps,"—"land-sharks,"—and all sorts of naughty people, who pounced upon poor Jack the moment he set foot ashore. There were no "Sailors' Homes" in those days. Jack Willis had only enough left to pay his coach-fare to this town, and would be compelled to beg his way for the rest of the journey to London.

He knew, however, that the prevalence of imposture renders it difficult for those really in temporary need, to get help, as their truthfulness is apt to be questioned.

Jack followed the direction given, but he found the little shop closed. He felt that it was an unreasonable hour, but the storm raged without,— "blowing great guns,"—as the sailor terms it, with the prospect of a wild night,—and the favourable account he had received of the owner encouraged him to tap gently at the door. His summons was answered by the worthy dame, who was sitting by her fire with her big Bible, before having her supper and going to rest, with her favourite, fine, cat asleep on the hearth-rug. She listened compassionately to the youth's tale; the lad's honest countenance told her that he was no impostor, and she bade him enter, and share her frugal meal. The young tar—his troubles soon forgotten—was quickly seated by the fire, drying his wet clothes. During the meal he entertained his benevolent hostess with a recital of various scenes in foreign parts, and the more than one narrow escape he had had; and the good dame piously directed his mind to the good Providence who

had preserved him to the present hour, and to the Saviour who had died to redeem him; for widow Smith was a good, Christian woman, and soon learned that her young visitor had lost his Mother years before. The repast over, after reading together a chapter from the Bible, while the cat purred drowsily the while, the widow, with the sailor's assistance, placed some clean straw in one corner of her shed joining her cottage, and, well covered with a warm blanket or two, the wearied traveller, with a thankful heart, stretched himself upon it, while the storm raged outside, and slept as soundly as if on a bed of down. Before continuing his journey in the morning he looked in to thank the good woman for the shelter she had given him. He found, however, a warm breakfast awaiting him. Having partaken of it, and having, with difficulty, been persuaded to accept a trifle from the widow's slender store—"to help him on his way"—the lad gave her a hearty kiss, called her his "Mother," and with a heartfelt benediction he departed.

Ten years passed, and the little incident recorded had long escaped the memory of all save one of the parties concerned. Ten years had wrought many changes in the town and its inhabitants, but they had glided gently over the head of Widow Smith, although it is true her hair had become more silvery, and her form was slightly bent. She still continued her labours of love, and though her means were very limited, she was looked upon with respect and love, as a friend and neighbour, to those who were sick or in want. But one morning a large letter was put into the widow's hands by the postman. It was from a solicitor, begging her attendance at his office on the following Wednesday—when she would hear "Something to her advantage—which his client wished to communicate to her personally."

Much consultation and gossiping ensued amongst her neighbours. One thought that it must be a hoax to play the good old dame a trick, but the solicitor proved on inquiry to be highly respectable, and of long standing. The only objection urged was that it was highly imprudent for a woman of her years to trust herself alone in such a place as London. It did appear a formidable undertaking to one who had never strayed ten miles from her home.

The widow's credulity had often been imposed upon—as whose has not?—but she could not think that anyone would intentionally desire to injure her.

She had great confidence, too, in the protecting power of God. He had been with her through a life of no little sorrow and care, and she could trust Him now.

Therefore, in spite of the doubts of many of her friendly neighbours, she started by a coach which passed through for London, and reached the office at the time appointed. On her arrival she was ushered into a private apartment, where two respectable looking men rose to receive her. The Widow's surprise was increased when one of them, a fine looking man with a black beard,—accosted her with the familiar words—"How are you, Mother? It's long since we met! Don't you remember me?" he continued, in answer to her half-frightened inquiring look. "I am Jack Willis, the sailor-boy, you housed one rough night many years ago, when he had neither money or friends. I've been many a voyage since then, but I said I'd *never* forget it, and I never will! I have prospered—thank God!—and am now Captain of a Merchantman. We leave this week for a two years' cruise to China. I mayn't see you again, but I learnt that you were still alive, and will be, I hope, for many long years to come! This gentleman—turning to the Solicitor—has sufficient in my name to settle this annuity upon you for the rest of your life (handing her a parchment), as a proof of my gratitude for your kindness to me when a poor boy, and especially for your good advice—which I often thought of,—and which first led me to think of religion, and, I hope in God's mercy, has led me to trust in Christ for my salvation." The Widow—overcome at this unexpected proof of God's good providence, thus caring for her in her old age—burst into tears!

Widow Smith returned to her home thankful to God for His blessing on her humble efforts to benefit another in body and soul, and delighted that she had now the means, for the rest of her life, of increased usefulness amongst the poor.

And she never after listened to a tale of suffering without thinking of Jack Willis, the Sailor.



Ancient Battering Rams.



CHAPTER VI.

" I WILL DO IT AGAIN ! "

" Do as you would be done by. "

THIS sentence contains a golden rule for our life. How do we wish our fellows to treat us ? We wish them to treat us kindly, justly, charitably : we wish them to be affectionate, cheerful, and pleasant. Then you must be kind, just, charitable, cheerful, and pleasant to others.

If you observe this beautiful rule, which Christ Himself has given us, how happy you would make all around you.

To show how this rule would work, let me tell a story,—a true one. The horse of a good man happening to stray on to his neighbour's land, his neighbour put him into the " pound," and a fine, in consequence, would have to be paid.

Meeting the owner soon after, in a surly mood he mentioned what he had done : " And if I catch him on my land again," he said, " I will do it again ! "

" Very well, friend ! " said the other, " only I would have you know that not long since I looked out of my window, at night, and saw your cattle getting out into the road ; so I ran out, drove them all into your park, and shut the gate ; and if ever I see them going astray I will do it again ! " His

neighbour looked at him, shook him by the hand, and calling himself an "unneighbourly, churlish fellow," he went off, and paid the charges himself!

And, let me tell you, young reader, if you wish to increase in favour, both with God and Man, if you wish your play-mates to be blithe and kind to you, be so to your companions. Kindness begets kindness, as selfishness begets selfishness; doing good to *others* is the best way of doing good to *ourselves*!

"He that loveth not, knoweth not God, for God is love."—1 John iv. 8.



AN AUTUMN SATURDAY RAMBLE.

The Boys, asking for a drink, the good-natured woman gave them some milk, and told them if they would help her Tom in the orchard to gather their apples, that afternoon, they should have a Tea worth remembering. Off went their jackets, and to work! What fun it was. What baskets of rosy-cheeked apples did they carry in, and lay out in the apple room!

Five o'clock came, and with it the jolly Farmer; his wife came out to praise the Boys, her apples, and her Tom, and to announce Tea. What a meal it was! New laid eggs, and such ham! Such butter, and sweet bread! Then the Preserves and the Pastry! Apple turnovers fresh from the oven! Then roasted apples and the good woman's special Cowslip wine to finish, which all must taste!

The Boys could sing sweetly, being in the Choir; so off went Harry with his pathetic Ballad, and sang so well that the soft-hearted woman had to use the corner of her apron.

Then they all three sang a comic song, with a chorus, and the jolly Farmer laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks. At last, fearing dusk would come on, the good woman filled their pockets with apples, and then all went across the two fields, and some way down the lane, before they could part with them.



CHAPTER VII.

TRUTH.

SOME years ago, when certain rules in respect to travelling on Sunday were in force, in America, a man was riding on horseback near Worcester, in Massachusetts.

It was on a Sunday, and the traveller was soon stopped by a town officer, whose business it was to see to the carrying out of certain laws relating to the observance of the Sabbath ; and he was asked his reason for riding on the Lord's day.

" My father lies dead at Sutton," said the other, " and I hope you will not detain me."

" Certainly not," said the officer, " under these circumstances," and accordingly he allowed the man to proceed.

About two days after, as the traveller was returning the same way, he happened to meet the same officer on the road. They recognised each other, and the following conversation ensued.

" You passed here last Sunday morning, I think, sir."

" Yes," replied the traveller, " I did."

" And I think you mentioned that you were hastening to attend your father's funeral,—were you in time ? "

" No," said the traveller ; " I did not say I was going to my father's funeral—I said he lay dead in Sutton, and so he did ; but he has been dead for fifteen years."

Thus you perceive that the actual truth may be spoken, but in words designed to deceive another:—they conveyed an intentional falsehood to the town officer. It is not so much whether an actual lie be told, which is the guilty part in the eye of God, as the intention thus to deceive, to make another believe something which is not true; it is in vain to attempt to steer between prevarication and falsehood!

It is not only the ill-disguised contempt of our fellows, which will ever follow discovery in a falsehood we need fear, so much as the injury inflicted on the mind; an *injury not visible to the eye of man*, but as plain to the eye of God as a *stain or disease* would be to *us*. But although invisible, we can discover the effects in a feeling of shame (however we may attempt to hide it by pride) which comes over the mind: we feel we are not as we once were, and begin to find it easier to tell a falsehood again, instead of speaking the truth boldly out at once. By repeated falsehoods all moral dignity and noble feeling in the soul are finally lost. It is said that *lying*, once *thoroughly confirmed*, can never be overcome.

An action, even without a word being spoken, may constitute a falsehood; as when a groom holding out an empty measure deceives his horse in thinking he has some oats in it, and the horse allows himself to be caught in consequence.

"And all liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death."—*Rev.* xxi. 8-27. Also, *Rev.* xxii. (the last in the Bible) 15.

The Ethiopian in the Chariot, and Philip.



Ancient Chariot.

"Understandest thou what thou readest?"

And he said, "How can I, except some man should guide me?" And he desired Philip that he would come up and sit with him.—*Acts* viii. 31.

CHAPTER VIII.

" ENVY."

ONE day as I was passing through a principal street in town, a car was passing by, the horse going pretty fast. Two boys were running behind, trying to jump up unperceived by the driver, that they might have a ride. One of them succeeded in doing so; the other boy, whose name I do not know, but will call him " Envy " (for he showed a cruel and envious temper), was about to do the same, when the driver happened to whip on the horse. The horse sprang forward, and left him behind.

" Envy " was angry because the other boy had succeeded in getting up, and he had not; so he called out to the driver, " Whip behind! Whip behind!" as loudly as he could.

The driver heard him, swung his heavy whip round, and happened to strike the poor boy across the face. The blow made a great cut on his face. He fell from his seat, upon the road, and was much hurt. The other lad only laughed at his suffering, and stood on the pavement till I came up, saying, " You got it that time,—and I am glad of it!" What pleasure had " Envy " obtained from it? *Why* was he glad of it? Why did he cry out " Whip behind?" It was not because he wanted to do the driver a service,—for he would have got on *himself* if he could have done so; but because of his mean, *envious* disposition. Had he got up too, he would not have called to the driver, " Whip behind!" he would have been glad to have enjoyed the ride quietly; but he could not bear to see the other boy enjoying a pleasure he could not share.

Try to conquer this disposition; let every one of your acquaintances feel and know that you have no wish to deprive him of any blessing because you cannot get it; that you can feel pleasure in his enjoying it, and would do your part to add to it; that you have no desire to get, or to keep, any good thing by depriving him of it; and that if he succeed better in his studies or his enterprises than you do, you have no inclination to cry, " Whip behind!" and you will find, in the affection and goodwill of others, a rich reward.

“COVETOUSNESS.” MAD STRUGGLE AFTER WEALTH IN 1907.

But fornication, and all uncleanness, or *covetousness*, let it not be once named among you, as becometh saints :

For this ye know, that no whoremonger, nor unclean person, nor *covetous man*, who is an idolater, hath any inheritance in the kingdom of Christ and of God.—*Eph. v. 3, 5.*



“What is it thou wouldst have to be happy?”

CHAPTER IX.

GOLD.—THE CAVE OF DIAMONDS; AND THE LOSS OF THE STEAMSHIP “LONDON.”

A FICTION ILLUSTRATED BY A FACT.

“Thou shalt have none other Gods before Me.”

A YOUTH, named Alexis, a young nobleman of Russia, was comparatively poor compared with many of the other Nobles with whom he associated, and was continually considering how he might become rich. Although he had enough to live upon in comfort he was ever longing for great wealth. He often dreamed of getting rich,—of finding treasures and gems, and how he would enjoy, and spend an immense fortune, were it his. You could not speak to this youth of riches but his cheek paled with envy. He could not bear to hear of the success and wealth of others he longed so much for himself, although already possessed of sufficient to satisfy all his actual wants. As usual, unhappy, and discontented, he was one day passing the silver mines possessed by the Government, in which occasionally valuable gems were also at times found. The youth left the workpeople, and ascended to the summit of the hill beneath which the

Mines are worked. Reaching the summit he lay down to rest, thinking what he would do if all the Mines below him could be his. While pondering upon these subjects, he was startled by the sudden appearance of a person in singular attire, having a long rod of peculiar kind in his hand, who, after making him several low bows in the Eastern fashion, said, "What is it thou wouldest have to make thee happy?"

To this the youth, having recovered from the surprise at the sudden appearance of the stranger, replied—"I have long desired for wealth—riches—give me only wealth and I should be happy. I am poor compared with many whom I see around me, and I see no means of bettering my position. I ask only for riches; with them I can obtain all that my heart desires."

Whilst the youth spoke, the figure before him seemed to smile on one side of the face, and to frown on the other; but he answered blandly, "Your wish shall be gratified; what you have longed for so earnestly shall be yours. I am compelled, however, to remind you that you have already more than sufficient for your actual wants, far more than is possessed by thousands, who live, nevertheless, happily and contented. There is, I am also required to inform you, *danger* where we are about to proceed. Whether you choose to accept my guidance or not must be for you to decide freely for yourself. I promise to lead you to riches, immense, vast, incalculable, but I engage to do more; for *whatever* follows I will not be responsible; if your wealth utterly disappoints you when obtained, and leads to your *ruin*, do not blame me. Of the riches I can lead you to, there can, however, be no doubt; these are a handful of gems from the place I speak of." The figure here exhibited to the delighted youth a number of precious stones, of various colours, and immense size and value. Alexis did not hesitate for a moment, he instantly, and eagerly arose, and followed the figure, who, upon seeing he had decided, commenced at once to descend the mountain, and entered a cave apparently formed by nature in the rock. It seemed at first to be a dark and gloomy place, and a fearful roar, as of a mighty waterfall falling amid ravines far down in the recesses of the mountain, was heard.

THE CAVE OF DIAMONDS.

As they advanced, however, the scene gradually changed. The darkness disappeared, and they entered at length, after threading many intricate and winding passages, a chamber which seemed glittering with thousands of lamps. Nothing

could exceed the splendour of the scene, for not only was the floor of the cavern strewn with precious stones of immense value, and every colour, but diamonds of priceless worth glittered from the roof and walls! As the youth strode among the stones he disturbed heaps of emeralds, rubies, and sapphires, and every now and then a diamond of a size and lustre which alone would realise a fortune!

The youth was entranced! At length his fondest dreams were realised! Wealth incalculable—immense—lay at his feet, and the farther he advanced the larger the stones appeared to grow! A sound as of music caught his ear, proceeding from the end of the cave, and on looking round for the cause, he saw a rivulet stealing gently with a soft murmur through the apartment, and on approaching the edges, he discovered that it rippled over a bed of precious stones; every kind of jewel of exquisite purity and colour flashed at the bottom in glittering heaps!

"This is indeed enchanting"—said the youth aloud—"well and truly has my guide fulfilled his promise!" While thus speaking he looked around for his guide, but discovered for the first time that he was alone. The guide had disappeared! The youth waited for a time, but the mysterious stranger who had led him into the cavern did not return. At length he began to feel even weary of gazing upon his treasures, and looked around for a spot to lie upon, but no place appeared, for the floor was covered with precious stones so pointed and sharp, like crystals, that they cut his flesh when he attempted to lie down upon them.

Soon, too, he became hungry. There were emeralds, and sapphires, and diamonds, but neither rest nor food to be obtained in the cavern; he therefore began to search for his way out of the cave, first filling all his pockets with the very largest and rarest gems he could find. But to his alarm and terror the more he sought for the passage by which he had entered the cavern, the more distant it appeared.

Lost!

One passage followed another, and seemed to be leading him to an immense labyrinth. He now understood what the guide had told him about the *danger* of seeking his immense wealth. He had, it is true, obtained it, but found that after obtaining it there was *no return*! Oh! how he longed to return to his former condition! *Then* he had at least food and all ordinary comforts. In a short time his alarm increased to frenzy; he became frantic. He threw up his arms, tore



"And ran frantically from place to place."

his hair, and ran frantically from place to place, making the cavern ring with his frightful screams. "Take back your jewels," he cried, "only give me back rest and bread!" "Give me back rest and bread!" repeated a fearful echo, repeating the words several times, until at last it died away far in distant caverns, far in the recesses of the mountain. It seemed to be mocking him! Repeating his cries, he continued to run from place to place. It is said by the workmen in the Government mines in Russia, who tell this Tale, that while at work they hear strange noises and cries, and their Superstition is that the mines are still haunted by the spirit of the covetous adventurer, still continuing his cries day and night, unable to obtain rest.

The most splendid Fortune is not, in reality, equal to the common, ordinary, comforts we all receive from our Creator. We never value them fully until they are all lost. What is the possession of thousands of pounds, for instance, without *health*, or vigour, and all those great, but common, blessings God bestows upon us? The young man would have given all the priceless gems in the cave to escape to the fresh green fields, to the sun and bright happy daylight—to the ordinary comforts, food, and sleep, he had so often despised and repined against. How many, desperate in their resolve after wealth, have, like Alexis, sacrificed all innocent simple pleasures and enjoyments, until money has become the tyrant of their lives. They live for the pursuit of it alone. God's creatures minister to their support year after year, but they never wait to enjoy them or to thank the Giver! God's creation is around them; they hardly care to regard the wonders of Creation; they esteem all time lost which is not bringing in the money upon which their hearts are fixed! The years of life (not too many)

given us to prepare for another life—for an Eternity—in which wealth is unknown, and before whose endless existence twenty or forty years' affluence in this life is less than nothing—are spent by thousands as if they were preparing apparently to pass an Eternity on earth. Years pass by—God is neglected—priceless opportunities of conversion to God—of making peace with Him—go by, one after another. Youth goes by untouched by Jesus' love; how can it be otherwise, when a youth's heart is already fixed upon this world, and upon money, and has decided that they shall have his time, labour, talents, and life? Manhood comes, the tyrant *wealth* and covetousness, has become more importunate and exacting than ever!

And now at length old-age approaches—the lights of Vanity Fair grow dim—yet *still* the tyrant gold is insatiable, and the aged person,—who, in half a dozen years, is to go out into Eternity to meet his God, whom he has spent a *lifetime* in *neglecting*—is *still* to be seen at work in the Cave of Diamonds—still collecting his *deeds* and *securities*, his *shares* and *property* around him, not *one atom* of which will,—in a few short years,—be his.

For what is a man advantaged, if he gain the whole world, and lose himself, or be cast away?—*Luke ix. 25.*



A foolhardy climber induced a guide to ascend further: it is thought he slipped. The survivors saw them fall thus.

THE LAST SIGHT OF WIGRAM'S STEAMSHIP, THE " LONDON."

BAY OF BISCAY (ABOUT 2 P.M.), 11TH JANUARY, 1866.



" I saw the brave young Midshipman (Mr. Angel) still at his post, at the pumps."

An illustration of this love of gold was seen on board the ill-fated " London." Mr. Wilson, one of the nineteen survivors of the steamship " London " (owned by Messrs. Wigram, and on her way to Melbourne) which foundered in the Bay of Biscay, in 1866, in an admirable account in " Cornhill," June, 1866, says :—

" On Saturday morning, 30th December, 1865, I left Fenchurch Street Station, for Tilbury, to join, as passenger, the auxiliary Screw S.S. ' London,' to sail, that day, for Melbourne."

She was a new Ship, this being only her third voyage—having been to Melbourne and back ;—1,428 tons, 267 feet long, 200-H.P., very heavily sparred, the old " well shape " deck, not a flush deck like the grand old " Great Britain," and modern steamers. " I had selected the ' London,' saying, I can spend a month longer in England, and still be in Mel-

bourne as soon as if I had started a month earlier by sailing ship."—Here follows the account of the stormy run down channel to Plymouth. It was Tuesday, 2nd January, 1866, at 10.0 a.m., before they got near the Isle of Wight. "The weather still boisterous, and glass threatening, Captain Martin and Pilot decided to anchor at 4.0 p.m. opposite Ryde; and thankful we were, for it blew fearfully that night. All Wednesday in channel. Thursday, 4th, the heaviest weather we had experienced as yet. By this time we could see that we were on a heavily laden vessel, very low in the water, not at all buoyant." About 9.0 a.m. of this Thursday,—waiting for a Pilot off Plymouth,—two or three fishermen attempted to board them to pilot them in. One was drowned in the attempt. The boat of the "London" they tried to lower got stuck,—would not lower just when needed! "The affair cast quite a gloom over the ship. Many said it was a bad omen for us. 'If I could afford it I would leave her at Plymouth,' said one; 'I'll take odds she never gets to Melbourne,' said another,—when we were discussing the length of our coming voyage, after one had bet a dinner that we had one at the 'Albion,' Bourke Street, by 11th March,—'Do you remember what I said at Gravesend that she looked like a coffin!' I recall these remarks distinctly; two *did* leave at Plymouth, one a gentleman who expressed to me his great dislike to being shut up in the small state room for two months,—this being his first voyage:—when he left he did not tell us of his intention.

Another,—one of my state room companions—was thinking seriously of leaving the ship,—was quite undecided all day,—all he needed was a little encouragement to have done so. I know of three more who would willingly have left at Plymouth, but were ashamed to do so for fear of being considered cowards.

I can recall many forebodings of evil to come.

Friday, 5th January, was fine, boats came alongside, with stock, meat, coal, &c. Fifty tons of coal in sacks were piled on deck."—Fancy, dear Reader, the *modern* splendid Australian P. & O., and Orient Line Steamers, 7,000 tons, and 7,000 H.P. (against the "London's" 200 H.P.), carrying *coal on their decks!*—"Many passengers joined us this afternoon,—almost every class of society was represented on board. We had Clergymen, Actors, Magistrates, Bankers, Lawyers, Merchants, Tradesmen, Labourers; and all ages, mothers with children and nurses,—accomplished young ladies; newly-married couples; wealthy families returning after a

visit to England ; many saying it was for the last time, longing to get back to their beautiful climate and sunshine, ' had not seen the sun, in London, for a Month ! ' Also many going out, for the first time, to seek their fortunes, full of hope. My attention this afternoon was drawn to a lady and gentleman walking on the poop ; they were Mr. and Mrs. G. V. Brooke.



Gustavus Vaughan Brooke, the Actor.

The latter was to have joined him in Australia a few months later. We had 59 saloon, 52 second, 52 third class passengers, 89 (captain, officers, and crew), and I have no doubt, a few ' stowaways,' I knew of three at least, whose names were not on the list. Say there were 6, giving a total of 258.

Our first day, Saturday 6th, was fine, Ship even now rolling considerably ; the coal on deck rolled down, and came very nigh killing a little boy ; a good many passengers, on deck, making acquaintances ; but this was the last day we saw much of each other. Next day the weather was too rough for the deck, I did not see a lady there again until the last day ! " Then came heavy weather in the Bay of terrible repute,— ' the Bay of Biscay ; '—the over-laden,—crank,—wet,—steamer,—scooped the seas into her well-deck, the scuppers were too small and got choked with the coal. " Large lumps

would also roll about the decks to the great danger of the men ; for two nights I could hear them rolling about over my head (he was in the second-class, midships). The hatchways were not properly made, the water came down. We were carrying up water in buckets all the night out of our state-rooms to save our clothes, &c., being spoilt ; no sooner did we get clear than down came another supply. Then came heavier weather. On Tuesday, the 9th, the jib-boom and topmasts broke off, and hung down by the iron rigging, a wreck. Towards the latter part of the day the wind increased,—the ship labouring very much, every prospect of a wild night. Many now began to express fears at the captain continuing to force the heavily laden ship against a head sea. One, I remember,—John Hickman,—from Ballarat, had his wife and four children on board. He had formerly been fourteen years at sea. On the afternoon of this day (Tuesday) I saw him coming down from deck. "Well ! Hickman," I said,— "how do matters look on deck ?" "I have been a good deal at sea," he said,— "have been in a good many ships, and know something about them ; but I never yet saw one behave as this does ! She frightens me,—I don't know what to make of her !" Then came a Gale. "At 7.0 p.m. one of the boats was carried away,—lifted out of the davits by a sea. Our hatches were closed, but, the covering not fitting the combings, the seas floated up the lids, and by 9.0 p.m. all was terror in our cabin, ladies clinging to you, many reading, and praying. Mr. Munroe,—who had also formerly been at sea,—came down about midnight. "I have been on the poop,"—he said, "for hours ;—the sight up there is terrible, she won't rise a bit, seas mounting right over her !" Wednesday, 10th,—Before daylight,—the "London" was put round to return to Plymouth."

The worst thing that could have been done,—with a "poop" or "following" sea and a coming storm,—with a deeply laden steamer ; keeping her gently screwing *against* it was the only safe plan.

"Most of this day,—up to 3.0 p.m., the crew were getting in the wreck of the boom,—for what purpose, I never understood ; on deck it was a source of great danger, instead of towing it astern,—so as not to foul the crew,—and letting it go adrift. As it was it was at length *lashed alongside the engine skylight,*"

NOTE.—An amazing indiscretion !—The Writer went on to the "London" at Sandridge Pier, Melbourne, in September, 1865,—seeing some acquaintances off, on her previous run to

England,—he particularly noticed the well-deck amidships, and the feeble, slight, skylight over the engine room. A box sent out to him by friends in England went down with her. Fancy slinging a boom the size of a man's body alongside a feeble engine skylight, in a ship rolling like the "London" did!

"It was no gentle, undulating motion, she would roll till you were in doubt if she was coming up again, then up she would come with a jerk! I often stood, that night, watching the port hole of our state room, when she made those awful lurches! The water would remain dark and still against the glass for half-a-minute or so. I would say, 'Will she come up again?' That Wednesday was dull and gloomy, heavy cross seas, the ship labouring, darkness came on early,—the wind increased, the sky looked wild,—everything bespoke a terrible night; I thought of our hatchway, and said to Munroe,—'Here is another bad night coming on, and nothing done.' He said, 'I know it—I have told Mr. Harris, the first officer, about it, and all the satisfaction I got was "Let it go down."'

NOTE.—This Mr. Harris had gone out in a boat with a view of speaking another ship, or some other purpose, during the voyage out in 1865. Fog, or night coming on,—the "London" missed him, and proceeded on to Melbourne, arriving 10th August, 1865. Two or three weeks after,—Mr. Harris appeared in Melbourne, picked up by an out-coming vessel! It sounds like a romance; but the Writer was in Melbourne at the time, and well remembers the severe remarks, and newspaper comments, upon the affair.

Munroe got some canvas and tacks,—"Can you do it?" I asked, as he was hammering. "Only partially, I could only get half enough pump tacks; all is alike on board,—all confusion, nothing can be found that is required."

Then came the storm! "By 9.0 p.m., two feet of water in the cabin was carrying every moveable article with it. Distracted women,—men with pale faces,—one girl nearly frantic!" The steam, from the water getting on the hot machinery, found its way into their cabin till they could not see each other five feet apart. It was suffocating! "The sensation in our cabin was then really awful! The darkness—the dismal sound of the water coming in;—I never shall be able to convey an idea of it! About 10.0 p.m. I spoke to the Purser, in our cabin. He said, "They are as bad aft, we have been carrying water out of the saloon all evening!"

I said it was very wrong when they had had previous warning, and it might easily have been prevented by securing the hatches properly by the ship's carpenter. He said, "Oh! there is no danger in it,—the water runs aft to the engine pumps, and is pumped up." "But it all tends to keep her down in the water," I said. A few minutes after, their fires were out, the pumps stopped, and the water still there! While we were talking, some sailors rushed by towards the sail room. The boom on deck had broken loose,—*carried away the engine skylight*,—the fires were out,—and the "London" was scooping the sea down an opening—several feet square—at every roll! Matresses, &c., were piled over it, and sails placed on top; but the water lifted them up. Eighty of us then passed buckets of water up; but two came in to one taken out! About 2.0 a.m., Captain Martin came to us, saying, "Men, put down those buckets, and come and try to secure the engine hatchway; it is the only chance to save the ship!"

The starboard passage way was so blocked by luggage and freight, that the sails had to be taken forward, and down the port side, where the stores were also piled up within three feet of the deck, and the sails had to be got over them,—a dark passage 60 feet in length,—it was here that the truly painful delay took place; I think some of the cases had to be first removed. I mention this, to show how every space was choked with goods, preventing the proper working of the ship. First came the second officer singing out,—*"Hurry that sail along,—what's stopping you!"* Then the Captain,—*"What is detaining that sail?"* Then a voice from deck,—*"More sails, for God's sake—else she'll go down!"* A very large sail was placed, at length, over all,—fifty men at work at it, and with great difficulty, nailed down; I saw Mr. Harris, the carpenter, and men, driving nails, in a foot of water. The ship—a helpless log—lay over on her side,—the shreds of the split sails were blown out at right angles by the storm. The wind through the iron rigging produced a dreadful sound, seas every now and then broke over us. I noticed the stern ports to the starboard were knocked in, and the water rushing in; later on, the others also gave way. I went into the saloon fully convinced that the ship must sink,—I never expected her to float till daylight—to this day I am amazed that she floated so long as she did!

I found the passengers from all parts of the ship in the saloon—no distinction now—the poorest, with their families were there, of four or five in groups. I saw the Rev. Draper, with many round him, reading the Bible and praying incessantly.

The faithful Minister.



Rev. Draper's last words : " Those who have not been converted, be so now, for in a few minutes we shall be in Eternity ! "

NOTE.—It is believed that this good Minister was the Rev. B. H. Draper, who wrote a small Book, about 1840, on the Parables, and was at this time (1866) Pastor of a Melbourne Chapel.

Now and then, one would ask, " Oh ! Mr. Draper, pray with me ! " Others were sitting apart reading their Bibles. So the hours passed, till daylight came in.

As I left the Saloon, I took the last look I ever had of it—the sight is indelibly stamped on my memory ! On deck, as the morning passed, things got worse and worse—she felt at times as if going right under ! Going aft, I passed the Engines ; there was no one there at that time but the Captain ; he was having a look at the engine room. We looked down together, and a frightful place it was ! The water black, with coal washing about and breaking up the iron floorings, platforms, and machinery, and producing an unearthly sound. A vast pool of water it seemed to be. We went up the cuddy



The First Alarm.



The Final Plunge.

steps. I saw a sailor *feeling about for a sovereign* he had dropped in about one foot of water. He was as eager for it as a street Arab would be if the boy had dropped a sixpence in the street! I was alarmed to see that a great deal more water was coming down. The water in the engine-room had increased considerably; it was now within two or three feet of the deck on which I was standing. I got on to the poop as quick as possible, knowing now that the end was near! The others knew it too. The staircase of the poop was crowded with people, apparently bewildered. I noticed a sailor keeping guard over the only boat which was being prepared. On my way from Fenchurch Street to Tilbury, the week before, this sailor had got in at Stepney, and sat by me, from which circumstance we had spoken once or twice on board. He advised me to have a try with them in this boat, 'But take your chance and jump when she is in the water.' No one could help seeing that there was a great change the last quarter of an hour.

More people were on the deck—walking about like persons waiting at a railway station: scarcely a word was said! I saw G. V. Brooke, the actor, who had been working with us in his shirt sleeves, leaning against the saloon door, in deep thought. All hopes of the boats, after the swamping of the iron pinnacle, had apparently gone. It was only a few of the sailors, who knew what could be done with a boat at sea, who were going to have a trial in her for their lives. It has always been an unaccountable thing to me why Captain Martin did not have the other boats got ready—properly manned and officered—and then told the ladies, 'There is your only chance, accept it if you choose!' The port iron pinnacle was still hanging in its place, also a smaller wooden one forward. I felt loath to give up life:—I enjoy life. There was also the *uppermost thought of all*, the uncertain hereafter! Another thing I never could understand was why Captain Martin never had signals up; as a vessel—if she did happen to sight us—and we not her—of course would take no notice and pass on. All seemed prepared for death. I saw an *elderly person*—a saloon passenger—*strapping up a railway rug into a bundle*. I have since been told this gentleman had a *thousand sovereigns* with him, no doubt in the rug. Shortly after, he appeared on deck, and Captain Martin—with a faint smile—asked him 'If he intended to take it with him?' I said to the sailor, 'If you do not lower in five minutes it will be too late!' The vessel was settling by the stern. I am amazed that she floated as long as she did! He said, 'We can't lower till King comes.' Presently King came up. Captain



King, the Boatswain.

Martin was asked by King, 'If he would go with them?' He declined, saying he 'would go down with the Ship,' but said, 'God speed you safe to land!' adding that the course was 'E.N.E. ninety miles to Brest.' It was now about two o'clock in the afternoon of Thursday, the 11th of January, 1866.

NOTE.—Captain Martin's former vessel was the Sailing Ship "*Suffolk*" —many a voyage had he made in her;—a *Sailing Ship* he understood well!

He died like a true British Officer! It is as if he had said,—"You go, —in *your* position it is right and proper,—God speed you to land,—but I,—the Captain? *What!* I,—their Captain,—leave all these women, and children? No! No! *Faults* there may have been,—*circumstances* I could not well control,—but I hope they will *say in England* that at *least* I did my duty, and *stood by them to the last!*"

All honour to our noble English Officers! It reminds one of the Burning Training Ship,—so nearly a terrible fatality,—and the good Captain urging the Boys on, as they passed by him into a place of safety,

—regardless of himself; his *one thought* being to save *their* lives! One fine lad entreated him to save himself, and leave with them.

"No! No! My lad," exclaimed the true English Captain,—"*that's not the way at Sea!* I must see them all safe! Pass on, Boys! Pass on! *The Captain's last at Sea!*"

"No! No!—My lad!"—the Captain cried,

"Pass on! Nor care for me!

When Duty calls,—*the Captain's last!*

Yes!—That's the way at Sea!"

King must have misunderstood him, as we must then have been 120 miles off. We were 140 miles off when picked up the next morning. King then jumped into the boat—about a dozen being in her—and they lowered immediately. As soon as I saw that she was safe in the water I stepped on to the mizen chains, and when the boat rose on the sea, I made a cautious leap right into her stern. I had only five feet to jump by waiting for a sea to lift the boat. There was no attempt to prevent anyone jumping, all on board might have jumped; they evidently considered our chance in such a sea to be hopeless. The boat was nearly sucked under the stern. I, and two others, got out oars, and kept her off. Now that the sailors saw that the boat was safe they wanted to take in a few of the women, and sung out to bring a lady or two. Only one, a girl of sixteen—very pretty—offered to go, but when she saw the fearful sea below, and the boat likely to be smashed at every heave against the huge iron wall of the ship, she said, 'Oh! I can't do that.' There was no time for delay, and Munroe,—seeing the boat shoving off,—leaped in himself. All this took place in a minute or two. Even after we had shoved off we drew in again from the suction of the vessel settling at the stern. The second time we got her off, and were pulling away at the port side, running before the wind, nineteen of us in a fine boat, but constructed only to carry twelve, I was told.

The sun just then shone out for a time, which made the scene the worse for me. I saw the brave young midshipman—Mr Angel—still at his post, at the pumps, which he never left till they went down. Just as we left the ship a lady, in a frantic voice, was heard to cry, 'A thousand guineas if you will take me in!' It was too late; if our lives had depended on it, we could never have made the ship again; we had to run before the gale just where the wind chose to drive us! As we mounted up a great wave we could see the 'London,' her bows well out of the water, so that we could see the red paint on her bottom, her stern very low, and by the pitch or rake of

her masts she seemed to be at an angle of 45° . Just then a heavy sea was seen to break over her deck and to wash the people about! They had just before been waving handkerchiefs, &c., to us. We ran down another wave, and when we mounted up the next, nothing was to be seen of the 'London!' Of the 258 on board, only the 19 in our boat were saved!"



"When we were lifted on the wave a second time and found that the ship was gone, it cast a gloom over all. We continued looking in the direction where we last saw the ship to see if any could be seen clinging to a spar, or anything, but nothing whatever was to be seen. King now sang out, 'Boys, the "London" is gone. If we don't mind we'll soon follow her; say no more about her, but attend to the boat,' which was certainly a wise remark. We were thrown together mostly by chance—almost unknown to each other;—our party consisting of three engineers, a fireman, a carpenter, one young midshipman, eight seamen, a steward, a boy and three passengers (not from the saloon). We had no officers, or captain, but we had the only thing to save us at that time; we had cool, skilful, excellent boatmen; had we not we should not have lived half-an-hour. We were twenty hours in that boat: I had no idea of what one could go through. No one could

ever have made me believe that a boat could have stood what ours did ! I think some of the men must have been born and reared in a boat ! Our arrangements were soon made ; those who understood rowing were to work in spells, those who did not were to bale. I was one of the latter ; two or three were to keep a constant look-out, one to be constantly watching behind us to see when a wave was coming that had a crest on it, and warn the helmsman. Those were the waves we dreaded, and here was where the skill and judgment was displayed. The chief study was to let the seas meet us square on to the stern, otherwise she would have filled at once. As one sea would pass,—invariably giving us a dash as it passed,—another would be seen coming in another direction, perhaps on our quarter. These were the cross seas, and the ones most likely to sink us. Then would be heard, ' Look out King, here's one,' when, if the rudder would not bring her round in time, or was at the moment out of the water, the helmsman would be heard singing out, ' Pull on the starboard, and back on the port, quick ! ' a minute after, ' Pull, pull all ! ' that was to get out of the way of a sea about to break,—then, ' Back, back all ! ' Night was coming on : I dreaded to think of it. The sky looked wild,—wind still strong and cold,—sea still very heavy. It was what you might call a troubled sea. All of us wet, cold and hungry, nearly worn-out by the constant anxiety, exertion, and fatigue of the two previous days. I considered it about one chance in a hundred that ever we saw the morning ! How were we to see at night those crested seas that we feared so much ? I was puzzled that the sailors did not speak of this great difficulty to my mind. Presently night closed in, and the mystery was solved by the phosphorescent tops of the waves, which, shining in the dark, showed pretty well the way they were coming. At first the stars occasionally appeared, by them we guessed up to about nine we were going south. I said to King, ' We shall not fetch the Spanish—much less the French—coast at this course ; we shall go wide of Cape Finisterre.' He said, ' I can't help it, we must go where we are compelled, the wind may change,' and so it did. I had certain stars for guides, and by them I could see that we were coming gradually round, and, by midnight, were going nearly East. We knew that any course that had East in it would bring us to land. Smith, a seaman, who had been steering, was relieved by King, who continued till 3.0 in the morning, when Daniels relieved him for three hours. It was most trying work, the *tiller being missing*,—like everything else that was wanted,—so they had to work the rudder by hand, almost always with one hand in the water. Great

watchfulness was needed, and all through the night King was continually singing out directions to the oarsmen; then 'Bale her out, keep her dry, who is bailing now?' In this way he was constantly talking and encouraging us to keep awake, for we were drowsy from fatigue; I had only had four hours' sleep since Sunday night, and others no doubt had had no more, and this was Thursday. At times, while baling, I would be half-asleep, but still dipping out the water. King asked, 'Who had the time'; my watch was going, but it was too dark to see the hands. We thought it must be getting towards daylight. I felt the hands and found it was only eleven o'clock. It was only the Moon rising. So the long dreary night wore slowly on. We thought the daylight would never come. About Midnight the weather became more squally, heavy black clouds came down upon us, and at times we seemed to be running into a black wall. It was difficult to discern the figure of the man sitting close to you. It was the night remembered in London for the heaviest snow-storm of the season,—when the telegraph wires were broken down in many parts of England, and vessels were being wrecked by scores in Torbay. About this time,—and a time that will never be forgotten by any in the boat,—we experienced the most narrow escape of any during the whole of our voyage: a large sea was seen close behind us, and on the very point of breaking, and it was impossible to get out of its way in time. On it came, eight or ten feet higher than our stern, and the next moment it appeared that we should all be engulfed. Someone quietly remarked, 'It's all over with us now.' I myself thought the end had come at last; *over* came the great wave, *burying* the *after part* of the boat completely. She trembled, and up she came! The sea had passed on, leaving us in all but a sinking state. The water in the boat was about a foot-and-a-half deep; a bucket would dip in it! Immediately King sang out, 'Don't move! Bale out quick! We are safe yet!' At once the bucket and balers were at work—in a few minutes she was lightened, and on we went again.

It was a providential thing that we had not another person in the boat, for I do believe that the *weight of one more* would have taken us down!" A small Vessel with two masts passed close to them that night,—they saw her lights, and they 'All bellowed together as loud as we could. They evidently heard us, and putting about, ran about, looking for us, we trying to guide them by our shouts. Then came a squall, and they lost the run of us. We could only see her occasionally through the gloom, when we rose on a wave; at last she was

out of sight. It affected the spirits of us all, when all hope of this vessel was gone! At last daylight came in,—hail and rain. Then the sun would come out for a few moments, we scanned the horizon, but could see nothing. Some time after again the cry was raised 'Ship in sight!' We could just see her off the port quarter. Presently we sighted another, more in our track, on the starboard bow, but at a great distance. Hope revived; we were in the track of Vessels and rejoiced to find some still floating. On we went for half-an-hour, with occasional sunshine, then a squall, and rain, the sea still rough, the same constant attention required. Those on the look-out reported the Vessel first seen was not getting any nearer to us. Some proposed to King, who was now steering, to put about to run for her. King strongly objected; saying that the boat would certainly swamp in going round, and then we had a long way to row almost dead to windward before reaching her; we would never reach her. It was now, say, 9.0 a.m., Friday, the 12th January. The men were getting irritable; there was not that friendly feeling which existed at first,—would answer each other sharply; of course this was owing to twenty hours' exposure and thirst, which we were all feeling terribly. Words ran high as to the advisability of putting round to run for the vessel. One who was holding the signal of distress (a shirt on an oar) said to King at the helm, 'If you don't put her about, I'll put this oar through her bottom!' I was beginning to feel frightened. Of course, every allowance must be made for the man under the trying circumstances. I do not entertain any ill-feeling towards him whatever for his threat. He might not see the danger, as an experienced boatman did, of going about,—thought, no doubt, that we were missing our last chance. Immediately someone proposed that we should run for the distant sail on the starboard bow, not so much with the hope of reaching her, as to prevent the boat being put about. I seconded the proposition, urging that even if we missed her, we should be nearing land; that it was not more than forty miles off (so we then thought), and by keeping on that course we would sight land before night; that it was early day, and most likely we would sight other Vessels, that we were in their track was proved. The proposition was put, and carried amidst some grumbling. The oars were double manned, the course of the boat slightly altered. Soon everything was going pleasantly, and all now seemed well-satisfied with the new arrangement; all they wanted was to be going towards some vessel. The sun at that time was shining, and our little craft sped along bravely, she quite astonished the most sanguine—everybody expressed the greatest

affection for her. Still great caution was required ; the vessel not being directly in our track, we had to make good a few points to the wind ; and that is where the difficulty was. Whenever an opportunity offered we would steer to windward of the vessel ; we knew we could make leeway at any time. Whenever a crested wave came, round would have to come the boat, and we would turn tail and run with it till it had passed, then try again. The only man allowed to stand up, the look-out, reported that we were nearing her, soon we could see her hull ; and when within half-a-mile we were rejoiced to see that they had sighted us, and were bearing away to run for us. Just at this moment was seen a terrific squall coming down as if to annihilate us at the very moment succour was at hand. We had, of course, to turn and run, and were being carried past the ship. Fearing losing her, many sung out to King to put about,—others not to ; he said, ' She will fill the moment we do so ; and don't you see they are running with us ? ' So they were, shouting in Italian, probably telling us,—in the wildest excitement,—to run on,—and they would follow. After the gale had a little passed, we put partly about, but in doing so had a narrow miss of swamping, as she shipped a heavy sea. A few minutes more and we ran up to her stern ;—a line was thrown to us with remarkable accuracy,—by the skipper's son,—an admirable cast,—it was caught, a rope followed. She had come round to the wind, a Barque of some 400 tons, rolling very much, and we thumping against her side by the mainchains. All order was now broken, each caught hold of anything he could, and scrambled up, lugged in by the friendly men on board. I caught hold of two tempting bolts ; down went our boat, leaving me hanging on with others near me ; up came the boat again, and we were soon all over the rail, except one who had been hurt, a rope was got over, and he was safely drawn up. We were kindly received. The Captain, a fine, jolly, burly old fellow, with a most benevolent countenance, and his crew, were getting out dry clothes, and serving out Geneva, when I got aft. It was now about 10 a.m., and we were soon having warm tea, &c., in the Captain's cabin ; fowls were killed to make us a good stew. She was laden with wheat in bulk, from the Mediterranean for Cork,—had experienced heavy weather,—had thrown some of her cargo overboard,—but was at this time safe, dry, and snug. We could not understand each other, but the Captain, by a map, explained that he would try to run into and land us at Falmouth. In the afternoon, we lay down and had a troubled sleep. I went through the horrors of shipwreck ; and for many nights, and I may say for weeks after,

I would see the 'London,'—with her stern under water,—her foretops gone. At night we most of us lay on the wheat covered with warm sails, and felt very comfortable, though our limbs were so stiff many could hardly crawl about. The weather continued rough; it blew fiercely that night; so passed that day, also the next. Then came Monday; we were in the Channel, and that morning we sighted the Scillys or Land's End. That night we had a gale, dead ashore; the Captain and crew on deck all night, apparently very anxious, and constantly singing out, and directing. But the Barque held her own, and about three or four (daybreak), on Tuesday, 16th January, 1866, was put about to run slowly to land; the fog rose, Falmouth Harbour fair before us! Three cheers for our good Captain!" A gold chronometer, with a suitable inscription, was afterwards presented to good Captain Gion Batta Cavassa, by the Board of Trade.

NOTE.—The Reader will note the providential falling in with the "Marianopolis," just as they were getting worn out with thirst, cold and hunger. It took a well-found barque *four days and nights* to land them. Instead of 90, they were 140 miles off Brest. It blew a gale two nights while on the barque. The wind,—*changed*,—was *against the barque* all the Saturday,—so that, if they had got through another night, they would have been merely carried back again into the Bay of Biscay. They would never have survived another night in the boat; and had they missed that barque the fate of the "London" would never have been known.

The three passengers,—alone saved,—not one from the first-class saloon,—were Mr. Wilson, of Ballarat (the narrator)—Mr. Munroe,—and Mr. Mead,—the other survivors belonged to the vessel. Mr. Wilson returned home,—the following April,—in the "Great Britain,"—Mr. Mead attempted to accompany him,—but, on entering the ship,—fainted,—the past scenes coming up too vividly,—and he gave up his intention. On her voyage out, in April, the "Great Britain" had to "lay to,"—off the Cape,—in the worst storm, and heaviest sea,—Captain Gray said,—he had ever been in during his many voyages. The late Mr. Bevan,—of Hereford,—whose brother was lost in the "London,"—going out to settle the latter's affairs,—being allowed,—on the third day of this gale to go on deck with a rope round him,—says, "That it was the grandest sight he could have imagined."

THE "GREAT BRITAIN."

Striking the ground in Dundrum Bay,—as soon as she was launched,—the "Great Britain," for some twenty years after weathered the storms on her fine runs to Australia. Her captain,—Gray,—respected by all,—eventually committed suicide,—through home troubles, it was said. The "Great Britain" has now disappeared, together with her contemporaries the "Red Jacket,"—"Marco Polo,"—"White Star,"—"Swiftsure,"—"Suffolk" (Captain Martin's former ship),—"Lightning," &c., &c., familiar names in old days of "The Diggings," and for fifteen years after, till the Suez Canal,—and modern steamers,—rendered the long sea route, *viâ* the Cape, almost obsolete.

No one,—however,—who has ever made the voyage out by the Cape, and the Return round Cape Horn, through Icebergs, and Fogs, in all weathers,—will fail to do justice to the following great performances of our old Sailing Ships. For the "Great Britain" merely had an "auxiliary" steam power of 400 H.P., useful for screwing out of the "Doldrums" or calms, about the Equator. She of course,—like the ill-fated "Royal Charter,"—depended upon her *sailing*, for her Passages. Indeed it was the *fatal dependence* upon the miserably inadequate steam power these early steamers possessed which caused the "Royal Charter," 2,719 tons, 200 H.P., to be embayed at Moelfra, on the night of "the Royal Charter gale," Tuesday, 26th Oct., 1859,—and dashed to pieces at 5.0 a.m., the next morning, on the Welsh rocks, within four hours of Liverpool! What Captain of a *sailing* Ship would ever have allowed her to hug the coast, when it was blowing a hurricane as they passed Holyhead, a North gale, dead ashore, with danger all the way to Liverpool? A 200 H.P. feeble engine was *relied upon!* Captain Taylor had made the run,—*then* "a Record,"—in 59 days. This time he had run her to Cork in 58. £500 was *offered* him if he ever did the out, and home, Voyage in 150 days. Everything was to give way to speed! They had narrowly missed an Iceberg this very voyage off the Horn! He "carried on" thus with 500 persons on board, in a vessel which had been *lengthened* in her *middle* to 30 feet longer than the "Great Britain,"—thought he could just reach Liverpool, and "chanced it!" What was 400 H.P. to screw such a ship out of a Bay in a Hurricane dead ashore?

"THE ROYAL CHARTER" WRECK.

(*Letter to Paper.*)

Sir,—Seeing a search is proposed this year (1907) for the treasure lost in the "Royal Charter," 27th October, 1859, will you allow some misconceptions in the Press to be corrected? I used to see the consignments of gold shipped in Australia in the early sixties.

It was never placed in "iron," but in square, wooden boxes. The treasure room of the "Royal Charter" was built of iron, midships, where she broke in two. So far from the vessel being still there, she was literally knocked to pieces, nothing was to be seen but rolled up iron plates, etc. Again, the divers 47 years ago never "recovered" the treasure. They found nothing but some pigs of lead, etc. The only gold ever found were a few Australian sovereigns found by two boys

some years after in the rocks while searching for crabs. She was a sister ship to an emigrant vessel previously lost on the Irish coast, with terrible loss of life, after which such vessels were always towed out as far as the "Tusker" lights. She had, however, been lengthened 30 feet amidships, and provided with a feeble 200 H.P. engine to take her through the calm belts near the equator, etc.

Captain Taylor—who perished with all his officers—was noted for "carrying on." He had, this voyage, aided by splendid winds, run her to Cork in 58 days. £500 had been offered him if he ever did the out and home run in 150 days. They had narrowly missed a large iceberg one night off the Horn, and the second officer had a presentation given him for his promptness in saving the ship on that occasion, the evening before they reached Cork. She ought never to have passed Holyhead Harbour. It was then blowing an increasing gale dead ashore. It blew a hurricane soon after known for years after as the "Royal Charter Gale."

The "Great Eastern" was nearly lost that night, although in the harbour. Her captain (Harrison) had his mackintosh torn by the wind. Fancy a vessel of great length with a 200 H.P. engine to her 2,719 tons attempting to reach Liverpool in a hurricane from the north dead ashore, with danger all the way. They were, of course, embayed (off Moelfra); the anchors dragged, then failed, the masts were cut down, but she soon after struck the rocks. It was the gallant coloured seaman, J. Rodgers, who took the line ashore, by a miracle, by which many were saved. He died in 1897. Out of 490 only 34 were saved, viz., three saloon, 12 second-class, 19 of the crew, no officers or women. Had she not broken in two—amidships—about two a.m. on Wednesday, the 27th October, 1859, many would have been rescued in the morning by daylight.

There must have been some £500,000 in the iron room, for numbers of successful diggers returning to England had been allowed to have their gold placed in it with the rest. The wooden boxes would have rotted and broken up 40 years ago, and the sovereigns and gold dust washed away. Nothing will ever be found.

Of the 61 saloon passengers,—320 second and third,—and 112 crew,—13 had fortunately landed at Queenstown, 9 "Riggers" who had been working on ship to Cardiff were taken off a tug off Bardsay, for a run to Liverpool, 5 of whom were saved. All the rest, on board, save 34, were lost! Almost as great and complete a Tragedy was the "Duncan Dunbar,"—filled with wealthy squatters, returning to Australia,—when only one solitary survivor was thrown up into a cave in the Rocks,—and the day after was rescued by a rope let down from the cliff above. There had been champagne going, and,—incredible though it may seem, the survivor "saw no captain, or officer on deck," they were approaching the terrific cliffs of Sydney "Heads." A heavy gale was blowing. The steersman,—undirected,—mistook "*The Gap*"—for the entrance, and the "Duncan Dunbar,"—a fine teak vessel, was dashed to pieces! The sole survivor felt a tremendous sea wash him up the cliffs, and he caught hold, and dragged himself into a cave. A dog the day following kept barking from above, he was drawn up.

The Writer, on Manly Beach, in 1864, was told, by the official there, that he was the first to find the Mail Bag on the Beach. It had till then been thought an Emigrant Ship,—seen before dusk,—was the lost ship, but the latter wisely had stood out,—weathered the awful gale,—and came in a day or two after.

During that night, he assured the writer, that he positively saw the spray go clean over "the Heads," and Sydney Lighthouse! He acknowledged it seemed incredible, but he saw it!

A LESSON FROM THE "ROYAL CHARTER."

A worthy survivor affords a lesson how a Christian life prepares us to meet the most terrible scenes, "I was asleep in my berth,—when I was aroused by cries, 'I think we are lost!' I at once dressed, and *after a few minutes' prayer*,—I gained the deck just before she broke in two midships! It was awful to see numbers being crushed to pieces in the chasm! Noticing that those in the water were being crushed to pieces by the larger pieces of the wreckage, he let himself into the sea and took hold of a box. He was *unable to swim*, another man took hold of it. I told him it could not support both, I therefore gave it him, and took another piece of wood,—He missed being dashed against the rocks covered with sea-weed, was thrown up on the shore,—dashed back into the sea,—was returned,—and saved by a rope thrown to him, unhurt! His cheque, of considerable value, was in a waterproof belt, so his loss was small. He seems—not being able to swim—to have simply trusted to God's Providence, and been saved!

Copy of a Way Bill. "The celebrated Auxiliary Steam Clipper, 'Great Britain,' 3,209 tons, 500 H.P., with water-tight compartments (?)—Lieut. John Gray, R.N.R., Commander,—is appointed to leave the River Mersey, for Melbourne, on Thursday, the 9th of May, 1867. This far-famed Ship has again made another run-out, to Melbourne, in 58 days. The nine previous passages to Melbourne were made in 62, 63, 59, 60, 58, 61, 57 and 57 days. On one occasion, 55 days 17 hours out,—back to Queenstown in 59; performing the whole voyage of 28,000 miles in 4 months 24 days,—including a detention of 31 in Melbourne,—a feat never before accomplished!"

To conclude our Tragedy,—the Writer regrets to add, that,—while on a "Jubilee Year" tour to Australia, in 1887,—he was informed that King,—the Boatswain of the "London,"—eventually kept a public-house, out in Australia,—and had also committed suicide some two years before.

Let us hope that the information was incorrect; for it does seem a sad end after having been so marvellously saved, twenty years before.

CONCLUSION.

It is in such scenes, when in presence of death, that the real character is shown. The humble, pious Believers, with all hope lost, quietly praying with the good minister, Mr. Draper, in the saloon; some, utterly reckless, breaking up cases of wine, to die, as they had lived, without thought or hope. The sailor *groping for the sovereign*, knowing well, as a seaman, that the Ship was already settling down at the time, and that in a few minutes they would be in Eternity! The *elderly person strapping up his thousand pounds in the railway rug*, and coming on to the deck with it, when in a

quarter of an hour he would have to appear before his God ! It proves how, when the mind has been set, for a lifetime, on wealth, and money—has *trusted* to gold—loved it—chosen it, in the place of God—that the approach of *death itself* cannot release its hold upon the soul !

Dear Youth, who may read this Book, with all life before you, choose a life of piety, the approval of God—the love, and the service of the Saviour,—in place of a life devoted to gain ! That solemn hour—the hour before your Death—will as surely come to you and me as it came to those who perished that Winter's afternoon on the "London." Instead of the frantic cry, "A thousand guineas if you will take me in !" Instead of grasping, like the elderly person, your gold, to the last moment of allotted life, you will then—long accustomed to trust to God, and to believe in a Saviour's love—be able cheerfully to resign your soul to His faithful and long-tried goodness, well knowing that having long tried to serve Him in health and youth He will never forsake you in *your* hour of need ! You could then unite with the good Mr. Draper in the Saloon of the sinking "London" in his cry, "Those who have not been converted, be so now, for, in a few minutes, we shall be in Eternity ! Captain Martin says that there is now *no hope for us*, but the Great Captain says that we may all get safely to Heaven !" Words which would strike cold and unmeaning to the irreligious ear, but which would be felt and understood by you.

God is not a hard Master, requiring us to relinquish this world, its pleasures, and its gains, and offering nothing to us in return. God knows what are the good things to be obtained in this life, for He created them all, and He assures us that all the riches, pleasures, and happiness to be obtained upon Earth are *less than nothing* to what He has prepared for His faithful followers. For He tells us that, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things that God hath prepared for them that love Him !"

How many a Young Business Man—his whole heart, soul, and life devoted to Money—has indeed, as the years of priceless opportunity have rolled by, succeeded, like Alexis, in obtaining before he died great Wealth and Position—but in God's sight is ruined for His service, and for ever unfitted for Heaven, and for Eternity—the Last Day only will disclose !

How many, when life and opportunity have passed, may have to say, "I grasped for many a long year the Riches of a dying World, but I *missed the tide*—it was God's will should

have borne me to my Heavenly Home!" "I grasped for many a year the riches of a phantom, passing World,—I grasped *Earth's dunghill*,—I missed the *starry crown*!"

Like Alexis, they found that the Cave of Diamonds once entered—the tyrant gold submitted to—loved and followed—an escape is seldom possible. The experience of Mankind does but re-echo the Saviour's words—"For where your *treasure* is, there will your heart be also!"

"Thou shalt not make unto thyself any graven image, neither shall ye make unto you *Gods of Gold*; thou shalt not bow down thyself to them nor serve them, for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God. Thou shalt have none other Gods before Me."

"But *covetousness*, which is *idolatry*, let it not be once mentioned among you as becometh saints, for this ye know, that no covetous man,—who is an idolater,—hath any inheritance in the kingdom of Christ, and of God."—*Ephesians* v., verses 3 and 5.

WHAT THE "CLIPPER" SAILING SHIP COULD DO.

RACING FOR TEA AND GOLD.

The first of the "clipper" ships were employed, for the most part, running between New York and San Francisco. So lucrative, too, was the trade, that it paid to sail them back again in ballast. Then the tea trade with China became a matter of such supreme importance that the Americans built up a fine business by sending their clippers with general cargoes from 'Frisco, and then running them either to New York or London with tea. In fact, so important had this tea-carrying trade become in the few years immediately preceding the opening of the Suez Canal, and the revolution in the shipping trade attendant thereon, that the vessels engaged in it came to be generally known as "tea-clippers." As such, too, they will continue to be remembered in the story of the sea of the "fifties" and "sixties." The eager—nay, the feverish—interest which was awakened concerning first California and then Australia in the early "fifties" through the opening of the goldfields, had the effect of imparting a wonderful impetus to the building of speedy ships. In 1856, it is recorded, the Messrs. Scott launched from their yard at Greenock a ship called "Lord of the Isles," the advent of which marked the beginning of the recovery at once of our prestige as ship-builders and as leaders in the ocean-carrying trade. The earlier clipper ships were built of wood throughout, many of the latter ones of wood and iron combined. "Lord of the Isles," however, was entirely built of iron; and it is generally admitted she was the highest ideal of an iron sailing ship as conceived and turned out by the members of this world-famous firm throughout its long career. "Lord of the Isles," like so many of our most noted racing yachts, was a success from the very first, simply because her modelling, building, and equipping left practically nothing to be desired, and she created what is now called "a sensation" by accomplishing her first trip from this country to Sydney in the really remarkable time for so small a ship—691 tons register—of seventy days. Another of her historic passages was a run from Shanghai to London in eighty-seven days. On this trip she carried 1,030 tons of tea, and at one stretch of the passage she averaged 320 knots for five consecutive days—truly splendid work. In the famous race home to London from

Foo-chow-foo, in 1856, with the season's tea, she beat handsomely a pair of the greatest of the American clippers, both of which were almost twice her size.

It is curious to read that a famous Boston ship, the "Flying Cloud," on her record voyage, in one four-and-twenty hours covered the extraordinary distance of 410 knots, a mean speed of over seventeen knots per hour. A very little research makes it plain that not only was that amazing speed frequently approached by the best of the clippers, but that on several occasions it was exceeded. In 1852 "Sovereign of the Seas" averaged 300 miles for eleven consecutive days, and 333 for four more. Her best travelling from noon to noon in any four and-twenty hours during that voyage was 362 miles. She beat that fine work, however, on a voyage from Oaten to New York, in the following year, when she ran 396 miles on March 16 and 411 two days later. In the Southern Ocean, in 1856, "James Baines," which Donald McKay built for the Liverpool merchant of that name, covered 418 knots in twenty-four hours, the latitude being 43deg. 31min S., longitude 106deg. 15min. E. This splendid vessel must have been at the very top of her form at this particular time; moreover, have had everything of that rarely suitable description for record-making which is only vouchsafed once or so in a lifetime, for on the following day she got up to the almost unbelievable rate for a time of twenty-one knots per hour. On a voyage to Australia in 1855, this ship made 430 knots in twenty-four hours. Again, Lightning is credited with having averaged eighteen knots for twenty-four hours, which gives an aggregate of 432 knots from midday to midday. Yet another of these American clippers, "Red Jacket" (built in 1853 at Rockland, Maine, by George Thomas), burnt off the Horn, once logged 417 knots in a passage from New York to England in the dead of winter in her maiden year.

It was generally admitted that "Sovereign of the Seas" was the best of all the many wonderful vessels which Donald McKay built, and in the hands of a brother of his she made some quite amazing passages. As quick sailing on the Atlantic has just been referred to, it may be added that this great ship has a run to her credit from New York to Liverpool in the summer of 1852 of 13 days 19 hours. As she made the passage from the Banks of Newfoundland, after being becalmed for about a day there, in 5 days 17 hours, the thought of what she would have done but for those hours of enforced idleness almost takes one's breath away. Her best runs on this occasion were 396, 411, and 419. In the following year, when "Red Jacket" had a run of 417 knots for four-and-twenty hours, her full time from New York to Liverpool was only 13 days 1hr. 25min.

Has steam spoilt our sailing?



The Captain's call to duty! "John Maynard!" "Aye! Aye! sir!"



"Can you hold on five minutes longer? Land close ahead!"
 "Aye! aye! Sir! By God's help I will!"

CHAPTER X.

JOHN MAYNARD, THE PILOT, THE BRAVE YOUNG AMERICAN.

IN this World in which we see very little else than selfishness, constant (and very often unscrupulous) grasping after wealth, everyone caring for himself alone, and generally thoughtless of all else besides—there are yet occasionally to be met with instances of heroic self-forgetfulness, and pure, unselfish benevolence, and thoughts for the safety of others—which shine forth, in a fallen world, like stars amid the prevailing gloom around.

Such deeds serve us as beacons pointing us to a nobler life. An instance of true heroism of this kind may be found in the following account of John Maynard, the pilot.

The American steamers which ply upon the great lakes of America are very different to any we see in this country ;—they are two or three storeys high—huge floating hotels, in fact—propelled by massive engines worked by beams, similar to the "Beam Engines" or "Cornish Engines" employed in England for pumping mines and waterworks. Densely crowded as these steamers are during the summer months—often carrying four or five hundred passengers—the chief danger is from fire, for the great lakes of America are so extensive that the land is constantly lost to view, and as these steamers carry few boats the only hope when a fire occurs is to try to make the nearest land, and to run the ship aground. John Maynard was an honest, hardy young pilot, who plied his occupation on the lake steamers. He was an upright, brave young man—a good husband, and already a fond father of two bright little ones. His wife loved him best, for she best knew how he possessed a heart as loving and tender as it was brave and manly. Hundreds, who had stood by when one of the sudden storms came on to which the lakes are subject, had remarked John Maynard's steady hand and wary eye, and felt that let the danger be what it might, all that man could do for the safety of the vessel that John Maynard would do ! Hundreds when the storm was at its height could tell how the Pilot bore himself in those hours of fear and danger. But one summer day there was harder work for John Maynard to perform ! The time came when it was shown what he could really do ! When, having been faithful to his duty during his life, John Maynard had to show that,—when Duty called,—with God's aid he could remain faithful to death !

For one hot summer's day one of these huge steamers, densely crowded, was ploughing its way down Lake Erie ; the passengers were lying asleep under the awnings, or sitting under the shade of the balconies. No one dreamt of danger, for the sea was perfectly calm ; the faint breeze was not sufficient to relieve the heat, and the well-known Pilot—John Maynard—was at the wheel.

About noon, however, a slight smoke was observed by the Pilot rising from the aft hold ;—it was but the slightest film, but the Pilot's quick and experienced eye detected it in a moment ! "Simpson," he said quietly, to one of the deck hands, "Go down aft and see what that smoke is !" at the same time sending another man to call the Captain.

The Pilot was not the man to alarm the bystanders, knowing well the panic the least suspicion of fire would create amongst the passengers. The man shortly returned ; he had been

with the Captain below, and hurriedly whispered—"Good Heavens, Pilot; the Captain fears that the ship's on fire!"

A few minutes more, and disguise was no longer possible, for a burst of smoke came up from below, and in a minute more the alarm of "Fire!" spread from deck to deck, and from cabin to cabin, and some five hundred frantic passengers in a paroxysm of terror at the awful death before them hastened upon the fore-decks.

THE CAPTAIN'S CALL.

But loud above all the confusion the *stentorian* voice of the Captain was heard shouting, through his speaking trumpet, to the man at the wheel—"John Maynard!"—(The Captain knew that everything now depended upon the Pilot; no one else knew the bearing of the Coast as he did).—"Aye! aye! sir!" came John's steady voice from the wheel-house. "Head her to land; how far away?" "Five miles, sir; east by south east." "What is the shortest time we can do it in?" "Half-an-hour, sir, at this rate." Then came the Captain's word to the Engineers—"Put on every ounce of steam she will bear!" In the meantime, every man, woman, and even child, who could lift a pail, worked for dear life to keep down the flames, which soon began to appear from below. But the woodwork, always slight and dry in these vessels, was now like tinder from the heat of an American midsummer; and worse than all, amongst the cargo between decks were some casks of resin and tar, shipped from the back woods. No sooner did the fire reach the tar than the whole ship aft of the fore deck was enveloped in a thick smoke, lit up with long flapping flames of red fire. Driven on to the bows, the whole multitude of passengers crowded in utter despair. But the huge engine beams are going up and down quicker now—the huge steamer is flying through the water; and, firm at his post, enveloped in the smoke, and grasping the spokes with both hands, there still stands John Maynard,—the Pilot,—at the wheel!

The flames during some twenty minutes have spread on—the tiller chains were black with the heat—the wheel-house even was on fire. At this awful moment, however, the wind veered slightly, blowing aside the dense smoke, and disclosing the land close ahead. But the Captain knew well, and John Maynard, the Pilot, knew it better than he did, that the *least* change in the rudder, and the Steamer, instead of making the land, would swing round with the current, and drive the flames over the women and children crowded on the bows. So seizing his trumpet, the Captain's voice was heard once more above the noise and smoke, shout-

ing, for the *last* time, to the man at the wheel, "John Maynard!" and thick, and choked, came from the smoke and fire the Pilot's voice, "Aye, aye! sir!" "Can you hold on *five minutes longer*? Land close ahead!" And for the last time in this world came, from the burning wheel, the answer, "Aye, aye! sir! *By God's help I will!*"

"God bless you, John!" roared back the Captain. He knew that the man had given up his life to save theirs, and the rough, hardy Captain turned aside. He had braved many a danger in his time, unmoved; but he gave way now! He did not care that any should see the tears that ran down his cheeks.

And many a woman, as she held her little ones to her breast, repeated the words, "May God bless John Maynard!" And from the hundreds of beings crowding the deck rose the murmur, "God bless that brave fellow at the wheel!" The young Pilot had a home, too, and wife and children, whom he loved with as pure a love as the richest merchant now trembling on the bow. To spring from the deck into the sea and leave the vessel to her fate, would have been easy: the work of a moment; mere child's play to him, a noted and powerful swimmer; but five hundred Men, Women, and little Children were entirely dependent upon him now. He had never yet shrunk from his duty; with God's aid he would hold on and save them all! And with a prayer for his own wife and little ones, whom he knew he should never see any more; firm at his post—his hair scorched from his face—with one hand scorched black by the fire, steadying the wheel with his foot, and grasping the burning spokes, there still stood,—in his last death agony,—the heroic Pilot,—John Maynard,—at the wheel!

SAVED!

A minute after the huge steamer struck with a crash upon the beach in shallow water, and the whole multitude were swarming down the ropes they had prepared, and handing down the Women and Children, praising God, and trembling with joy at having escaped so dreadful a death.

But as they touched the shore with their feet, the Wheel-house, and the burning deck, fell with a *great crash* into the red fire below, carrying with them the blackened corpse of young John Maynard, the Pilot!

THE CAPTAIN'S CALL.

There comes a time in the life of every Youth when God's call to duty comes to him as clearly as did the Captain's voice when he called upon "John Maynard!" It is a gentle voice,

it is true, disregarded by thousands of Youths, but, stifle it as you may, by the follies and sinful pleasures around us on every hand, it is a Voice, nevertheless, that *will* be heard. *Strange* if it were not so, for it is the Voice of Almighty God! "Forsake that sinful, prayerless, and careless life! It can never lead to happiness, to Heaven, or to Me! Commence now in Youth a life of piety and prayer—seek My favour and a Saviour's love while time and opportunity and youth are thine, and I will be with thee in thy hour of need!"

In the life of every Youth there comes a time when he *does* hear God's call, does sometimes think of commencing a Christian course,—does sometimes think that he will commence that Journey to the Better Land,—take some steps towards his Heavenly Home! Such feelings are God's "call" to you, for such desires never come into the heart of any youth of themselves! By nature we are opposed to God, and care little for His favour, or for the bright Home above! But such feelings *do* come to every youth, because the Saviour comes and stands knocking at his door! Long years does Christ stand at the door of some hearts! He stands there, in the language of the Scriptures, till "His head is wet with the dew, and His locks with the drops of the night!" His voice of entreaty—the Saviour's call to forsake sin—to lead a life of piety and prayer, is heard by every youth! There *must* be something solemn in *Eternity*, if God Himself (in the person of the Saviour), must needs come thus, and plead with every Youth at the commencement of his life! It is because God knows that your affections are strongest in youth—that you are more likely to turn to Him now, than at any other period of your life!

The hour will come when there will come *another*, and a *terrible* one knocking at your door!—There will come One whose dread summons was never yet disobeyed! He brooks no delay! When Death knocks, the hardest door must open, and open at once to him! Now, in youth, and health, with Death far distant, is the time to listen to God's call, and to secure a Saviour's love! And when God's call comes to you, asking you to commence a life of duty and love to Him, let your reply be that of John Maynard—"By God's help I will!"

"Be wise to day! 'tis madness to defer,
Procrastination is the thief of time!
Year after year it steals till all are fled!
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an Eternal scene!"

CHAPTER XI.

"SMALL BEGINNINGS, AND HOW TO GET ON."

POOR BOYS, AND HOW THEY BECAME RICH:

No. I.—"*Never Despair.*"

WILLIAM HUTTON, OF BIRMINGHAM.

WILLIAM HUTTON was a remarkable instance of a very poor boy attaining to wealth, not from any happy chance of fortune, but from his own persevering industry,—his brave struggles with the difficulties he met with, as a boy,—and his lifetime of self-denial and strict economy.

At the age of seven the little boy was put to work at a Silk Mill,—the youngest of 300 hands employed there. Not being indeed tall enough to reach the loom, a pair of high pattens were made for him to stand on, to enable the little fellow to perform his allotted tasks.

Urged on by public opinion our Governments have, from time to time, passed Laws in reference to the labour of young children in factories. The first Act was, however, only passed some forty years ago, up to which time the life led by young children in the large Mills of Lancashire, Dundee, and other localities, was something frightful: a slavery worse, in some respects, considering our climate, and the terrible confinement, and bad air in the Mills,—than that of slave children on the Cotton Plantations of America. Up, in the depth of winter, to be at the Mill at Six o'clock,—with no regulations of any kind then as to the hours worked,—amidst the everlasting whirl of machinery,—children of six and seven were worked as long as the grown-up men and women, while the heavy strap of the overseer was ever at hand to quicken the tired hand.

"Christmas,"—says Hutton,—speaking of his recollection as a child of the Silk Mill,—"was attended by a heavy fall of snow, and a severe frost,—I did not wake the next morning till it appeared to be daylight. I rose in tears, for fear of punishment, and asked a man whom I met what hour it was; he "believed it was about six." I hastened on in agony, for fear of being late at the Mill, and from the bottom of Full Street—not two hundred yards—I fell down nine times! Observing no light in the Mill, I knew it was an early hour, and that the reflection on the white snow had deceived me. Returning, the clock struck two!"

His hard servitude at the Silk Mill terminated after seven years, when he was fourteen years old. He was then placed at Nottingham, under his uncle, a Stockinger, and here he continued until an unhappy quarrel with his uncle—its origin being a mere trifle—caused the boy to run away from Nottingham, whither bound he knew not. He had only two shillings in his pocket. At ten at night he reached Derby, carrying what little stock of clothes he had, and a few provisions, in a bag. The next day in the precincts of Lichfield, he says—“I saw at nightfall a barn a little off the road, in which I hoped to get a night’s rest. I hid my bag in a hedge whilst I went to look at the barn. I could not have been gone a quarter of an hour, when returning from the barn (which I found closed fast) to my amazement my bag was gone! To this day I cannot imagine who took it! Terror seized me! I went about the fields lamenting, and told all I met of my loss. I was too much distressed to find relief in tears, they would not flow. I found seeming pity from all, but relief from none, and at eleven o’clock found myself alone in the streets of Lichfield. It is not easy to fancy a more distressed position. I had nothing left;—a stranger to the place; no employment, nor hope of getting any; no food to eat, or place of rest. All the little property I had in the world had been taken from me: even hope died within me. I was but a boy of fourteen at the time. I slept that night on a rude bench outside a butcher’s shop.” He walked with blistered feet and a heavy heart to Walsall, and from thence to Birmingham, where he asked for employment at three different stocking makers, but was refused at all.

Yet see what a difference a few years of industry and perseverance effected for this poor boy. In fourteen years from this date, William Hutton had married the daughter of Francis Grace (from whose premises he had been turned away), and a few years after the entire property was left him and his excellent wife by the old man’s will!

“It was about seven o’clock”—he says—“in the evening when I first reached Birmingham. I remember that I sat down to rest upon the old cross which used to be in Philip Street, Bull Ring—probably the poorest boy in Birmingham, in that great Parish of which 27 years after I was appointed Overseer. I sat down, silent, and oppressed with grief, under the very roof where years after I sat as Commissioner of the Court!”

For the first few days in Birmingham he says he lived chiefly on cherries (which were plentiful that year, selling *at a penny a pound*) and a little bread. Unable to subsist

by the two trades he had learned, Hutton, by a curious circumstance, was led to become a bookbinder. He occasionally purchased shabby old books for a trifle from a man who kept his bookbinding apparatus in his shop; and by repeated visits to this shop, and by close and constant watching the man at work, Hutton mastered the secrets of the trade.

"The first book I bound"—he says—"was a very small one. I showed it to the bookseller. He seemed surprised. I could see *jealousy* in his eye. But he recovered in a moment, for he had no doubt that I should break down, and lose what little I had saved. He offered me an old press for two shillings, which no man could use, and which was laid by for the fire. I looked attentively at the press, bought it, paid the two shillings, and got a receipt. I then asked for a hammer and pin, which he handed me with a smile, and more than half a sneer. I drove out the 'garter pin,' which, being worn and galled, prevented the press from working, and turned another square, which perfectly cured the press. He now said in anger—'If I had known, you should not have had it.' However, I could see that he consoled himself with the thought that I should make nothing of my beginning in business, and that the press would come back to him. That press proved the best I had for five-and-twenty years after."

As an instance of Hutton's frugality and perseverance, when commencing business as a young man, he found that a journey to London was needful, and always a wonderful pedestrian, he resolved to walk there and back (224 miles) and gives us the total of his expenses. "I was out nearly nine days; that is, three in going, three in London, and three in returning. I spent 3s. 8d. on the road each way, and a little over 3s. in London. Out of eleven shillings journey money I brought back 4d." This gives an idea of the prices of provisions in those days.

From this point he rose rapidly in the world. In 1790 he purchased a carriage and pair of horses, and built a coach-house, which, with his usual exactness in money matters (for Hutton's whole life and soul was now evidently bent upon money), cost 635 guineas.

A long list of how he purchased and sold land—how he married rather to save expense, than from love—follows.

Having felt what a dread thing poverty was, his life was now precisely what might be expected from one who evidently neither possessed nor professed to possess, any practical Religion. The poor boy had raised himself to prosperity, but he had done it *himself*—God appears never to have been in his thought from boyhood to old age! He neither appears

to have sought Him in adversity, nor cared for Him in Prosperity. He seems to have decided that as everything had been against him in youth, his success was due to his own industry and frugality alone, and that he had no one therefore to thank for it but himself. There is a loneliness, coldness, and hardness, about such a life, which no intelligent reader of his memoirs can fail to mark.

William Hutton was one of the sufferers in the Birmingham Riots, which took place against the Unitarians. Hutton was one of this body, and attended the dinner July, 1791, at Dee's Hotel (then just built) in commemoration of the French Revolution. It was a great mistake of Dr. Priestley and the Unitarians. The people became excited, and collected outside Dee's Hotel (of later years, "Chatrion's Old Royal Restaurant.") From hissing and howling, they proceeded to throw stones, and the windows of the hotel were broken in. Then began the terrible Birmingham riots, which, owing to the miserable inefficiency of the old watchmen (the only police of that day), lasted three whole days. Two chapels, Dr. Priestley's house, and other houses known to belong to Unitarians, were destroyed by the mob, and amongst them, William Hutton's place of business in High Street. Fifty wagons, he states, would not have sufficed to carry off his stock of goods, which was burnt in his warehouses. Indeed his wealth may be estimated from the fact that he placed his loss at £8,000. Although he afterwards received £5,000 by way of compensation, he had to show his private books, and the large profits thus exhibited caused others to set up in the same trade. At the same time the rioters destroyed Baskerville House, the residence of Mr. Samuel Ryland—a lovely place in those days—quite in the country—now converted into Winfield's Bedstead Manufactory, Cambridge Street, Birmingham; the front still retaining a portion of the original edifice. For 25 years Mr. Ryland left it in ruins to serve as an example to the Birmingham people. Miss Ryland gave Birmingham its excellent "Cannon Hill Park" in 1889. The grandfather of the present writer knew Hutton well, they being much together, living close to each other at one time in High Street, and used to describe the crashing of the things on the night of the riot, as the rioters, who were sacking Hutton's premises, threw them out of the window into the street below.

Hutton describes the first night of the riots:—"The 14th of July," he says, "has always been a memorable one for me. It was on the 14th of July I first entered Birmingham as a poor runaway apprentice boy, without home or friends, and it was on that very night, the 14th of July,—fifty years after,—that

I stood leaning against a milestone on the Sutton Coldfield Road, after the rioters had sacked my premises, once more (for a time at least) without food or home." This, of course, was, however, but a temporary gloom, for he soon retired from business, evidently a wealthy man. His vigour and health were such that at 77 years of age, Hutton—always a wonderful pedestrian—undertook a walking tour of 600 miles to visit the Old Roman Wall which crosses the North of England. During this tour he crossed England twice in one week, completing the 601 miles from leaving Birmingham, having walked 17, and often 26, miles a day, Sundays excepted, for six weeks. A pretty good performance for an old gentleman 77 years old! Hutton was only twice in London; the first time he walked there and back as a poor youth, at a cost of 11s., to buy £5 worth of materials to begin trade with! The last time, 57 years after, he went up to close a purchase of property which he had purchased for £12,000. William Hutton was a remarkable instance of a very poor boy succeeding in life, *so far*, at least, as *wealth* and *this world* is concerned, and as it was entirely the result of his own persevering industry—savings—and brave struggles with the difficulties he met with in boyhood—his life seems a likely one to interest, and encourage the youth who may read this book, to see if he, too, cannot meet with success in life, but no one can read his life without perceiving that having gone thus far, *we must stop*. It is *impossible* to disguise the conviction which must come over the reader of Hutton's biography that his life's object—as it is with many a one—was to make and to save, *money*—and he succeeded. But when we consider that not one farthing's worth of property has ever been taken out of this world—that the deeds, securities, shares, and bank notes of a wealthy man cannot be crammed into his coffin—and, moreover, that each of us has life given to us to prepare for—not forty, or perhaps, fifty years of affluence on earth—but to attain to that life of piety, love, and holiness, which can alone prepare us for the existence in the Eternity to come—it *does* seem a deplorable failure in life to lay up, during a long life, infinitely more than we shall ever need, or be able to enjoy, and in doing so to neglect God's service, and our own salvation.

While, therefore, urging the example of William Hutton to encourage the poorest boy not to despond, and "never to despair," every intelligent youth who reads this book is entreated to consider what can avail the greatest industry, economy, and success in life, if at the close we find we have lost Heaven, the love of God, and our interest in Christ?

Every youth should strive to rise in the world, but it should

be with God's blessing, approval, and aid, sought by daily prayer.

Wealth, success, and worldly prosperity—*without God*, leads to the hardest, coldest, and most lonely of lives; and, whatever the amount of riches we leave behind us (for *others* to enjoy) we shall find, when we go out alone to meet our God, that such a life leads in the end to a *failure*—so fatal, so irrevocable—that no human language can describe it!

"For what shall a man *be advantaged* though he gain the whole world and lose his own soul."—(Luke ix. 25).

"No man can *serve* two Masters! Ye cannot serve both God and Mammon."—(Matt. vi. 24).

"Where your treasure is there will your *heart* be also."—(Matt. vi. 21)
The Master *never* uttered *deeper* words than *these*.



"Gold! Gold! Gold! Spurned by the young,—
But hugged by the old,—to the very verge of the churchyard
mould,—Price of many a crime untold!



Transformation Scene.—The Gnat.

CHAPTER XII.

" SMALL BEGINNINGS, AND HOW TO GET ON."

POOR BOYS AND HOW THEY BECAME GREAT.

No. 2.—"*Never Despair.*"

ALDERMAN KELLY, OF LONDON.

FARMER'S BOY, AFTERWARDS LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

POOR Boys, and how they became rich and great, is of all subjects perhaps the most interesting ; it is a secret well worth inquiring into. Some of our greatest men began life in so humble a way, in positions so apparently hopeless as regards fortune, that their lives should prove an incentive to every youth who reads this book to make a determined effort to rise, as they did, above adverse circumstances, and with God's aid, and in submission to His will, to become the architect of his own fortune.

In reading the lives of successful men, a youth in poor circumstances compares despondingly his own prospects with those around him, and sadly concludes that the success of others depended upon fortunate circumstances and chances, which he can never hope will occur to him. Such a youth should, however, remember that if he possesses a spark of determination and perseverance in his breast, and God gives him health for many years to come, there is nothing whatever in his case to prevent his doing what many a poorer boy has done before him.

The secret is not in looking for immediate results, but to be willing to live for a few years a life of resolute, steady application, in whatever position one may be placed, not looking too far ahead, but letting the duty of each day be well performed, and not letting a day go past without something gained, some efforts at self-government. One other secret may be named. Without for a moment hinting at the life of a miser—hoarding every penny you can obtain—denying yourself every pleasure—refusing to bestow charity upon those in greater need than yourself—still whatever your income may be, *something* should be laid by. In spite of the wonderful tide of prosperity England has enjoyed the past seventy years, how many of the working classes appear to save little or nothing ? They have not the habit of saving, a habit only to be acquired by *effort and self-denial*. The working

classes in France and other countries, with half the wages of our English workpeople, are nevertheless wealthier. They save what our English workmen squander. Few nations work more constantly, with fewer holidays, than the English, yet our working classes seem little the better for it; the millions they obtain in wages pass away from them almost as soon as obtained to satisfy the pleasures of the moment.

If a youth, therefore, desires to find himself,—in a few years' time,—on the way to prosperity, let him commence at once the habit of saving. Remember that the habit need not interfere with innocent pleasures; the cheapest pleasures are not unfrequently after all the best.

Alderman Kelly, of London, began life as a very poor boy, on a very poor farm—engaged in the commonest drudgery of the rough farm labour. Notwithstanding this depressing and apparently hopeless position, the boy felt within him the ambition every thoughtful youth possesses for something better. Whilst engaged in tending cattle, or at work in the fields, the thought would often come to the boy—"Surely I must have been born for something higher and better than a life like this!"

He met, however, with many disappointments. One of his school-fellows had obtained a situation in an office in London, and the boy had hopes that a similar one might be found for him. The influence he hoped would have been used in his behalf, however, failed, and the opportunity for a change of life passed by, and nothing more was heard of it. These repeated disappointments began to tell upon his health, and poor Kelly sank into despondency; especially upon hearing that his parents had decided to apprentice him to a small shopkeeper—a Chandler—at an obscure, neighbouring village. The engagement had been entered into, and his father was to accompany him. The day arrived, but they had hardly started when the poor boy overcome by his feelings burst into tears. His father, guessing the cause, after some thought, said kindly—"Well, Tom! If having to go to Oxtead makes you so unhappy, you shall not go there!"

To the boy's delight, the engagement was abandoned, and they returned home, greatly to the surprise of his mother. Upon what little things do our future lives turn! Had Kelly gone to this situation, he would probably have lived a life of obscurity in a country village, ending probably in an old age of penury. At length, a situation was found him as office boy in a brewery at Lambeth. A few shirts and necessary articles of apparel in a small bag, with 3s. or 4s., was the whole *property* with which its future Lord Mayor, and Commissioner

of the Central Court of Justice in England, entered London. In after life he used to describe the loneliness and wretchedness of his first few days, after leaving his home and parents, and entering London on a gloomy, foggy Autumn day.

In two years the brewery proved a failure, but through the influence of the proprietors, a situation was obtained for the boy in the office of the well-known publisher, Mr. Hogg.

The arrangement was, that he was to board and lodge on the premises, and to receive ten pounds a year for wages. The business premises of Mr. Hogg, in Paternoster Row, were even then very extensive. Kelly's duty was to make up parcels for retail purchasers, write out invoices, and to attend to the wants of casual visitors.

When the duties of the day were over the boy applied himself diligently to improve himself by studying history, geography, &c.

Those were the old days of rigid business habits—of long hours—and hard work. For fifteen years the boy never had a holiday! It was thought necessary for the security of the premises that someone should sleep on the spot, and this duty fell to the youth Kelly.

He slept on a small bed made up under one of the counters in the shop. One can hardly conceive a life more depressing to mind or body; but the inflexible resolve never to give up, and to persevere, which served him so well through life, never deserted him!

He found one friend in the person of the old housekeeper—Mrs. Best. She proved from the first a faithful friend. It was in the company of this humble but worthy woman that most of his leisure time was spent, she being never tired of listening while the boy read aloud from various books. In return, as an instance of her consideration, she never allowed the boy to perform any menial work.

Unfortunately, Kelly's consistent conduct excited the jealousy of one of the young men employed by the firm in the delivery department. For reasons of his own, which were afterwards explained, he endeavoured to obtain the boy's dismissal from the establishment by every means in his power. It is the jealousy, and unreasonable dislike of a worthless fellow workman, which often discourages and injures many a well-meaning worthy youth.

Kelly's worthy friend, the housekeeper, spoke on every occasion in the boy's favour, but one day overheard the following conversation between this man—under whom the boy was placed—and Mr. Hogg. "Well!" asked Mr. Hogg, "and how is the new lad getting on?" "Oh!"

replied the man, "I wished to speak to you about him; I can't make anything of him. I don't think he is at all the boy for us!" "Why?" asked Mr. Hogg. "Oh! he is so very slow," replied the man, adding something which the housekeeper could not hear. "Oh! Well! give him *time*"—replied Mr. Hogg—"let him have a *fair trial*." "*I like him*," added Mr. Hogg—"he's a *biddable* boy!" It was evident that the youth's attentive docile conduct had already caught the eye of his employer.

One day, as Kelly was passing a cheesemonger's shop, the boy's quick eye detected in the window some sheets of printed paper, which he instantly recognised as part of a work then in process of being printed by his employer. Quietly entering the shop, and making a trifling purchase, he saw in a corner a large stock of similar sheets. Kelly immediately obtained a private interview with Mr. Hogg, who accompanied him to the shop. The shopkeeper willingly placed the matter in the hands of the police, who soon discovered that the dishonest young man above alluded to, who was so anxious to obtain Kelly's removal, had been in the habit of selling considerable quantities of paper belonging to the firm, representing it to be the damaged paper of a printer which he had purchased. "This was my first appearance in a court of justice," says Kelly—"I felt very sad at having to be witness against the young man I had worked with, and I remember the extreme fear I had lest I should state when on my oath, anything—even a single word—incorrectly, remembering the necessity of having a conscience void of offence before God, before whom I had taken the solemn obligation of an oath. Little did I then think, when trembling, as a boy, in the witness box, that at a future day I should be raised to the dignity of First Commissioner of the Central Criminal Court, with sword of Justice over my head, and the Mace at my feet, and should occupy the very judgment seat at which, as a boy, I had looked with such awe!" The theft being clearly proved, the man was convicted, and sentenced to seven months imprisonment.

Although having lived so hard a life—while his wages were but ten pounds a year, the boy gave nearly half of it to aid his parents, who were in poor circumstances.

As his salary slowly increased—with that unselfish affection for his parents which many of the most successful men have shown—he constantly helped his Father to stock his farm and improve his land—and (what the boy cared for more than all) to lighten his poor Mother's toil.

There were griefs which he could not ward off. One after

another he lost four of his younger brothers and sisters, the expenses of their funerals being defrayed by him.

It was not until he was thirty-nine years of age that Thomas Kelly began business for himself. He had only a very small capital to start with, but trained for long years to a life of self-denial and patient resolution, he by degrees entered into more extensive undertakings, printing and publishing some important standard books, circulating them in numbers—a new idea at that time, and employing agents to sell them.

The reward of patient toil and industry was obtained; for, from this time Thomas Kelly's course was one of brilliant success; his trade transactions came to be estimated by hundreds of thousands of pounds, and as it has been in thousands of instances—an early life and youth of toil, steady and quiet application, was crowned by an old age of honour and fortune. Thomas Kelly—or Alderman Kelly, as he was usually called—became Lord Mayor of London. Full of days and of honour—his prospects brightened to the last—he closed a useful valuable life, at the advanced age of eighty-four.

One incident will close our record of this good man—dutiful in his boyhood, patient and industrious in his youth—prosperous and useful in his manhood. Throughout his life he made an annual visit to the grave of his parents; and it was during these visits that a warm friendship was formed between Alderman Kelly and the Clergyman of the Parish, who from the first had been struck with the filial piety displayed in these yearly visits. It was to this friendship thus formed that we owe the admirable life of Alderman Kelly.

In this account of one of the many instances of a poor boy of our time and country becoming rich and great, every youth who reads it must acknowledge that Thomas Kelly's start in life was certainly not more hopeful than his can be. Here, at least, we have no happy chance, no sudden turn of fortune which the youth who reads this can compare despondingly with his own prospects, and sadly conclude that nothing of the kind can occur to him. In the life of this boy we have nothing of the kind; he began life under the most hopeless aspects as regards fame or fortune. A poor working boy on a small farm, then a shop boy, sleeping for years under a counter, with £10 a year (half of which went to his parents), fifteen years without a holiday—not setting up in business till thirty-nine years of age, then only in a small way. Surely such a life may encourage every boy who reads it to try to accomplish what, in spite of all that was against him, Thomas Kelly succeeded in doing.

The secret of this boy's success, as it is with thousands of successful men, was his conscientious, steady application, his faithful performance of duty towards his employers, his parents—and all who had a claim upon him ;—and his great desire, as he himself says, “ to live a life, not of great ambition, but one void of offence both to God and man.” It was this, far rather than the mere pursuit of wealth, which influenced him through life.

Without God's blessing, riches, when they come, can impart no true, really lasting happiness. A docile, industrious, obedient Boyhood, blossoms naturally into an industrious Youth, and a useful, honourable, and successful Manhood.

Let every Youth who reads this Book, instead of desponding, follow the steps of this good Youth (as follow them you can), by setting before you God's favour as the great object above all else to be gained, and in doing so, you will one day find, as Thomas Kelly did, that you have gained honour, influence, success, and all else with it.

“ They that honour Me, I will honour ; but they that despise Me shall be lightly esteemed.”



Hogarth's skit upon the "Perspective" of Painters of his day. Notice the obliging old lady at the top window.

DEATH OF CHATERTON



CHAPTER XIII.

"POOR BOYS AND HOW THEY BECAME FAMOUS."

No. 3.—A TRAGEDY.

THOMAS CHATTERTON, OF BRISTOL.

"**W**E have," says a recent writer—"biographies of successful—self-made, men, '*ad nauseam*,' till we are sick of them; Smiles, Tupper, and the religious magazines are crammed with them. Men who seem to have combined 'getting on' and 'making money' with perfect piety in a manner perfectly startling, until we are compelled to doubt whether, in these modern times, they have not discovered a *golden* path in which it is possible 'to serve both God and Mammon.' Will no one give us a few beacons and warnings? Surely they cannot *all* succeed, else where are our eyes? How about the great army of the *unsuccessful*—the *vicious*—the *fallen*? To *one* who rises above his original station in life *how many* fall below it? Might not the histories of wasted, misspent lives be instructive? How is it that we never hear of them? Success may teach us some lessons, but it is from *failure* that we learn wisdom."

"We are much bound to them that do succeed,
But in a more pathetic sense are bound
To those who fail!"

Having given two instances of successful boys, let us take the histories of two who were *unsuccessful*—not only in this life, but in the deepest and saddest sense of all!

In the great British Museum in London may be seen several letters written in a boyish hand, together with a number of poems written in the old "Black Letter" Saxon English of 500 years ago on old parchment, or rather parchment supposed to have been blackened over a candle so as closely to resemble it. These papers thus carefully preserved by our nation, in the British Museum, were the work of a boy of sixteen—that wonderful boy, Thomas Chatterton, who died by his own hand when not quite 18 years old, being at the time reduced to starvation in London, where he had gone to seek his fortune.

Let us imagine ourselves at Bristol (Chatterton's birth place)—at about eight o'clock in the evening of the 24th of April, 1771. The old-fashioned coach of that day is just starting for London. Chatterton is in high spirits at leaving *Bristol*, and going to London—he is wrapped up for his

journey—a noble-looking youth, possessing a countenance described as very intelligent, and remarkably brilliant eyes. His widowed mother, and a few young men—Thomas's companions—have come to see Tom off. The guard blows his horn, the coachman cracks his whip, and the old-fashioned coach of that day sets off to London through the dark, carrying with it one of the most wonderful boys England has ever produced, who has thus taken leave—as it proved, for ever—of his widowed mother and his birthplace, to seek his fortune in London.

Thomas Chatterton was a very poor boy; he had been brought up at the Blue Coat Charity School at Bristol. He had lost his father very early in life. At the school he was noted for his cleverness. He wrote poetry when only 12 years old. He was kind and good-natured to his comrades, but was easily provoked. He was a very proud boy, with much ambition, evidently feeling the poverty of his lot very keenly. He would, when quite a boy, give way to sudden bursts of weeping at very slight apparent grounds. One of those highly-gifted, sensitive minds, no doubt, so little suited to a life of penury; unsuited to submission, if not incapable of it; and therefore always exposed to the endeavours of those who consider it their duty to keep a "charity boy" in his place.

Chatterton soon became, however, noted and admired, not only in Bristol, but even in London—(where some of his writings had been published)—for his wonderful acquaintance with the literature of 500 years ago.

Having access to the Old Church at Bristol (St. Mary's), the boy had discovered in an old chest a number of old Black-letter Title Deeds, of no value, but which the boy spent hours in deciphering, and pondering over, till he had become master of the old words, &c., of the period, which require a glossary, or dictionary, to become intelligible to us.

It appears that having thus prepared himself, the boy, when only fifteen years of age, gave way to the temptation of composing some exquisite poetry of his own—which, for fire, grace, and imagination, has rarely, if ever, been equalled—and writing them in the old Black-letter style and words on parchment, which he blackened over a candle to appear ancient. He then gave out that he had discovered several old poems, written by a monk named Rowley, who lived 500 years ago. The Savans were greatly astonished, they had never even heard of such a writer (nor was it likely that they should have, seeing that he only existed in the imagination of the boy Chatterton), yet here were produced the most

beautiful poems, to all appearance genuine ! So ably indeed did Chatterton employ the old expressions, and the words of that period, that many refused to consider him as the author, and what was called the "Rowley Controversy" continued for years after the boy was dead and gone. The great Statesman and Literary man of that day—Horace Walpole—was completely deceived by the poems Chatterton forwarded for his inspection. He at first received them as from a brother Savan, taking Chatterton for a gentleman of profound erudition and learning (in which he was not far wrong)—but when the poor boy made the mistake of confiding to Walpole his age and condition, the latter seems to have refused any further correspondence. "I am but sixteen,"—writes Chatterton to the great Statesman—"and the son of a poor Widow. I am very unhappy because I am apprenticed to a Lawyer, when I feel that I am capable of, and should succeed in, literary pursuits."

Walpole has been blamed, even after this confession of the boy's, for not giving some assistance to so wonderful a genius (of whom the nation might, in time, have become proud)—although he might have now guessed the state of the case, and felt annoyed at having been imposed upon.

The lawyer mentioned in Chatterton's letter, to whom the boy was bound apprentice, was named Lambert. He seems to have been a coarse, unfeeling character, the last person in the world to appreciate genius, and to whom Chatterton was but a poor boy, bound legally to him as apprentice. He never understood the boy—probably never cared to—he only intended to show the proud boy that he intended to be his master. No wonder, from the way they treated him, that the boy was, as they said, "sullen." There was no question that the boy was proud and above his station. Lambert endeavoured to humble him ; made him sleep with the servants' boy—told the servants to watch that he did not leave the office ; forbade the boy from going out of an evening—in fact, though he entirely failed to humble him, he succeeded in making the boy so wretched that he resolved to put an end to his life ! Before doing so, however, he wrote a letter (intended to be delivered after his death) to a Bristol gentleman—a Mr. Clayfield, a good, worthy man, who seems to have been kind to the fatherless boy, and the only person whom Chatterton seems to have regarded as his friend. The letter was delivered accidentally too soon ; the worthy gentleman hastened to see Chatterton, and a long interview took place. He took the boy to task for his want of submission to his lot—for keeping bad company—for his bad principles—for

Chatterton, always, from a boy, seems to have despised and disliked religion, and the company of religious folk)—but the worthy gentleman, while he blamed, showed nevertheless such real concern and attachment to the boy, that Chatterton was greatly affected by his kindness, and shed tears.

The letter he wrote to Mr. Clayfield, the following day, may be seen in the British Museum :—

"Dear Mr. Clayfield,—I do not know how that letter came to be given to you, but as to my reasons for wishing to die, I beg to assure you that I keep no worse company than myself. I never drink, and—without vanity—I may say that I have too much sense to care about gross iniquities. No! it is *my pride*—my unconquerable native pride, which drives me to distraction! I cannot bear a life of servitude—to have no will of my own. I will try to learn humility, but it must not be under Mr. Lambert.

"I am, your much obliged, unhappy,

Servant, T.C."

The result was Thomas's removal from the lawyer's office, and, to his delight, his wish to gain his way by writing was consented to.

We have seen him start on his journey.

Several of the London periodicals had already published some of Chatterton's writings, which the boy had sent them from Bristol; and, at first, he found work enough to support himself. His industry was wonderful, and unceasing; he wrote almost through the night in his small garret, and called in turn on all the London publishers. Many things, however, fell out against him; his best friend,—a gentleman of influence, died suddenly; the London season was over;—everybody left town. Still with his usual indomitable pride, the boy all the time sent over to Bristol grand letters as to his prospects—disguising the truth, poor fellow, that the proud heart was almost broken; boasting of his little successes, and even sending home presents to his mother, to prove how well he was getting on; when the fact was he was living on stale loaves of bread, which he obtained cheaper, and which lasted longer than new ones. Let us pass over the remainder of the scene quickly! Surely there can be no sight in God's world more painful than that of a brave, industrious youth (proud, it is true, but proud with the consciousness of undoubted talents and genius), breaking his heart in that wilderness—London—without a father or friend to assist him!

Things got worse and worse, the boy's clothes began to be shabby and worn out;—a terrible thing to a proud youth

like himself, who had to go about amongst respectable shops, and leading publishers, to seek a sale for his writings.

The publishers became tired at his constantly calling upon them. There were then in London, as now, thousands living in luxury—whose worst misfortune would be to wake an hour before their usual time, or to be prevented by a shower from some favourite amusement, who would give as much for a bouquet to take with them to their guinea seat at the opera as would have supported this poor boy for a week!

At length, after—it is believed—he had nothing to eat for two whole days—he was refused any further credit at the baker's shop until he had paid what he owed. Too proud to beg—all hope extinguished, his mind was now made up; he was but a boy—not yet 18 years old—alone, with no one to advise him, and alas; worse than all, no belief in God, or religion to support him. He lay in bed longer than usual on the morning of the 23rd of August, and, when up, sat for some time brooding by the kitchen fire.

His landlady—(Mrs. Angell)—who has been greatly blamed for not having before this guessed the true state the boy was in and letting others know of it till it was too late for any, however willing, to aid him—seems now to have become alarmed. She asked him, "What is the matter?" "Nothing!" he replied pettishly, "why do you ask?" and then went out with a bundle of papers, no doubt to try the publishers once more, on a last weary round, on that long Summer's day.

At eight the poor boy returned, looking very tired and dejected. He had been refused at all the publishers', and, it afterwards proved, had purchased at a chemist's a bottle of poison. Arsenic; of all things in the world to choose! The poison of all others—(though probably he was unaware of it)—causing intense pain before it kills. He complained to Mrs. Angell that "Mr.———, the publisher, was treating him very badly—keeping his papers—and refusing to pay him for them." Mrs. Angell seems now to have guessed the state of things—to some extent at least—and asked the boy whether he had not better go back to his friends and Mother, at Bristol? He asked her, she said, with tears in his eyes, not to mention that subject again, as he never should go back to that "hateful Bristol." He then, she says, kissed her—a thing he had never done before—and went up to his lonely garret, treading heavily, she says, or rather giving a kind of stamp on each step as he went up. Little things—not noticed at the time—and remembered afterwards, when a tragedy has taken place! Why did the tears come into his eyes when the landlady spoke of returning to his friends?

No doubt he was thinking of his widowed mother, whom he should see no more ; but rather than go back to Bristol, rather than have to confess his sad failure, after all his grand letters, and endure the scoffs of the Bristol folk, and the life of servitude which would have to be begun again, the rash, despairing boy resolved rather to die.

It is said that the last insult that the sinner offers to Christ, after a life of opposition, is his determined resolve *not* to believe in His generosity, and willingness after all to forgive, and save to the uttermost, even his enemies. Chatterton was not a Christian youth—indeed he had prided himself in not being one. In a letter to a young companion he writes, " I am no Christian," and his writing and principles make it only too probable that what he said was true. Still the Saviour tells us that not a sparrow falls to the ground without our Creator's notice ; He marks the minutest occurrences ; and we are told not to fear, for we " are of more value than many sparrows ! " If then, dear reader, you and I cannot but feel compassion (cold and selfish as we all are) at this history, can we imagine that Almighty God—infinite in goodness and mercy, was entirely indifferent to the sufferings and death of a boy—and he the most wonderful boy, too, in some respects, our country has ever produced ? We *cannot* think so, and it has always been to me the most important lesson to be learnt from the life of this unfortunate boy, that, in God's providence, a friend was at the very time close at hand. The head of St. John's College, Oxford—Dr. Fry—had been struck with some of Chatterton's ancient " Rowley's " poems, and having conceived an earnest desire to see and learn something of the writer was just setting out at the very time the boy destroyed himself. Had Chatterton but consented to live a little longer all would have been well. Chatterton's life shows that no genius or talents can supply the place of faith and belief in God. A Christian youth would have had sufficient belief in Almighty God to ask Him—who has all things to bestow—out of His endless resources, at least to give him his necessities. God would certainly have opened for him a way—(as it is certain that he does in countless instances, when asked)—so *naturally*, so quietly, that one seldom notices the fact that we have actually got what we desired of Him.

But Chatterton believed nothing in religion, and in despair of God, and of all things, that sad night destroyed himself ! Hours passed—the dawn came ;—you may be sure, not too soon to that dark garret, surrounded by close courts, amidst the London smoke. The sun rises in the clear blue summer's sky ;—the noise and bustle of *London* begin once more, uncon-

scious that one more unfortunate had closed his career in agony and despair ! The familiar sights and sounds of London come on with the returning day, and the boy seems not to have been missed till the following afternoon, when the door was broken open, and the boy—beautiful, even in death—was found lying, half-dressed, on his bed—various papers strewed on the floor—and the bottle of arsenic fallen from his hand ! His face was distorted with pain, and pieces of the arsenic were found between his teeth !

On a paper was written :—" I leave my soul to my Maker—my body to my Mother and Sister, and my *curse to Bristol ;* if Mr. C——,"—the rest of the paper is torn off, apparently upon second thoughts. Was there going to be a last message of love to the good Mr. Clayfield, who had befriended the poor youth on a previous occasion, and who, alas ! was not present *this time*, to soothe the distracted, rash boy, once more, with kind words—from his resolve ? Who can tell ?

He was seventeen years and nine months old.

However poor and depressing may be your present prospects, remember that the Creator has all things to bestow (" The World is Mine, and the fulness thereof, and the cattle upon a thousand hills ! ")—and that He urges you to put Him to the test, and to ask Him, your Heavenly Father, for all that you need. " The *darkest* day—live *till to-morrow*,—will have passed away ! " Try this, and when you visit Bristol, go to the room still shown in St. Mary's Church, where the boy first discovered the old deeds ; and do not forget the lesson of pride, rashness, and despair, taught us by the life of that wonderful boy, Thomas Chatterton.

ADDENDUM.

As this Book is written with an anxious desire to be perfectly truthful and honest, it is only fair to state that the " Rowley Controversy " is by no means over, and probably never *will* be. There were many who looked—and there are many who still look,—on the character of Chatterton in an entirely different light,—as a mere impostor. That he was no " Genius " at all, merely a clever, dishonest office boy, who had actually found some genuine, ancient poems, not his own at all. That his first statement, how he had discovered them was the real truth, but when he found the Bristol folk,—anxious to claim a Genius for their city,—ready to accept him as the Author, he favoured the deception.

The first gentleman, a man of letters, to whom the boy brought the Poem, always stated that he showed the greatest ignorance of the old Saxon, had not even got the name of the Monk, " Rowley," correctly, and that he pointed out to the youth many absurd errors he had made.

That some of Chatterton's poems, subsequently written in London, were mere plagiarisms,—taken from others,—is admitted ; but who would be severe upon a poor youth starving at the time for want of food.

The *Athenaeum* some years ago had some articles on the subject, and the evidence of contemporary witnesses,—given before their death,—*certainly* throws grave suspicion upon the affair.

As the writer has never read a line of the alleged Poem, nor, indeed, any of Chatterton's works, he is even less capable, probably, than the Reader of forming any opinion as to whether the youth was a Genius or merely a clever impostor.



A Youth of Eighty Years ago. (1820 Period).

Youths of our day, 1907, must not think that there were not gifted and studious boys in former days. In spite of Frill Collar and Quill pens, the Pile of Books for reference, on the floor, proves that this young gentleman evidently "means business!"



Gulliver's "Lilliputians" (little Men) trying their best to supply him with sufficient Food, Hogsheads of their Wine, &c. Drinking their King's health.

CHAPTER XIV.

"POOR BOYS, AND HOW THEY BECAME FAMOUS."

No. 4.—*Another Tragedy and a Contrast.*

THE BOY ACTORS:—EDMUND KEAN AND MASTER BETTY.
THE TRAGEDY.

IN selecting anecdotes of the early life of Youths who afterwards became great and famous, it would be foolish only to choose those whose after-life proved truly successful, and whose characters became all that could be desired. There is *another* side to life's pictures—a *deeper* lesson—God knows—to be learnt from the career of many a poor boy who began life with high hopes, great talents, and perseverance, only to make shipwreck of them all. And that lesson is *this*, that the greatest success, the most splendid talents, the most princely wealth, cannot supply the place of God's approval and blessing;—that a youth may succeed in all else, but without love to his God, all will prove, in the end, to be a mockery and a delusion!

Such an instance has been given in the life of that wonderful boy, Thomas Chatterton, and another is to be found in the life of the greatest tragedian this country probably has ever produced—Edmund Kean. The whole life of Edmund Kean, the Tragedian, was one great tragedy itself, and it ill becomes you who have been cared for by kind parents during the years of childhood—kept from great temptations (unless you wilfully sought after them)—with fair hopes in prospect before you of a respectable life—it ill becomes you, I say, to condemn too strongly the life of an unfortunate boy—a boy of desperate perseverance, of wonderful genius, but a tendency to dissipation, which rendered all his splendid success and greatness a sham and a delusion. It ill becomes us to condemn too strongly one who never knew a Mother's love or a Father's care. In short, the story of Edmund's boyhood is too terrible, too full of poverty and desperate struggles, with everything to depress him, and worst of all, in too close contact with all that is bad, base, and unfeeling, in human nature, to permit us to sit in judgment upon him. The illegitimate son of a gentleman, Edmund never knew his father, whilst the wretched woman, who, when it suited her interest, claimed to be his mother, was as worthless a specimen of her sex as ever lived to bring disgrace upon a son. To Edmund she was ever an

unnatural parent; taking care to appropriate the boy's hard-earned savings for herself. Indeed the conduct of this wretched person—her treatment of Edmund—was so unnatural, that it is to be doubted whether the boy was really her son at all.

She deserted him one November night; and he was found by a poor man and his wife—a little child lying in a doorway in London, cold, starving, and forsaken, and taken home by them. He was a beautiful child, with graceful limbs and splendid black eyes; so much so, that he was chosen in a performance at Drury Lane Theatre to lie as Cupid at the feet of Sylvia, in a great performance before the King. His mother hearing of it soon came forward—now that there was anything to be *gained* by him, and demanded her property. She placed the boy in the hands of a posture master, to be tortured into acrobatic impossibilities for the Pantomimes; but the child was too young, and too delicate for the work; his limbs were distorted, so that they had to be placed in iron supports. Their symmetry was, by this means, restored; but his shortness of stature was caused by his wretched, avaricious mother (?) persisting that the boy should continue his work at the theatre, while the iron supports were attached to his body. In those days of darkness there were few means of education for any but the upper classes. Sunday Schools and Schools for the Children of the Poor were then almost unknown!

Thus the boy Kean would have been totally ignorant had not some good, worthy people, attracted by his beauty and intelligence, subscribed together to send him to a little school in Chapel-street, Soho.

But the treatment of his so-called mother was such that the little boy, now only eight years old, ran away from London, and, with a small bundle and a stick, set out to walk to Portsmouth, and—tiny little fellow though he was,—succeeded in shipping himself as cabin boy for Madeira. Even thus early were shown indications of his character. Who can think, without pity, of a lonely child, unused to pity, resolving to assume, with wonderful power of deception, deafness and lameness, during a voyage of two months, so perfectly as to deceive the captain and crew; and possessing the strength of will which enabled a child, nine years old, so to control his fear, as to remain, to all appearance, deaf to the tremendous noise of a tempest in which their vessel was nearly lost? On returning to Portsmouth, the astonishment of the men who carried the little fellow from the ship may be imagined, on the boy suddenly executing with extraordinary vigour, a "College

hornpipe," before he disappeared in the back streets of Portsmouth; leaving the sailors perfectly stupefied at the sudden transformation of the deaf and lame boy! The boy's varied powers acquired during the next few years are thus described by Charles Young—(then a boy two years older than Kean)—whom Edmund Kean's acting first inspired with a taste for the stage. Charles' father lived in London in rather high style, and Master Charles coming down stairs, fully dressed for dinner, saw one day a slatternly woman sitting in their hall with a boy (Edmund Kean) standing by her side fantastically dressed, with the most penetrating and blackest eyes he had ever seen. To Charles' surprise the butler was desired to show the boy in, and, instead of displeasure, he was received with smiles. After dinner, which was sent out to the visitors, the host took the boy's hand, and requested him to favour the company with a specimen of his powers. With wonderful self-possession, the young boy at once complied—stepped forward, knitted his brows, hunched up one shoulder, and, with inimitable voice, spouted forth Gloucester's opening soliloquy in *Richard the Third*. The wonderful Boy then recited selections from our leading poets, sang several songs amusing and pathetic, and, for fully an hour, displayed such versatility and talent, as to elicit vociferous applause, and a substantial evidence of the pleasure he had given the audience, by a shower of crown pieces, &c., which had to be collected in a napkin.

After he had retired, the host replied to the eager questions put to him, by assuring the guests that "he knew nothing more of the boy, than that his name was Edmund Kean, and that the woman who had charge of him was said to be his mother, but was understood to treat him very badly. It was not the first time the boy had entertained them." "She took all from me,"—was Edmund's cry, when speaking of his hard, youthful times. But now came a brief vision of brighter days, for a worthy, good-natured old lady, of comfortable means (a Mrs. Clarke), became interested in the boy Kean. These were the boy's happy days—the only ones in boyhood he enjoyed—for this good lady treated him as her son. In her house for the first time he enjoyed decent society; the neglected boy was cared for. Good Mrs. Clarke caused him to be instructed in various branches of literature; he taught himself to play on the piano, and to compose music and little plays. His manners became gentle—his better nature developed. At parties, the boy gave recitations, and diligently studied the works of Shakespeare, and it was now that the boy began to conceive some notion of his own wonderful powers, together

with the ambition to restore true nature and purity to the stage, which, at this time, had sunk to a very low ebb. D'Egville, the celebrated dancer of that day, taught the boy his art. Angelo, the fencer—(noted for having introduced the "down guard" in broad sword and single-stick play)—whose successors are still in London, and instruct the boys at more than one of our great schools—taught the boy to fence, and Kean became noted for his skill and grace as a swordsman. Incledon, the exquisite singer, found an able pupil in the boy, nature having gifted him with ear, taste, and voice. Had this care and comfort but lasted, Edmund Kean's life might have proved as happy and successful as that of his contemporary, Master Betty—but Edmund's *pride* and temper were his enemies through life. The following, however, warns us as to the effect one unkind speech may have upon a sensitive and proud boy. A few visitors at Mrs. Clarke's had planned to be present at a certain performance, when, on Edmund's name being, as usual, included, a gentleman of a proud, overbearing disposition present, whom the boy had, in some way, offended, said—"What! does *he* sit in the box with us?" without, however, it must in justice to him be said—being aware that the boy heard the remark. "Certainly!" replied the wealthy, good-natured hostess, Mrs. Clarke—"Edmund goes with us, of course," at the same time kindly adding a few words as to the poor boy's early life and good qualities. Unfortunately, the boy overheard the gentleman's remark, and with his unhappy temper waited to hear no more. The sneer implied was too much for the proud, sensitive boy. Only fourteen years old, he could not be expected to have perfect control over his naturally irritable disposition; but this cannot excuse his conduct. He abruptly left the house of his kind benefactress; and it was not till three weeks after that the boy was discovered asleep on a dust heap near Mrs. Clarke's house, ragged and footsore. He had, it appeared, tramped all the way to Bristol to ship himself as cabin boy to America.

Failing to obtain a ship, he had, after enduring every kind of wretchedness on the way, reached London again exhausted. It is evident from this that Edmund Kean was a proud and unreasonable boy, as the good lady, Mrs. Clarke, had had nothing whatever to do with the affront he had received. We cannot—although the result was ruinous to the boy—blame her for losing interest in the boy actor, after such conduct. It now ceased, and he was reduced to his former condition—felt now all the more keenly from the glimpse of wealth and comfort he had seen.

The boy who was to become the greatest tragedian of our days—became a boy tumbler at Bartholomew Fair;—climbing a ladder balanced on a man's chin, and performing startling acrobatic feats.

Hearing that his reputed mother had been seen at Portsmouth—in spite of her cruelty, the boy seems to have loved the unworthy woman—he set off on foot to find her. His mother was not at Portsmouth. He had no money left for his subsistence; he would not beg, he was always too proud for that, so at fourteen years of age, with nothing but his handsome face to recommend him, the boy hired, on credit, a large room in one of the Portsmouth Inns, and gave an entertainment. The performance consisted of selections from *Hamlet*, *Richard III.*, &c., interspersed with some remarkable acrobatic feats, and some exquisite singing, and the boy achieved such a success that he had to repeat the entertainment the following night, and after paying all expenses, found himself in possession of £3. From the first the boy set at nought the traditions of the great actors, Kemble and Cooke, by his entirely new and subtle conception of the character of "Shylock," the Jew, in the *Merchant of Venice*, and especially that of *King Richard III.*

John Richardson's well-known travelling theatre, 30 feet by 10 feet, with an orchestra of ten, and the usual "gong," and stentorian "cryer," was at Windsor, and the Boy Kean performed as acrobat, outside. The King sent him ten guineas, and this notice led to his mother, and brother Henry, getting a permanent place at the Theatre. Kean last performed at Richardson's in 1808, at Battersea Fair. Richardson died November 1836 (76), leaving £20,000, with large sums to his troupe. Two of them had £1,000 each.

Joining Richardson's company—who soon saw that he had secured an extraordinary genius—Edmund by special command gave recitations before the King. Then follows a mysterious lapse in Edmund's life (which has never been explained) up to his eighteenth year. It is said that the boy was sent to Eton School, whether at His Majesty's expense, or some other patron's, is not known. At eighteen years old, however, the youth was found playing in Scotland, in Moss's company, and thus early married a Miss Chambers—a young lady of respectable family. Then for four or five years followed a life of terrible privation and suffering, with constant disappointment. But Edmund Kean was *resolved to win*. His resolution, courage, intense study, and application, never relaxed. It is said that he "mastered every subtlety of human expression—every intonation, and gesture, of human feeling." He never lost faith in the coming time when he should be *looked upon* as a Master of his art. An instance of his sound

judgment may be given. When playing in Birmingham, at a guinea a week, he refused an engagement in London, offered by the great Kemble, on the ground that his powers were not yet come to full maturity, and therefore not yet prepared for the critical eye of a London audience. The privations of the young couple were now terrible; unable to leave his wife in Birmingham, they had to walk 200 miles to Swansea, to keep an engagement Kean had closed with. This journey took a fortnight; occasional recitations being given at gentlemen's houses on their way. It was at this time that their first child—Howard—was born. But everything seemed to go against them. Kean had acquired, even in his boyhood, like the actor, G. V. Brooke, 40 years after, the habit of drinking, at that time so general even amongst the upper classes. A series of terrible failures, and cruel attacks in the papers, followed; but worst of all, the death of his beloved little Howard took place.

Nothing engages one's sympathies for Edmund Kean more than the love, and grief, shewn by the young father of one and twenty, for his child. Like his father, he was a beautiful and intelligent boy. Even at three years old, he had showed a passionate fondness for his father, and, with the boy's little hand in his, while he was with them, Kean could forget the present misery and disappointment of his life, in planning a bright future for his boy, when his success came. And Kean's success, so wearily waited, and so nobly striven for, *did* come.

Just as things were at their worst, on the 22nd January, 1812, when the young man, driven wild by the loss of his boy, and continued disappointment, had gone out from their lodgings in Cecil Street with utter despair in his heart, and, as he afterwards confessed, with thoughts of ending his sorrows by suicide—a friend met him, with congratulations on the announcement he had just seen on the walls. Kean, to his great surprise, found that he was announced to appear at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, on the Wednesday following, as "Shylock" in the *Merchant of Venice*. Unknown to Kean, his friend, Dr. Drury, of the Drury Lane Committee, had, after a long contest, at length persuaded his coadjutors, who were greatly opposed to Kean, to give the young actor this trial.

To the last, everything went against Edmund Kean. He had no one to herald his advent, no expectation awakened (as in the case of William Henry Betty), the poor, struggling actor had many enemies, and very few friends—when on the 26th January, 1812, he realised the fixed object of his life, and took London by storm!

It was a miserable winter's night! The snow lay in wet sludge as Kean plodded through it to the theatre. The

other actors received him with coldness ; so did the manager. "What ! perform Shylock the Jew, without wig or Jew's beard, it is absurd," all of them declared. But Kean knew better ! With his wonderful powers, *he* needed no disguise to enable him to move men's hearts by displaying human feelings to the life.

The story of that wonderful achievement, of that magnificent success, is the best known incident of the stage history of this Country ! As might have been expected, on such a night the Theatre was nearly empty. A gentleman present said there were only about fifty persons in the Pit, but one of the best critics in London happened to be there, and wrote an article in the paper next day such as he had never done before !

Again, and again, one of the members of the Committee came to peep through the curtain, startled out of his self-possession by the thunders of applause ! "I never could have imagined," he said, "unless I had heard it, that so *few* people could have made so *much noise* !" He had been greatly opposed to allowing Kean a trial. The poor young actor left the Theatre that night, hardly heeding the obsequious congratulations. After the long years of disappointment, the reception overpowered him !

He knew, the *Committee* knew, that, after *that* night, a golden success, a princely fortune, would be realised ! Almost frenzied with delight, Kean rushed through the wet and sludge to their humble lodgings. His young wife ran to meet him ! no words were needed, his looks told all ! "Mary !" he exclaimed, "*It is come at last !* You will now ride in your carriage." The poor fellow's voice trembled, his joy passed away—"Oh ! that little Howard had lived to see it ; but he is better where he is !"

And, dear youths, who read this account, Edmund Kean was right ! Little Howard *was* better where he was ! Far happier than seeing what his father—whom this little fellow loved so well—became !

I will pass over Kean's remaining life—deplorable, heart-rending, hopeless, as it was !

The wonderful success which followed, coming so suddenly after a life of every privation, might, without God's grace, have ruined a far better character than Edmund Kean's !

To attempt to describe the nights that followed at Drury Lane would be impossible ! How for months followed the same fearful rushes ! The same whirlwinds of applause ! Dr. *Doran*, a celebrated writer, describes them :—"Rushes so fear-

ful ; audiences so packed ; applause so deafening ; acting so faultless ; enjoyment so exquisite—I never remember ! ”

And you, dear readers, who totally disapprove of the Theatre, do not you think that the representation of the magnificent writings of our Shakespeare, is harmless—*intellectual*—compared to the wretched, shameless, performances of the Theatres, and Modern “ Music Halls ” of our day ? The indecent ballet dancers, imported from Paris, described in a recent trial, by the Lord Chancellor, as “ designedly and purposely indecent ; ” —the unutterably vulgar, senseless, so-called “ Comic ” songs, low comedies, vulgar over-rated mountebanks like “ Dan Leno,” making £200 a week from those who are fools enough to hear them, which have, in the past ten years, been the rage in this country (having vulgarity for their basis, and sin and indecency for their claim to interest)—must not, surely, be considered an *advance* upon the days of John Kemble, Mrs. Siddons, and Edmund Kean !

The poor, neglected boy, was now an actor of ever-increasing popularity, wealth and fame. Jewels of rare value were presented to him—note after note for £100 did the Drury Lane Committee add to his salary, as “ some slight acknowledgment for his wonderful efforts and talent.” No wonder ! The managers made a fortune out of it, and it is believed that, from first to last, Edmund Kean must have received before his death at least £100,000. The great, the learned, the rich, considered him an honoured guest at their tables, while the ceaseless crowds, each night he acted, paid a sincere tribute to his wonderful genius.

ALL LOST.

And yet all this magnificent success proved a delusion and a sham ! Why ? Because it came to a young man destitute of religious feelings, who knew nothing of the wise restraints God puts on those who live in His fear. That besetting sin which Kean indulged in from his youth, became, as every besetting sin you do indulge in, *will* become—confirmed in the remaining life of Edmund Kean. He drank incessantly ! Before that vice of drunkenness—(I urge it as a writer addressing young men, with all the earnestness of which I am capable)—before those vices, drunkenness and lust, *everything* must go. Before them truth, honour, gratitude, the love of a mother, of a parent, every noble attribute given to us by Almighty God, must sink !

DRUNKENNESS AND IMMORALITY.

These vices, which a boy begins at first so timidly—but which soon become his *Masters*—have no mercy ! They strike

at everything which is most precious to mankind ! Our prospects of a successful life here—the love of God, our interest in Christ, our Heavenly home, a happy immortality,—all must be lost to please that insatiable tyrant Satan :—and what does sin give in exchange ? To every youth whose mind is capable of nobler, better things, I appeal ! Those habits which might by a vigorous effort of the will, and by earnest prayer to God, be, at first, easily given up, become like links of iron at last ! As this book will find its way into our workshops, one word here to youths employed in them upon bad companions.

There are young men (you know them as well as I do) who seem unable to open their mouths without letting out some vile expression. In their *best* moods they give you a oath ! Their highest idea of wit is indecency. Yet such always expect you to be amused at what they say ! Everybody must always smile at their vile and coarse allusions ! This is the test for a Christian youth ! He lets it be seen that no encouragement shall come from him ! Let others deny their Saviour if they choose to do so, *he* will not ! There is surely little to laugh at in the sight of one who has lost almost everything ! Who has lost all capacity for simple, innocent pleasures ; whom pure pleasures, and honourable pursuits, can please no more ! Whom *nothing*, now, can please which has not on it something of the *Serpent's Slime* !

Yet, these, dear reader, are the companions who sneer at your religion, and at all who do not imitate them in what they call a "gay" life—a life of pleasure ! A *gay* life ! Surely it is a bitter sarcasm ! if the life some of the young men and women lead in our large towns is a life of *pleasure*, give us a life of pain ! When a young man is said to be "gay," we all understand what is meant ; but it must be in bitter mockery and derision. For when a youth has lost everything that made him lovely in the sight of God or man ; when health, and innocence, and purity, have been sacrificed and have departed ; when his mind is polluted ; unfitted for this world, and far more unfitted for the next ; what in the world is there to make him particularly "gay" ? He only sneers at you who retain (as thank God many a youth who will read this book does retain), your innocence and piety towards God, because he is conscious that he has lost irretrievably that innocence and purity himself. Such laugh and sneer at goodness in others, because they feel (and feel it, at times, far more bitterly than any words can express)—that they cannot hope to attain to that goodness themselves ! We, *young men*, naturally do not like to appear behind those of

our own age in anything, and there is no reason why we should be, in every manly, honest, pursuit or amusement ; but, dear youth, do not be laughed out of all that renders you pleasing in God's sight, merely to " keep in " with, and please, companions whose characters, in the sight of God, and man, are utterly worthless ! If you have already yielded to the bad examples of others—if bad habits have been begun—if days, and months, and years, have gone past without prayer, let me urge you, with all affection, not to add another sin to those that are past, thinking that one more can make but little difference : it may make all the difference in the world !

EACH SO LIKE THE LAST.

To many a one who thought so, with whom God's Holy Spirit has striven, and a Saviour pleaded, in early life—since that time *how many* a sin, how many a wave from the great ocean of sin and misery has come to land here ? Each *so like the last*, and yet each a solemn evidence that an immortal soul is *passing away* ! Passing away for ever from God and Christ ! I would urge you, with all affection, to bring those sins of yours to God to be forgiven, and blotted out, while life and strength are yours ! But despise God and Religion—permit yourself—as thousands of young men in our large towns do—to indulge those sins of which God says that they that do such things shall never enter into the Kingdom of Heaven—and the day will come when, like Edmund Kean, who died in hopeless disease, his splendid fortune and talents squandered, and every gift of nature and of God abused—you will look around and ask, " What urged me to this madness, to induce me to sacrifice ALL things, and for *what* in exchange ? "

The remaining life of Edmund Kean would only excite disgust ; but my object is accomplished if it serves as one more example to show that a youth with every talent—dauntless resolution, genius, and wealth—but destitute of religion, is destitute of *all* things !

So sad a boyhood ! so bitter, and weary a struggle for a chance ! So splendid and bewildering a success—so sad a waste of genius and splendid fortune, and so sad a fate can hardly be found, as in the life of Edmund Kean, the actor !

CHAPTER XV.

POOR BOYS AND HOW THEY BECAME FAMOUS.

THE BOY ACTOR.—“ MASTER BETTY.”

The Contrast.

NOTE.—As the portraits of the boy, in the contemporary books, are *entirely different*, the reader must please picture it to his own liking. No doubt he was very handsome when a boy.



WILLIAM HENRY WEST BETTY, OR, “ MASTER BETTY,”
OR, “ THE INFANT ROSCIUS.”

WHAT a contrast to the life of the unfortunate boy, Kean, is the history of his contemporary, “ Master Betty,” the boy actor, who, like Kean, created such a sensation in this country at the commencement of the last century.

William Henry Betty—who, at the age of twelve, gained the name he is usually remembered by—“ The Infant Roscius ”—was the only son of a gentleman, who, with his young wife, had gone over to Ireland from Shrewsbury, at which town their boy had been born on the 13th of September, 1790. His mother was a lady well endowed in mind, tastes, and accom-

plishments ; she was fond of reading the best poets, of repeating them aloud, and reciting them from memory. The boy's tastes were in sympathy with his mother's, and he was never more delighted than when he sat listening to her reading, or reciting passages to her. One day, his father, whose intellectual tastes responded to his wife's, repeated to them the speech of Cardinal Wolsey, beginning "Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness!" In doing this he suited "the action to the word." William Henry had never seen this before, and asked the meaning of it. "It is what is called *acting* the part of the person who is supposed to be speaking," explained his father. The boy appeared much struck with the idea—thought over it—tried it by himself—and spoke, and acted, the Cardinal's soliloquy before his mother, with such pathos and effect, that she was completely overcome with surprise and admiration. Not the faintest idea of the stage had yet entered the minds of the family. The eager young lad was happy learning passages, and reciting speeches, from "Douglas," "Zara," and "Thomson's Seasons." He seems at this time, not to have learnt anything further from Shakespeare. Perhaps his parents objected to it, for the boy's reputation spread beyond home to other branches of their family ; these expressed the utmost disgust ; worthy, pious people themselves, inspired with the usual prejudice and horror for the stage—small blame to them, either,—they warned the parents that "if they did not take care their boy would become a play-actor!" His parents were alarmed ; the domestic recitals were suppressed ; and William was packed off to school. But the boy's genius was irrepressible. At Belfast, Mrs. Siddons (the greatest tragic Actress this country has probably produced, who, with her brother, John Kemble, had been acting to empty benches in London)—achieved a triumph.

And young Master Betty entered a Theatre, for the first time, to see Sheridan's *Pizarro*, with Sarah Siddons as "Elvira." No wonder the boy was completely overcome by her splendid acting ! There are those still alive who remember Sarah Siddons—her majestic march, her awful brow, her incomparable delivery. He had seen the first Actress of the age ; he went home in a trance, he felt that he was born for the Stage ; and when he woke from his dream, it was to announce to his parents that "He should certainly die if he was not allowed to be an Actor!" in a voice so pathetic, that those who heard him never forgot the expression. He was their only son ; his parents did not want to lose him, and at length gave way, so far as to take him to the

Belfast Manager (Mr. Atkins), before whom he recited several pieces. Mr. Atkins called into council the prompter, Mr. Hough (who afterwards became the boy's tutor, and to whose admirable training he owed much). Hough was warm in his approval, to the boy's great delight. "You are my guardian angel!" exclaimed the enthusiastic lad. Mr. Atkins had great faith in Hough's verdict, and, when the boy had left, said, that, for his part, "He had never expected to see another Garrick, but he had seen another Garrick in Master Betty!"

He would not, however, go further than to engage the boy for four nights. They selected the tragedy of *Zara*, and on the 16th August, 1803, William Henry appeared for the first time in public as "Osman." Belfast was, as it still is, an intellectual town; the audience was the least likely to be carried away by a mere novelty; they listened, became interested, then deeply stirred, and at length enthusiastic at the boy's acting. There *must* have been genius to make anything of the stupid, dry, dull, long-winded plot, in Aaron Hill's adaptation, in the English "*Zara*," of the French "*Zaire*," by Voltaire. No human being could live out five acts of such stuff, had not genius upheld the stuff itself! Mrs. Cibber in 1736, Spranger Barry in 1751, and Garrick in 1776, had made the dry bones in this play live; since then there had been no "Osman" of any note, until this twelve years' old "Osman" enthralled the audience at Belfast in 1803. The boy had never before been on the stage—had only once before seen a play acted, had only received a few hints from the prompter Hough. He had had no experience of the passions he had to represent, and yet the boy seemed to be the very part he represented! Many were the doubters, in Belfast, but they went to the Theatre, and were convinced. The following day the whole town was talking of the almost absolute perfection with which the boy represented the character of "Osman." He played "Rolla," in "Douglas," and "Romeo," on the remaining three nights, and from that time forth his career was certain. Thus, while William Henry Betty, at twelve years of age, laid the foundation of a splendid fortune for all connected with him, the other poor boy actor (Edmund Kean), then fifteen years of age, had to sing in taverns, sleep beside haystacks, attend fairs, in a word, had to pass a life of wretchedness. Yet Edmund Kean seemed through all to feel that his day of triumph would come. When urged by the Manager of a Theatre to act a part with "Master Betty," he refused, and with his usual wild temper, fled into the fields. "He plays to crowded houses, while I *am unnoticed*," he said passionately. "I will not play with

him ; I know that I have more talent than he has ! " And Edmund Kean spoke the truth ; he no doubt had.

At Dublin, the Old Crow Street Theatre witnessed a fearful crush to see Master Betty, as "Norval," in *Douglas*, on 29th November, 1803. The Dublin audience was by no means an easy one to please. *Douglas*, too, is a tragedy that must be attentively listened to to be enjoyed. The University students in the gallery, who generally made it rattle with their wit—even *they* were silent that night. The graceful boy's splendid representation of the youth "Norval" excited the utmost enthusiasm. On another night, he took the part which so admirably suited him in every respect, namely, that of the young "Prince Arthur," in *King John* ;—in fact, he fairly "drowned the house in tears with it."

Douglas was written by the Rev. Mr. Home. The old gentleman was still alive. Forty-eight years before, Mr. Home had seen his first play acted in Edinburgh, and the Theatre was half-full of ministers of the Kirk, who got into a sea of troubles for going to see a play—however innocent a one—written by a clergyman.

William Henry Betty was at Edinburgh on the 21st May, 1804, and the friendly Manager urged old Mr. Home to witness his own play represented. He went, and the old gentleman was completely overcome ; he had reserved for him a place behind the partially opened stage door. The boy's conception of the part of the youth "Norval" was, the author declared, precisely as he had himself conceived it. He was so overcome that when the hurricane of applause summoned the boy to appear before the audience, old Mr. Home tottered forward also, and embraced the young actor, to the delight of all present. Mr. Home always maintained that the boy far surpassed any of the actors who had attempted the play of which he was the author. It was here that Betty for the first time played "Selim," the slave youth, in *Barbarossa*, with great effect. Four days afterwards—covered with kisses from Scottish ladies, and laden with approval and counsel from "Lords of Session," Master Betty stood before a Birmingham audience.

At the death of Master Betty (in August, 1874), "an old actress" wrote to the papers an account of the boy's first appearance at Birmingham. Birmingham has long been noted amongst professionals as a difficult town to make an impression upon, and one which requires no slight talent to gain over, but one remarkable for its never deserting a favourite performer when once he has gained favour. The writer relates accompanying her mother to see the boy on his arrival :—

" At Master Betty's first rehearsal there was a great assembly in the Green Room at the Birmingham Theatre. As usual, his age had been understated; he was then 13, and tall for his years. To my sight—the handsome boy was a complete vision of beauty, even in the broad daylight, without the night's appliances; he had remarkably luxuriant hair, and brilliantly expressive, full, blue eyes. The boy bowed to us in an elegant manner—as Mr. Macready presented him—and went round the room shaking hands, separately, with us all, in a winning, easy manner, perfectly free from either bashfulness or boldness. Mr. Hough, the tutor, was a very clever man—the boy's constant guide. My mother saw one of his marked books, with lines to guide the proper inflection of the voice, and instruction as to action:—' Here raise your voice—bring the right foot out here,' &c., &c. We listened with delight to his speech at that rehearsal; but it was four nights before he had grown upon the town; then the same rage set in as at other places. He was a merry, light-hearted boy, fond of playing with Master William Macready, who had just come home for his holidays. They used to fly their kites, and whip their tops together. Sometimes Mr. Hough would put in his 'veto' 'Wait a moment, William, I shall have done directly, and we'll have a game at trap!' 'No, sir; you play 'Douglas' to-night; no trap this afternoon, if you please; no disputing, sir! else I shall call your father! To-morrow the game of trap, by all means. Good-day, Master Macready.' Exit Master Betty, disconsolately, with his tutor. He had a kind, generous disposition. As an example, a scene shifter, named Henry, met with a fall, breaking his leg. Master Betty, though dressed as 'Osman,' immediately rushed to his assistance, and evinced the greatest sympathy. The poor fellow was taken to his lodgings in his chair, and so solicitous was the boy that he should be cared for, that, in his Turkish dress, he walked a considerable distance beside Henry's chair, through the streets of Sheffield, in broad sunlight of a summer's evening. His engagements were now very profitable—on some occasions as much as £100 for each performance; and he sometimes acted twice in the day. The Lord Chancellor became the legal guardian of the 'Infant,' allowing him to make a will, and his first act was to settle £4,000 on his mother. At fifteen, he quitted the stage, and went, we heard, to Cambridge, where he studied for the church. He resumed his old profession; but the result was not satisfactory. As he grew older, Mr. Betty did not improve in appearance or acting. He had no fire, or genius, as he grew older, like Edmund Kean; but his after life proved that he

had more solid qualities than these; a heart full of good impulses."

During these provincial tours, London was becoming impatient to see the boy; overtures came from Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres, and an engagement at both Theatres was made. Nothing could exceed the expectancy with which the boy was waited for—Saturday, the 1st of December, 1804, being the day for his appearance first in London. He was now thirteen years and three months old. By ten o'clock in the morning the colonnades in Covent Garden were already filled! Before evening the line of people stretched in impenetrable columns beyond Bow Street into Drury Lane. As the hour for opening drew near there were shrieks, and fainting, and, when opened, the house was entirely filled in a few moments. Notwithstanding, vast masses struggled to make their way in, until a force of soldiers, drawn up at the doors, saved the crowd within from being overwhelmed. Gentlemen who had paid box prices had to leap over into the pit, taking places which had been secured weeks before, and held their ground, by main force, against the police and doorkeepers!

It was like a surging sea! People overcome by the heat had to be dragged from the pit into the boxes, and thence into the lobbies. As some relief, the curtain had to be raised a foot, thus allowing a current of air to blow over the pit. At last Charles Kemble came on to speak the prologue, but the audience would not hear it; the first act of the old play, *Barbarossa*, was therefore got quickly through, and then came the expected moment.

Mr. Boarden, who was present, describes the scene. "At length, dressed as a young slave, in white linen pantaloons, a close short jacket, trimmed with sable, and a turban cap, at the command of the tyrant, on came the desire of all eyes, Master William Henry West Betty. I had secured an excellent position, had a good glass, never stirred till the end of the play, and saw him perfectly. The first thing which struck me was, that it was evidently a love for the profession that actuated the boy. He was, I could see, doing what he loved to do, and put his whole heart into it. It was amazing! Grace, energy, beauty, were the boy's own, but the *understanding* was that of a mature brain. This boy could convey passions which he had never felt, nor seen but on the stage, and yet seemed to think all he said. Modest and self-possessed, he was not at all moved out of his assumed part by the tempest of welcome which greeted him. His undertones could be heard at the very back of the galleries. From first to last he 'electrified' the audience. It was his *genius* which won applause,

rather than his youth and grace. The pathos, joy, and exultation of the part (once so favourite a one with young actors) overcame the audience so much, that they could not lower their minds to listen to the farce, which was consequently withdrawn."

A complete "furore" now set in. The pecuniary result was marvellous! At Drury Lane for 28 nights the prodigious sum of £17,000 was taken; William Henry receiving nearly the whole time £100 a night. At Covent Garden it is known he must have attracted more money. Thus was exhibited the extraordinary phenomenon of a boy of thirteen bringing some £40,000 to the treasuries of the two great London Theatres within three months! The boy's two benefits gave him alone £2,540. His most successful characters were young "Norval" and "Selim," both of whom were youths. It really amounted to the character of a youth presented by a Boy with singular intelligence, grace, and talent,—a very rare spectacle indeed. He played in London from December, 1804, to April, 1805, in a wide range of characters, supported by the first actors of the day. That the "madness" (short-lived though it was) which prevailed about him did not turn his brain, is much to the boy's credit. Princes of the blood called upon him; Nobles had the boy to dinner; the Lord Chancellor invited him; and the King presented him to the Queen and Princesses, in a room behind the Royal Box. Ladies took him drives in the Park. When he fell ill, the City rushed to read the bulletins with tremulous eagerness. Count D'Artois (afterwards Charles the Fourth) witnessed his performance, in French, of *Zaphna*, at Lady Percival's. He was presented with silver cups from grateful managers, and with Garrick relics; Cambridge University gave "Roscius" as the subject for the prize that year; and the House of Commons adjourned, at the request of Pitt, to witness the boy's acting! But flattered and caressed, he was not to be spoiled! He studied new parts diligently; whilst his boyish spirits in the Green Room,—his kindly disposition, and the respect he paid to older artists, made him a general favourite amongst the professionals. The chief critic adverse to him was Sarah Siddons; she did not like public attention being withdrawn from herself.

Lord Henley and Fox gave their opinion that his acting equalled that of Garrick. Samuel Rogers (who heard Fox say so) remarks:—"Fox would not have asserted it if he had not thought so. I was greatly surprised at the remark; Fox did not say as much to Master Betty,—but he sat with *him*, read to him,—and gave him some excellent counsel."

After the next season (1805) there was a sensible falling off in the attraction, and in the third year it was seen that a tall youth of 16 could no longer be considered a "juvenile phenomenon." In July, 1808, he retired from the stage, and entered Cambridge University. When theatrical matters were mentioned he preserved perfect silence, as though the subject was disagreeable to him. This was evidently due to the influence of his parents.

He was noted for his skill in fencing,—in the hunting field,—and in archery. At his father's death he returned to the stage, turning, no doubt, wistfully, to the splendid triumphs of his boyhood, and maintained his position as a clever and interesting actor, for twelve years, until August, 1824, when he finally retired. Twelve years before this, the other boy (three years his senior), *Edmund Kean*, took London by storm, with his wonderful "Shylock," and incomparable "Richard III." The genius of Mr. Betty left him in his youth; Edmund Kean drowned his in wine and rioting before his manhood was matured. Seventy-four years have now elapsed since Kean,—dying in 1833,—was carried to his grave in Richmond Churchyard. In September, 1874, all that was mortal of the highly-gifted boy, his contemporary,—now a venerable and much-loved old man, "four-score years and upwards"—was borne to his last resting-place in the Cemetery at Highgate. Fifty years had passed since he had last been seen in public; the World had forgotten the boy who created such a sensation amongst our Forefathers. Most of the present generation have never heard of him, while the old men still surviving, who remember the days of his triumph, thought that he had long ago passed away. Putting a recent photograph by the side of his boyish portrait in 1805, the old, soft, gentle air can be recognised, and the outlines of the face of the boy who created such admiration ninety years ago.

CONCLUSION.

That the Stage may be the vehicle of untold injury to young and innocent minds, if the plays acted are of a depraved and vicious character; and that the Theatre is about the *last* place a good, Christian man would care to see his son attend,—all will at once allow.

But every candid mind will admit that there is a broad distinction between modern "sensational" Plays and the representations of noble character to be found in those of Shakespeare. It was from such that the parts for Master Betty were selected, and that *his acting* of them softened

and elevated the feelings of vast audiences cannot be denied. It drew them for the time out of themselves.

It is not, however, with a view to defend, in the slightest, play acting, that the lives of these two gifted boys have been brought together, but *their* careers teach the young reader a lesson at the commencement of his. Many a youth who reads this book has, in him, the germs of ambition. It is the marked feature of boys in our day and country; thousands of English boys long to attract notice, to gain fortune and distinction. Both these boys succeeded in doing so. The sympathies of the reader will be chiefly with the boy Kean; he had no kind parents, no home, no start in life; and the heroic perseverance of this poor boy, beginning life with everything against him—poverty—neglect—unkindness—must command the respect and goodwill of every generous heart. He *deserved* to succeed, and it is to be observed that God's Providence was true to him, if only he had been true to God, and to *himself*. He *did* achieve a success, which, had he not ruined all by his vices, would have entirely eclipsed that of his contemporary; his genius was far greater and more lasting; he raised the tone of the English Stage, representing the splendid ideas of Shakespeare in a way they had never been presented before. He would have acquired a princely fortune; for even in the few years before his premature death, it is known that Edmund Kean must have received from first to last, in twenty-one years, upwards of £100,000; and, like Mr. Betty, he might have lived to an honoured, peaceful, and good old age. Why, then, did this boy of indomitable perseverance and wonderful powers make shipwreck of all, and, in darkness, and gloom, sink into a drunkard's grave in his early manhood, forty years before Mr. Betty's death? Fortune came to both boys alike, but found an entire contrast in their characters; it found in William Henry Betty, the light-hearted, modest boy, with kindly, generous disposition and impulses, and, what was far better—as life went on—a heart far from indifferent to the claims of Religion. It found in Edmund Kean, not merely a passionate, envious, reckless disposition, bent upon himself and his ambition alone—that all would willingly forgive, considering his terrible deprivations and sad boyhood—but, when success, in God's good providence, *had* come to him, his utter rejection of Religion, life of debauchery, and wilful neglect of all that leads to a noble and better life, was his ruin!

Both have now passed away! Out of the four millions now living in London, how few are left who remember the years 1804, 1805! Sir Moses Montefiore, living to be 103

years old, till his death in 1887; and Monsieur Chevreul, the eminent chemist of Paris,—dying in 1889 (born 31st August, 1786), living to see the Centennial of the French Revolution,—would each be youths in 1804; but what exceptions are these! The Survivors out of how many millions!

No boy this country has produced ever had his ambition gratified to such an extent as William Henry Betty! Yet how empty and blank at this length of time worldly triumph seems, when the actor, and the witnesses, have alike long passed away! Every boy who reads this book,—however poor and humble his position may seem to himself,—has now placed before him by his Creator an ambition,—a future,—infinitely higher, and more lasting, than anything that these Boys achieved, or aspired to! What avails the applause of delighted audiences, when the Grass in the quiet Richmond Churchyard, and Highgate Cemetery, has been waving for many a long year over their forgotten graves?

But not so with a Christian youth! When the lights of "Vanity Fair" are going out in silence and in gloom to the Worldly man, the Christian youth feels that their departure is but a prelude to the life of Eternal Happiness upon which he has, with God's aid, set *his* ambition, his heart, and aspirations.

"He aims too low, who aims beneath the skies!"

"One self-approving hour whole years outweighs,—
Of stupid starers,—and of loud huzzas!"



The Forgotten Grave.

CHAPTER XVI.

MODERN INFIDELITY !

" HELL IS BUT A FABLE,—HEAVEN A POET'S DREAM."
(*Theory.*)

" WHAT *have* I DONE ? WHAT *have* I BEEN DOING ?"
(*Reality.*)

" Thou shalt not take the Name of the Lord thy God in vain."—
Third Commandment.

HERE is, perhaps, no country in the World which has been more favoured by God, for a long course of years, than Great Britain, and no country in which His Holy Name is more frequently " taken in vain," and insulted by Profanity. There are men to be met with,—especially the younger men amongst the working classes,—whose every third word is an oath ! Even the commonest salutation,—the commonest remark on what is passing around them,—is an occasion for taking God's name in vain. " Christ !"—" Damn !"—" Blast !"—" God strike !"—" Bloody,"—&c., come from them in *one continuous stream*, with almost every sentence they utter ! Almighty God is, however, a Being Whose wonderful long-suffering, I am certain, strikes a very wicked man frequently *with surprise* ; he is at times astonished at God's forbearance ; at the time it takes to provoke Him to anger, and how God *can* bear with him so long as He does.

But with Eternity before us,—an Eternity which, after Millions of Ages have passed, will not *even have begun*,—we may see the reason for God's forbearance ! God knows the lives that poor neglected boys are too often brought up to,—the example they have had placed before them from childhood, by their parents and associates,—the language and habits they have been accustomed to from boyhood ;—swearing, drinking, and vicious fellow workmen in the workshops ; Godless, and prayerless, Parents ; God's word never read to them ; with such Examples before them, what else can you reasonably expect hundreds of youths to be ? If we had shared their experiences, who knows what we should have been ? In youths, however, who know far better, and have had a proper education, it is a far more solemn thing for them to indulge in oaths, or to take God's name in vain. What God may take, with great long-suffering, from an ignorant and neglected mind, He may not choose to suffer from an *intelligent* and *wilfully profane* person.

It is this wilful taking of His name in vain, by intelligent men, for the express purpose of ridiculing Religion, and causing others to despise it and God, which is, in the worst sense of all, what is meant by "taking His Name in vain."

You are probably aware that there is a Body (greatly increased of late years) calling themselves "Secularists,"—in plain English, Atheists,—who, in almost every large town in England have now regular Meetings, often on a Sunday,—not for the purpose of *worshipping* God, but just the contrary,—of ridiculing the Old and New Testaments, lampooning religion, and opposing Almighty God in every possible way.

Before presuming to become a Teacher of Religion to others, the Writer resolved to know the worst that any could advance against God and the Bible. Opinions may differ on this point, but a blind belief in anything told us from infancy, with no investigation or thought of our own, never *did* appear to him to present a very hopeful or rational view of an intelligent Christian. In the mysterious operations of Divine grace and wisdom in the work of salvation, every Christian knows that there are two chief Stages. The first, and elementary stage, is to convince the Understanding,—the Intellect,—the second, is to convince the Conscience, and the Heart. The first is to hear, and to *understand*,—the second, and all important one, is to *obey*! No intelligent reader of his Bible, and of God's dealings with man, can fail to see that, at *whatever cost*, God is resolved never to interfere with the *Free-will* of any created being. Intelligent love and service—an intelligent choice of Him for a Master, is what He desires, and what God may, if asked, incline our heart to give, but He never can, and never will, *force* any to render it to Him against their own free-will. Although for a youthful,—necessarily unsettled,—mind to read works of an Infidel character, or to listen, unprepared by study and investigation, to an Infidel Lecture, would be simply madness—it is, nevertheless, certain that an intelligent, and thoughtful, Christian, of a more advanced age, may, with God's aid, not only read carefully the works of the leading opposers of Christianity, but may see clearly their fallacy and unfairness, and how easily they may be met by an intelligent and painstaking believer. Amongst the principal Works which have been probably most successful in spreading the *deadly Nightshade* of unbelief in the world during the past century, may be mentioned those of Voltaire, the Frenchman, Thomas Paine, Renan, the late Dr. Strauss, the German, Spinoza, Dr. Colenso, Francis Newman (one chapter of whose book called "Phases of Faith," upon our Saviour, being

probably,—excepting the “Letters to Jesus Christ,” by that wretch Foote,—the most deliberate insult ever offered to Christ)—and last, but, not least, the late Leaders of modern infidelity in this country, Charles Bradlaugh, of London, Charles Watts, Holyoake, “Saladon,” Colonel Ingersoll; all now dropped into Eternity. In all these gifted men there are three things ever observable; the first is either a deadly enmity to or a calm contempt for God’s Word, the Bible, accompanied by an intense aversion to the plan of salvation opened to us by our Saviour;—the second is, their invariable practice of first dethroning God, and then placing themselves and their ideas upon the platform of Infinitude, for the benefit of those who can believe in them, rather than in God;—and the third is the very remarkable fact, that, while each has endeavoured to take religion away from us, not one of them has ever given the world anything in its place! They attempt to **destroy, but never to construct!** What there is in the assertions of these men to damp in any way our love, reverence, and veneration for God, for our Saviour, and for that most wonderful and Holy Book, the Bible, it is difficult to imagine, more especially to those who have read carefully their writings, and heard on one or two occasions their so-called “Free discussions.”

There must, it is thought, be a *predisposition*—a wilful inclining to unbelief in God, in those who prefer *their* assertions to those of Divine Wisdom. Thousands of the Working Classes will not read the Bible quietly, and patiently, for themselves; it is difficult to induce them to listen to it, or to attend the Sabbath School, or Chapel, where they might do so; they will not study this most wonderful and priceless book—the Bible—for themselves, yet they will go and even *pay* to hear men like Bradlaugh lecture by the hour against a Book which they have never read, and never will study carefully for themselves! This country owes its supremacy over others mainly to its Religion, and its reverence for the Bible. There are not wanting signs to show that this reverence is becoming sapped,—that the working classes of this country are becoming divorced from their allegiance to what they have for years held in reverence.

You, dear youths, who read this book will not pass through life without encountering such men as those alluded to—you may be tempted to go to their lectures, and to read their books. An intelligent youth, to whom Drunkenness, vile habits, and company, offer no attractions, and cannot ruin, may yet fall before the *deadly poison* of Infidelity! I would, therefore, ask you to remember that we now see these men

in good health and strength, while God supports them. This is God's World; everything they eat and drink is God's; they could not create a morsel of the food they live upon to save their lives! God supports us by His creatures every day we live. "The earth is Mine, and the fulness thereof, and the cattle upon a thousand hills." While, then, His anger slumbers, it is easy to insult God! All I ask is, how is it to end? I see no escape from God; you may go all round this world, as I have done, but there is no getting out of it. As David says: "Whither shall I flee from Thy presence? If I ascend up into Heaven, behold, Thou art There! If I make my bed in Hell, behold, Thou art *There!*"

You, I, and all we see around us, will only leave this World to appear before our God! This, instead of appearing dreadful to a Christian, is a thought which affords him the greatest joy and thankfulness! He has ever found in God an indulgent, loving Creator; he has found in Christ an elder Brother, a Saviour able to present him with acceptance even before the all-seeing eye of God. But once let a man who is not, and will not be, a Christian, go *too far*, and exhaust God's patience, and long-suffering, and then *He* shuts, of Whom we read in the Bible, when "He shutteth, no man openeth!" In that *other phase* of God's character, God tells us that He is "not a man that He should repent." "I will laugh when their fear cometh." He is slow, *very* slow, to anger; God seldom strikes in *anger*, but when He *does thus* strike, it is *for ever!*

One instance of this, and I have done.

THE BLASPHEMER.

"WHAT *have* I DONE? WHAT *have* I BEEN DOING?"

There was a gentleman, well-known at one time in London, who was in many respects much like the men of whom I have been speaking. He was, however, a gentleman of considerable attainments, and of good address, fond of company, good-humoured, and possessed of ample means; he enjoyed excellent health, and a constant fund of lively spirits—in fact, he was a very humorous man. But he was a most profane person! Treating every serious subject with lightness, he seemed never tired of lampooning Religion and the Bible! He especially liked doing this in the company of young men, with whom he was a great favourite; and he would do it with such lively wit, and in such a way, as to make a person who opposed him look very ridiculous. Like all such habits, it grew upon him, till it was evident that he was desperately opposed to Religion. He would go out of his way and take

no little trouble and pains to do it, and when once excited and warmed by the subject, his sarcasms, words, and blasphemies, aimed at the Bible and Religion, were such that, though *far* from being particular themselves, even his friends, when inviting him to an evening or dinner party, would stipulate with him that Religion might not be brought up during the evening ; and when this gentleman had once promised, he never broke his word. He went on thus for several years, enjoying excellent health, and all the pleasures that ample means can afford, when, one day, while walking in the street, he was seized with a sudden illness, and rapidly became worse. *Knowing his character*, not one of his friends could be found who dared to tell him the truth : namely, that the Physicians began to be anxious, and to despair of his life ! His friends, for days, encouraged him to hope that, with care, the inflammation and disease would be soon overcome ; and the gentleman expressed the same hope himself. But on the appearance of certain symptoms, which they knew to be fatal, one of the Doctors thought it right that he should be made aware of the truth. After his death, a gentleman who knew him gave an account of what followed. No sooner did the gentleman *clearly understand* that he was given up by two of the leading Physicians then in London—and that he must be prepared *in a few hours* to appear *before God*—than he seemed all of a sudden, for the *first time*, to realise his *awful state* ! No sooner had the Physician left the room than he broke out into the most dreadful cries ! He never again took the *slightest notice* of anyone in the room, he *would not listen* to a single word ! He seemed *quite unconscious* of all around him—but, for several hours, until he died, almost without a pause, he kept crying out—It was the cry of a *lost soul* ! “ What *have I been doing* ? My soul is lost ! What *have I done* ? ” And similar expressions until he died !

To you, dear Reader, and, I pray God, to me also, God is our Heavenly Father—Jesus our loving Saviour. During our life,—ten, thirty, or sixty years,—God knows how long it will be,—knowing what the Eternity is which lies before each of us,—everything to soften our hearts, and induce us to become His, God will try. Depend upon it, it will be so, whether you like it or whether you do not. But it is wrong in any Teacher presuming to speak of Religion to neglect the fact that Almighty God is not a Being who can be mocked ! He created you, me, and all we see around us, for purposes of *His own* glory,—(Associated, it is true, with *our* best happiness),—and if any think that they can put Him on one side as a Being Who may be safely treated, for years,

with aversion and contempt,—treated as a thing of nought,—it will be found,—often too late,—that God is not thus to be treated in vain !

When we consider the infinite malice, the almost incomprehensible heinousness of mortal sin, which was only to be cancelled by the last drop of the blood of the Son of God, what can we think of the unparalleled insult offered to His dear Son Jesus, and that before the whole of the Angels and saints in Heaven—when a sinner puts God *on one side* with contempt, *for the Devil*, in order that he may, at *whatever* cost enjoy his Witticisms,—his Profaneness,—his Drunkenness,—his Lusts,—his Sins ? Such a one renounces the plan of Salvation, with a notorious contempt for the Divine Majesty of God, in thus banishing Him, and Christ's Holy Spirit, from his soul, and in thus *introducing Satan* in his place ! When we consider that it is in God " we live, and breathe, and have our being," we can understand that it *must* indeed be, to such men as I have spoken of, a " *fearful* thing to fall into the hands of the living God ! "

" Thou shalt not take the Name of the Lord thy God in vain ! "

" The sinners in Zion are afraid ; fearfulness hath surprised the hypocrites. Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire ? Who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings ? "—*Isaiah* xxxiii. 14.

" In thy filthiness is lewdness ; because I have purged thee, and thou wast not purged, thou shalt not be purged from thy filthiness any more, till I have caused my fury to rest upon thee."—*Ezekiel* xxiv. 13.

" For the time is at hand. He that is unjust, let him be unjust still ; and he who is filthy, let him be filthy still."—(*Rev.* xxii. 11).

" It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God."—(*Heb.* x. 31).



CHAPTER XVII.

HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY ; OR THE YOUNG
GALLEY SLAVE.

IN ancient times,—and till recently, in some parts of the world,—Criminals were made to work vessels called “Galleys,” propelled by long oars ; in double tiers, or rows. Several galley slaves were chained to each huge oar, and overseers walked to and fro along a platform down the centre of the vessel, and, if any flagged in their exertions, used their heavy whips most unmercifully. Criminals sentenced to the galleys were called “Galley Slaves,” and were often “condemned to the galleys for life.” One day the Viceroy of Naples—a sagacious man—when passing through Barcelona—went on board one of the Government Convict Gallies, where malefactors condemned for life were, as usual, chained to the heavy oars. In passing, he inquired of several what their offences had been. Hoping that there was a chance of being set at liberty, they all protested their innocence ; one “would not have been there but for the malice of a witness”—another said it “was owing in his case to the Judge being bribed”—all of them were honest, innocent men, all had been treated unjustly ; but they certainly looked a most *ferocious* set for honest and innocent men ! At length the Duke came to a youth whose countenance pleased him ; he had evidently incurred the dislike of the overseers, for his back bore the marks of many cruel blows from the whips. He asked, as before, what his crime had been. “My Lord !” said the young man, “I cannot deny that I was justly condemned. For the fact is I stole a purse of money. To be sure we were very poor, and our family almost starving at the time ; nevertheless, I did steal the purse near Tarragan.” The Duke, hearing this, pretended to fly into a violent passion, and striking the youth two or three light blows on the back with his stick, called to the overseers to unchain him, saying, “What ! *stole a purse !* Oh ! *you rogue ! you rogue !* This will *never do !* What are you doing here in the company of all these honest and *innocent* men ? They must not have a rogue with them ! Here are your papers ; get out of their company as soon as possible !” Weeping with delight, and kissing the good Duke’s hands, the youth was immediately liberated, whilst the “honest and honourable men” were left to toil at the oars ! Thus we see that in this case *honest confession*, and *telling the truth*, once more proved to be “the best policy.”

(127)

1825.

"Puffing Billy."



The first Locomotive. Stockton and Darlington Railway, Sept. 27, 1825

1831.

America.



The first, very primitive train which ran in America,—Albany to Shenectady, N.Y. (16 miles)—1831. The Engineer was John Hampson, an Englishman. Fifteen passengers made the first trip, and their names are recorded. The original picture (exact to above) is in the Connecticut Historical Society Collection, at Hartford.



A Contrast.

1907.

A celebrated American locomotive, "999," which has performed some remarkable "runs" in U.S.A.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE MIMIC.

" Although a poor youth, he had still the feelings of a man."

A YOUNG actor, celebrated, however, for his wonderful talent in imitating to perfection the peculiarity of any person he had a few minutes' opportunity of observing, was engaged by a comic author to take off the person, manner, and peculiar delivery, of that great and good man Dr.—. The Doctor, when a boy, had been remarkable for his beauty, but his face had been injured, while a youth, in nobly saving the life of a little girl during a great fire in London. His side had been partly paralysed at the same time. He was to be introduced on the stage in a laughable character. The Mimic accordingly dressed himself as a country youth, and with an inimitable look of vacancy and clownishness,—which would have deceived a far keener observer than the worthy Doctor,—waited upon him for his advice for certain pretended ailments. While waiting for his turn in the waiting room, the Conversation of some poor people in the room naturally turned upon the Doctor. The comedian remarked that he " Had never seen him, but understood that he was a singularly plain-looking man." " It would be a happy thing," said one of the company, " if every good-looking person possessed half the goodness of Dr.—." First one, and then another, chimed in with tales of kindness done, and sickness restored, by his attention and care. One poor old man present, with white hair, told how, when his wife and children lay dangerously ill of fever, the Doctor was stepping into his carriage to attend them, when Lord——'s carriage drove furiously up, and one of the footmen gave a message that his Lordship desired to see Dr.— instantly. " The good Doctor knew," said the poor old man, with tears in his eyes,—" that I could not give him a fee of any kind, while his Lordship is one of the wealthiest men in London, but he instantly said,—" Tell his Lordship that I shall be engaged for some time, but will call upon him afterwards." " I tell you, gentlemen," the poor man continued, " that my wife's life was saved by it."

What was passing in his mind could only be guessed, for the comedian's face, trained to perfect control, never altered ; but the fact was that the young man would now gladly have left with his task uncompleted. But his turn came next,

and the Mimic, as a country youth, was ushered into the Doctor's presence. He described certain ailments, in admirable keeping with the character he had assumed, naturally taking long to explain them, so as to be able the more to observe the doctor's features and manner. The Doctor heard with concern his descriptions of the commencing symptoms of very painful diseases, and gave him advice. "No! No! my poor boy," said the worthy Doctor, with a look of sympathy in his plain and distorted countenance, as the actor offered him half-a-sovereign. "Put it up again! You will need all your money and all your patience, too, with such diseases beginning at your age!"

The young actor could not forbear kissing the hand held out to him, and left hastily. "Good heavens!" he thought, "is this the noble man I am to hold up night after night to the derision of others? *I will not do it!* Am I to hold up the noblest man I ever met with to the senseless mockery of crowds in a Theatre?"

His Employer joined the Comedian with eager expectation and begged the Mimic to attempt to depict the Doctor's expression. He did so. In a moment the delighted author had before him a very facsimile of Dr.——, his manner, his poor deformed face!

The author was *convulsed* with laughter; but his raptures were soon checked when the young man told him "that though he was only a poor youth, without other means of support than his engagement at the Theatre,—*he had still the feelings of a man!*" "That he would far rather leave his situation at the Theatre!" "Nay!" he vehemently exclaimed,—"he should consider that God would be justified in striking him dead upon the spot,—if he employed his talents, night after night, in holding up one of the noblest of His creatures, to the derision and mockery of others!"



CHAPTER XIX.

THE DISHONEST EMPLOYER.

THE HONEST APPRENTICE BOY.

IN the Shop of a woollen draper in Rheims, an apprentice boy of slender appearance, and handsome, intelligent features, stood within the counter poring over the pages of a Volume. His name was Baptiste—Jean Baptiste Colbert.

"What is the day of the month?" asked the Master of the Establishment, looking up from his green leathern arm-chair at the further extremity of the shop, and addressing Baptiste.

"The 30th October, 1632," replied the youth.

"Right as to the day and month, but wrong as to the year," replied the old woollen draper, briskly. "This is 1634, and that you should know, for you are fifteen years old this year."

"So I should, godfather, for I am fond of ciphering. But, at the moment you spoke, I was——"

"Oh, I see; *reading* as usual. I am afraid you will never be good for business. But what book is it that interests you so much?"

"Why, sir, I am reading the trial of the Duke of Montmorency."

"The Duke of Montmorency? What have you to say about him? Here at the sign of The Golden Fleece, we do not mind such things. All we have to do is to sell cloth."

"I know that, sir," modestly answered the youth, "and I will try to do my best, I am sure."

"Well, I dare say you will, by and by. However, since you are reading about the Duke of Montmorency, pray, tell me what he was tried for?"

"You know, sir, that when Louis XIII. set out from Paris, in 1620, notwithstanding the intense cold of Winter, he went, in person, to assist the Duke of Nevers, and defend himself against the claims in which the Duke of Monferrat——"

"I declare the little fellow is born a Statesman; it is wonderful how he strings it all together," said the old linen draper, looking up at the youth, whose expression of earnest thought seemed little suited to the softness of his boyish features, and the fair silky hair, which, as was the custom of that day, fell in large curls on his shoulders.

THE DISHONEST EMPLOYER.



THE HONEST APPRENTICE BOY—JEAN BAPTISTE COLBERT.

"Well, godfather," continued Baptiste, glowing with indignation at the history he had just been reading, "when the young king had forced the pass of Suze, conquered the army of the Duke of Savoy, pursued the Spaniards of Cazal, seized upon Pignerol, and (according to the treaty made three years before) put the Duke of Nevers in possession of the Duchy of Mantua; when with the title of 'The deliverer of Italy,' he returned with the Duke of Richelieu, he found his brother Gaston, Duke of Orleans, had revolted, with many other of the nobles, amongst them the Duke of Montmorency, who had stirred up Languedoc, of which he was the governor. The Duke was, however, taken with arms in his hands at the battle of Castenandery, and, being convicted, was beheaded by the order of the Duke of Richelieu, at Toulouse, on the 30th of October, 1632."

"There was probably in all that a little of the Cardinal de Richelieu's intrigues," observed the old woollen draper, who, as the Reader may perceive, did not altogether dislike politics, although he appeared as if he did.

Note.—The Cardinal de Richelieu was prime minister of Louis XIII., and has been considered by historians as one of the greatest statesmen of the old French monarchy. His successor was Mazarin; and if, in these days of cheap literature and novels, you have read of these characters in Dumas' "Three Musketeers," &c., at least follow it up by referring to French history, for more reliable information.

"Ministers are too arbitrary, too harsh, too despotic," replied Baptiste, with animation; "and if I am ever prime minister——"

A *roar* of laughter from the old woollen draper, from the apprentice, nay, even from the shop-boy, who was sweeping in the front part of the shop, interrupted poor Baptiste, and made the blood mount to his temples!

"There are no longer any boys!" cried the head-porter, Moline. "There are no longer any boys!"

"If—you—are—ever—prime—minister," repeated the master of the Golden Fleece, drawing out each syllable. "But do me the favour, sir," he added, abruptly changing his tone, "first to be useful in your godfather's shop, and learn to be thankful for obtaining a respectable means of earning a livelihood!"

"I beg your pardon, godfather, I will endeavour to do all that is desired of me."

"Well! well! Lay aside your book, and take this invoice to M. Cenani, of the firm of Cenani and Mazerani, bankers, of Paris. Now set off to the banker's and show

him these cloths to make hangings for a country house he has purchased. No. 1 cloth is marked three crowns a yard, No. 2 six crowns, No. 3 eight crowns, and No. 4 fifteen crowns. It is dear enough, but it is the very finest Saxony."

"Shall I make any abatement?" asked Baptiste, taking a card of patterns, while Moline, the porter, loaded himself with some pieces of the cloth.

"Abatement?" said the woollen draper. "No! the full price, and ready money, remember!"

Baptiste, followed by Moline, set off to the hotel where the banker Cenani was staying. "I wish to see M. Cenani," said Baptiste, to the person in attendance.

"The first staircase on the left, Nos. 8 and 10," said the waiter. And still followed by Moline, the youth knocked at the door to which he was directed, and was soon ushered into the presence of a very handsome young man in a dressing gown of bright green damask, richly flowered with red. "I come from M. Certain," said Baptiste, bowing, and Moline placed the pieces of cloth on the table.

The young banker merely said, "Let me see," at the same time carelessly approaching the bales; which Moline eagerly opened. Scarcely looking at them, he touched each piece successively with his fingers, and put one aside. "I like this best; what is its price?"

"Fifteen crowns a yard," answered Baptiste. "Moline made a grimace which neither seller nor buyer remarked. "Very well," said the latter; "it is for making hangings for my study in the country. How many yards are there in this piece?"

"Thirty yards," said Moline, looking at the mark; "and if you wish me to measure it before you, sir——"

"It is quite unnecessary, my friend: I may trust M. Certain. Thirty yards, at fifteen crowns, make four hundred and fifty crowns: here they are." And going with the same negligent air to an open desk, he took out a handful of money, which he gave to Baptiste. "Do you know how to write, my friend?" said he.

"Yes, sir," said the young apprentice, blushing deeply, so mortified was he by the question.

"Well, give me a receipt."

Baptiste gave the required receipt, and took the money; Moline made up the other pieces of cloth: both then bowed and retired. If Baptiste had not been at the time a little absent, he might have remarked, when he reached the street, that his companion was more than *usually* jocose, and went

so far as to say, "That, in his opinion, they had done a *pretty good day's work*."

"Well!" said the Master of The Golden Fleece, as Moline threw the cloths upon the counter, "which have you sold? You have made no mistake, I hope!" added he, noticing something unusual in Moline's looks.

"I think not," said Baptiste, quietly.

"But I think you *have*!" said Moline, with a smile.

"Do you think so, Moline? Do you think so?" cried the old woollen draper, examining the tickets. "If you have made a mistake, you shall go and ask M. Cenani for the surplus money; and if he refuse to give it, you must pay it out of your wages. No. 3 is wanting; No. 3 is worth eight crowns."

"Eight crowns! eight crowns!" said Baptiste, astounded; "are you sure of that, godfather?"

"Perhaps you would like to make out that it was I who made the mistake! I tell you No. 3 was worth eight crowns, and I am half dead with fear! I will lay a wager that the fellow has sold it for six," said the old woollen draper, as Moline left them together.

"On the contrary, godfather, stupid creature that I am, I have sold it for fifteen! but——"

"Fifteen! Fifteen!" interrupted the woollen draper, lowering his voice to a whisper, and trying to disguise the joy which his faltering voice alone betrayed. Fifteen! then you are a *clever* boy, a *good* boy, Baptiste; you will make *your way*, one day! Fifteen! I am glad that I stood sponsor for you! Fifteen crowns for a piece of cloth not worth six! Thirty yards at fifteen crowns instead of eight,—seven crowns a yard profit! thirty yards, two hundred and ten crowns,—six hundred and thirty francs profit! Oh! *happy day*!

"But, godfather, would you take advantage?" said the honest boy, drawing back.

"Why, what does it matter to a rich banker like M. Cenani, so that he is satisfied?" said the dishonest shopkeeper; "but, perhaps, you want to go shares, to have your share in the sale? Well, that is fair! Certainly! I agree to let you have something."

"Godfather," interrupted the boy, taking up his hat, "I cannot agree to any such thing,—I will go to the gentleman whom I have treated so badly, to beg of him to excuse me, and return him the money he overpaid me!"

And with these words Baptiste, who had, while speaking, been gradually approaching the street door, cleared the threshold with a single bound, and rushed out! The old woollen draper stood in amazement and wrath, at this unforeseen

occurrence : but we shall leave him for a moment to follow the youth, who soon found his way back to the hotel of M. Cenani. "Can I see M. Cenani?" asked the breathless Baptiste of the valet-de-chambre, who had opened the door for him a quarter of an hour before.

"He is not yet gone out, but I do not think you can see him," replied the valet; "my master is dressing."

"I beg of you, sir, to let me see him immediately," said Baptiste, his looks as urgent as his tones; "it is absolutely necessary that I should see him!"

"I will go and enquire," said the valet, struck with the boy's appearance; and he opened his master's door, without perceiving that Baptiste had closely followed him.

"What is the matter, Comtois?" asked the young master, without turning his head, as, standing before a mirror, he was giving a becoming fold to the frill of his shirt.

"It is the youth from the woollen draper's, who was here just now, who wants to see you, sir," replied the valet.

"He cannot see me now!" said M. Cenani. "My sword, Comtois."

"Oh! pray, sir, one word!" said the imploring voice of the boy.

"What brings you here? What do you want? I paid you, did I not?" said the banker, turning round angrily, "Cannot you see that I am engaged. Go!"

But with the fearlessness which is given by youth, and the consciousness of *doing right*, Baptiste,—instead of retiring,—advanced a few steps into the room. "Sir," said he to the young banker, whose astonishment at his boldness for a moment overcame his anger, "I have imposed upon you,—unintentionally, it is true." Then taking advantage of the surprise his words created, he stepped up to the table, and, emptying the money out of his bag on to it, he added, "here are four hundred and fifty crowns, the same you gave me just now. The cloth I sold you, instead of being worth fifteen crowns a yard, is only worth eight. Thirty yards at eight crowns, make only two hundred and forty: I have to return you two hundred and eight. Will you please see that this is right?"

"Are you quite sure there is no mistake, my boy?" said the banker, quickly changing his tone.

"You have the piece still, sir! is it not marked No. 3?"

"It is," said the valet, going to examine it.

"The No. 3 is sold at eight crowns, sir. I assure you," continued the boy, "the mistake was my own! I trust you will pardon my rudeness in thus forcing my way in; but I

feared you were leaving, and should never have forgiven myself,"—and he was about to retire with a bow.

"Stay, stay a moment!" cried Cenani, stopping Baptiste as he was leaving the room,—“you must have seen I was myself no judge of cloth.”

"I can assure you, sir, that this piece is not worth more than eight crowns!"

Smiling at his innocence, the young banker continued, "And you might easily have kept this money for yourself."

"I never thought of such a thing," said the young apprentice, indignantly.

"But if you had thought of it?" again inquired the young man.

"It is quite impossible such a thing should have come into my head! I might as well have carried off all that you have here." And an ingenious smile lighted up the countenance of the boy.

"Suppose I were to make you a present of it,—of this money you have returned to me with such integrity?"

"What right have I to it, sir? I could not take it, sir!" said the youth, embarrassed.

"You are a fine fellow, a good, honest boy," said the young banker, going towards Baptiste, and taking his hand in both his own. "What is your name?"

"Jean Baptiste Colbert," replied Baptiste, modestly.

"And how old are you, Baptiste?"

"Fifteen, sir."

"Colbert, Colbert," repeated M. Cenani, as if endeavouring to recall it to his memory; are you related by any possibility to the Colberts of Scotland?"

"The Castlehills—the Scotch Barons, are the ancestors of the Scotch and French Colberts, sir, and bear the same arms."

"Then how comes it that your father, their descendant, the descendant of such a family, is a woollen-draper?"

"My father is not a woollen-draper, sir; but we are very poor, and it is to relieve the family of the burden of supporting me that I became apprentice to my godfather, M. Certain."

"Ah! Certain was the draper's name, I forgot!" murmured the young banker. "Poor boy! so much that is noble and amiable!"

"Your carriage is ready, sir," said the valet, who had left the room at a sign from his master, re-appearing.

The young banker seemed to let go the boy's hand with regret! He would have liked to have prevailed on him to accept the sum lying on the table, but he did not wish to call up again a blush of shame and mortification upon that noble

young face. The latter feeling prevailed, for he contented himself with saying, "We shall meet again, Baptiste; we shall meet again!" And with a kind look, let him go.

Baptiste ran down the staircase of the hotel, and was turning down the street, when he was seized by the collar with a powerful and threatening grasp! It was that of his enraged master! All remonstrances from the poor boy were in vain! M. Certain was, on the whole, not a bad man; but he was greedy of money, and had a hasty temper, and irritated to the last degree at the money being returned, he abused the boy in a frantic manner for having done so. "Get out of my sight, and my employment!" he concluded; "and follow my advice, it is the last I shall ever give you—never come within the reach of either my arm or my tongue! There is my blessing for you; take it, and good-bye to you!"

Baptiste had made up his mind to bear his Master's anger, but the idea of his dismissing him had now for the first time entered his head! The poor lad sorrowfully bent his steps to his father's house! It was seven o'clock in the evening when he reached it, and M. Colbert was seated at supper with his wife and youngest son, a child of six years of age, when the parlour-door opened and the youth entered! A cry of astonishment broke from the lips of both father and mother, alarmed by the confused and sorrowful air so unusual in the boy.

"What is the matter! Why have you left the shop on a week-day? Is M. Certain ill? Or are you? What is the matter?"

"I have been dismissed by M. Certain!" said the young apprentice, as soon as the questions of both father and mother allowed him to speak.

M. Colbert looked very grave, and Madame Colbert's anxiety deprived her of utterance! "What is it? Have you done wrong?" asked his father.

"I will leave it for you to decide, father," replied Baptiste; "and I will relate to you all that occurred; but I do not think that I have done wrong, although I feel sorrow to appear before you like this, after being dismissed; yet, if it were to happen again, I would act as I have done."

"Go on, Baptiste," said his father, while his mother looked at him encouragingly, and his little brother blew kisses at him. He told the whole simply and candidly, without a word of exaggeration or of reproach. Indeed, the good-natured boy seemed to seek palliation for his godfather's conduct, which, though hateful to his own feelings, he tried to excuse.

"M. Certain is so fond of money," said he, "and then as a

tradesman, perhaps he did not understand my conduct. If one may charge a profit on the yard, why may not one, he might say, charge a hundred francs, if one can get it ? ”

“ My dear boy,” said M. Colbert, “ you are indeed my son ; ” and, he added, as he pressed the boy to his bosom, “ you have behaved well, and have my full approbation.”

“ Dear Baptiste,” said his mother, “ you have indeed acted well. You shall never return to that man.”

“ I cannot remain a burden to you, however,” observed Baptiste, seating himself by his mother’s side.

“ We will think of that to-morrow,” replied M. Colbert ; “ you are tired and hungry.” Just at this moment a carriage drove up to the doors, bells rung, and voices were heard below.

“ Sir,” said the solitary servant they kept, entering the room at this moment, “ a gentleman is at the door in a post-chaise, and wants to speak to you.”

“ His name, Jean ? ”

“ He says that you do not know him ; but he is very anxious to see you.”

“ Ask him to walk up,” said M. Colbert, rising from table to meet the visitor.

At the first glance of the stranger, as he entered with all the Parisian air of fashion which distinguished him, Baptiste coloured deeply, for he recognised at once his kind friend the banker.

“ Sir,” said the stranger, bowing to Baptiste’s father, and stopping to bend almost to the ground before Madame Colbert, “ I beg a thousand pardons for thus intruding ; but I leave to-morrow, and business in Paris admits of no delay. I am M. Cenani, of the firm of Cenani and Mazerani, of Paris.”

“ In what can I serve you, sir ? ” asked M. Colbert, offering a chair to the stranger who seated himself.

“ This youth is, I believe, your son ? ” enquired the young banker, taking Baptiste by the hand, who blushed yet more deeply.

“ Yes, sir, thank God ! ”

“ You have cause to thank God, sir ; the boy acted this morning in a truly noble manner ! ”

“ Only as he ought, sir ; only as he ought,” said Madame Colbert, hastily, fearing that her son might be rendered proud of having done his duty.

“ But I think you probably hardly know the whole, madame : Baptiste, I suspect, has not told you the whole. I called at M. Certain’s for a further piece of cloth, and in his absence was informed by the shopman, who had overheard it, what delighted

me more than all, that your boy, madam, was offered a share if he divided it with his master, and, at the risk of deeply offending him, he at once refused; the temptation was no small one!"

"Quite right! Excellent! my dear boy," said Madame Colbert with happy pride,—“he did not mention this”; while his father looked, with all a father's approbation, upon his son.

“I am aware that for this conduct your boy has been dismissed from M. Certain's, and on that account I determined to come here this evening, and to ask you, since you have suffered your son to enter into trade, if it would suit you, to place him, honest and honourable as he is, in our banking-house. In time such a boy will *make his fortune*,—I tell you, madam, he would *make his fortune*!” he added, with emphasis.

Baptiste, when he understood the banker's intention, said quietly, “But, sir, I shall then have to leave my parents, I would rather not make a fortune if I am to leave them.”

“But Baptiste,” said his father, seriously, but tenderly, “we are very poor; I have already regretted having had to place you in such an obscure sphere. Since this kind gentleman has appreciated you so far as to take this trouble to seek for you, he deserves our fullest confidence. It may prove the turning point in your life. Bear with me, sir, but in trusting the boy to your care, I give you the flower of our family! In the great city where you are going, oh! watch over him as a brother! And, Baptiste, my boy, go with this gentleman, listen to his advice and follow it, and, as you have hitherto done, ever remember your duty!”

It was a sorrowful parting. Baptiste's young heart sank at the thought of leaving that home where every spot recalled some pleasure of his childhood's sports, and of losing the advice and confidence of his fond parents. Even down to old Jean there were subjects for sorrow! He had never left home, and knew nothing of the world he was soon to be plunged in. But on the morrow, thanks to the natural buoyancy of his age, the change of scene and place, and the kindness of his new friend, who had from the first taken a fancy to the boy,—Baptiste felt a new life spring within him, as he was whirled along in the comfortable travelling carriage, with his young and cheerful companion. Having arrived at Paris, young Colbert found himself in a new world! All was beautiful and delightful! But, in spite of all, his good sense caused him to pursue diligently the duties his kind-hearted employer gave to him. With eyes and ears open to all he heard or

saw, he closely adhered to his occupation as bank clerk at, the house of Messrs. Cenani and Mazerani. By his diligence and general skill he speedily rose in estimation. No accounts baffled his scrutiny! He mastered the details of his profession while still a youth; and on attaining early manhood he might have been pronounced a thorough financier. The most important duties were entrusted to him; and at length he obtained the object of his great ambition, the office of traveller for the firm.

Follow him, my young readers, in his history, as the boy, once in the woollen draper's shop, rose step by step to the highest pinnacle of earthly greatness and glory. Amongst it all he never forgot his parents. He provided for his four brothers valuable appointments,—one had a lieutenancy in the regiment of Navarre; and his father was created a baron. It was of this able Minister,—for Colbert *did* become a Minister,—Cardinal Mazarin, dying, said to Louis XIV.: "I owe everything to you, sire; but I think, acquit myself in some degree, in giving your Majesty, Colbert." And Louis XIV. appreciated Colbert's merits so highly that he created him Comptroller-General of Finance. It was he who established the glass works in the Faubourg St. Antoine, also the celebrated Gobelins manufactory in 1667. In short, you cannot go any distance in Paris without finding a trace of the great Colbert,—of the glories of the age of Louis XIV.,—who, if he had only followed Colbert's peaceful policy, would not have failed to realise solid benefits for France.

Colbert died on the 9th December, 1683, sixty-three years of age, and you must remember that his first step in distinction was *an act of honour and honesty*.

Although the scenes have long since passed away, and such a course of events in the life of a boy may occur but once, still it should exercise a good influence over your mind,—a resolve to do right. Your future destiny is in God's hands; it is not left to chance; be true to His teaching, and to what is noble and good,—stand by this, and He will stand by you.

NOTE.—As this Book is written with the immoveable resolve to be perfectly honest, the Writer claims that Louis XIV. and Louis XV. were two of the most heartless, selfish, callous, and despicably immoral, and worthless Tyrants who ever disgraced a Throne! Wretches unfit to live,—much less to *rule*! Also,—that it is said that Colbert's life was shortened, and he nearly heart-broken, at not being able to wring more taxes from the wretched,—starving,—Peasants,—to supply the Debauchee upon the throne, to squander on his Women, and Vices. The "Clergy," as usual, subservient to "the State," had sufficient of the instincts of their Cloth to keep the people Superstitious, and prevent them from having the knowledge needed to break their chains. What the people were like at that time has often been described. They

lived in homes which were windowless, one-roomed huts of peat or of clay, the constant prey of pestilence and famine, without Schools or Hospitals, doctors or teachers, endeavouring to keep body and soul together—in times of plenty—on roots, chestnuts, and a little black bread. The taxes, to which they were subject, constitute a formidable list—the *taille*, the *corvée*, the *gabelle*, the *milice*—taxes absorbing at least one-half of the products of their lands, compelling them to give every year half a month of unpaid labour on the roads, forcing each poor man to buy 7lb. of salt per annum, and also placing upon them a duty of lodging passing detachments of military, and lending cattle to draw the military equipages. Such were some of the burdens under which they groaned. Toll-gates flourished all over the country; wine was taxed; corn was taxed; while fish brought from Harfleur to Paris paid eleven times its value on the journey.

The Peasants were compelled to perform duties, giving their time and labour gratis, to the great Lord who lived near; cutting his corn, etc.,—also to *flog the pools all night*, to keep the frogs from annoying the great Folks at their Tyrants' Chateaux!

Louis XIV.'s Palace of Versailles was built at the cost of thousands of wretched Peasants' lives. In defiance of nature it was built; for the dreadful marshland amid which it rose was scarcely meant for human habitation, and among the 36,000 workmen who toiled at the brilliant structure, death was almost always busy.

In 1678, "cartloads of dead were carried away every night from the temporary barracks in which the workmen were housed." But life was cheap under the Grand Monarque, and in those days Versailles was at a convenient distance from prying eyes in Paris.

ON DEAD MEN'S BONES.

Of even less account than the diseased army of workmen were the peasants, out of whom was wrung the enormous cost of the lordly pleasure-house of Louis. Sick and dying labourers and an exhausted and starving peasantry on the one hand, and on the other "the best talent of France," lavishing itself for the greater part of a century on the task of decoration. Only one Noble Statesman, *Turgot*, might have saved the awful *French Revolution*, had it not been for that idiotic Woman, *Marie Antoinette*. She well deserved her Fate!

Turgot began at Limoges the work of reform by trying to restore free trade in grain. He attempted to get rid of, or modify, each tax in turn, doing good by stealth, as it were—at all events, working his reforms, so far as was possible, either in the teeth of the Court party, or by means of their ignorance; and then, just as his work was beginning to bear some little fruit, a two years' famine ruined it all. The man himself steadily rose in public estimation, until, after being Minister of Marine, he became Controller-General of the Finances. Louis, the wretched, vacillating King, grumbled and wavered, and the Queen was steadily *Turgot's* enemy. If there was one person who ruined all the attempts at reform it was *Marie Antoinette*; *Marie Antoinette*, quick-witted, impetuous, wilful, despising the slow intellect of her husband, always desiring to meddle in great things, but never large-minded enough to meddle successfully,—and *Turgot's* bitterest foe. And so the man who founded modern political economy, who was full of the inspiring idea of the freedom of industry, who, if any man could have swept this Augean stable, might possibly have saved the Monarchy and prevented the Revolution, had to retire into private life, disappointed, and yet serene,—a failure as the World reckons these things, but a failure beside which many a brilliant triumph is stupid and absurd.

In 1907,—London to York, $3\frac{3}{4}$ hours!—Great Northern Express.

YORK Four Days Stage-Coach.

Begins on Friday the 12th of April 1706.

ALL that are desirous to pass from London to York, or from York to London, or any other Place on this Road: Let them Repair to the *Black Swan* in Holborn in London, and to the *Black Swan* in Cony street in York.

At both which Places they may be received in a Stage Coach every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, which performs the whole Journey in Four Days, (if God permits) And set forth at Five in the Morning.

And returns from York to Stamford in two days, and from Stamford by Huntingdon to London in two days more. And the like Stages on their return.

(Following each Poststage 140. weight, and all 2000 of a Tonne)

Informed By $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Benjamin Kingman,} \\ \text{Henry Harrison,} \\ \text{Walter Baynes.} \end{array} \right.$

Also this gives Notice that Newcastle Stage Coach, sets out from York every Monday, and Friday, and from Newcastle every Monday, and Friday.

Recd in 11 05 00 of Mr. Bodington for 5 Places by the Coach, this 5 of June 1706

CHAPTER XX.

"THE GOOD (?) OLD TIMES."

LIGHTING,—PAST AND PRESENT. TRAVEL. STREETS.
FIRES. POLICE. HABITS OF THE PEOPLE. ARE
OUR TASTES IN 1907 MUCH BETTER?

The above,—faithfully reproduced,—fearfully printed,—“Way Bill” of the London to York Coach of that Period, was found during the Repairs of the old “Black Swan” Inn, York.

It appears to have a receipt written at the bottom; but what was the nature of the business transaction on Monday, the 3rd of June, 1706, with “Mr. Bodington,”—unless it was payment for 5 Places by the Coach,—must be left to the Reader’s decision.”

FCANCY,—dear young Reader,—this lumbering Old Coach, —(for the 200 year ago Coach was no beauty),—setting out on its four days’ run,—with the Pious, and humble, Hope,—or Prayer,—that it may be permitted to reach its destination. A Prayer *decidedly* suggestive and ominous, as to the condition of the Roads throughout England in 1706, to say nothing of Robbers, &c.

It was not till a Century after that MacAdam first suggested *breaking* stones for Roads, enabling Telford to con-

struct his splendid "Macadamized" High Road to Holyhead, &c.,—which still remains to remind us of his skill.

Young describes,—even in *his* time a Century after our "Way Bill" of 1706,—the state of our main Roads as frightful,—especially in Winter! Immense Ruts half filled with large unbroken stones,—quagmires of Mud,—tremendous Hills,—and danger from "Highwaymen"! How the immense, lumbering, "Stage Wagons" of that day,—the only means of hauling heavy Goods and Merchandise,—ever "got through" to our various cities seems mysterious!

"FOUR HOURS," VERSUS "FOUR DAYS."

1907.—55 MILES AN HOUR.

The terrible "Four Days," and sleepless Nights,—the Highwaymen,—the Ruts,—the Hills,—have passed away for ever!



Bogie Engine.

NOTE.—"Bogie Engine." That is, having its four leading wheels on a separate "Bogie," or swivel carriage, attached to the Engine Frame, by a "Ball and Socket" arrangement. By this Invention,—although the frames of our large Modern Engines, and "Cars" remain, it is true, always rigid,—the wheels under them, being on Swivels, adapt themselves to the sharpest curves, thus enabling the longest "Pulman" cars to take a curve, on a Railway, at full speed, with safety!

A huge Great Northern "Bogie" Express Engine now starts from King's Cross Terminus, London, at 8-45 a.m., for its $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours (not 4 days)—Run to York!

It whirls the heavy cars in two hours, to Grantham,—the first and *only* stop, (11-0)—and runs them into York Station, at 1-5 p.m., ($3\frac{1}{2}$ hours!) While the Great Western Company's through Express, with their powerful Locomotives,—run from London to Plymouth in 5 hours!

In the 1888 Railway Race,—London to Edinburgh,—via West ($392\frac{1}{2}$) and East ($400\frac{1}{2}$) Coast Routes,—in spite of inclines,

1830.

This terrible Winter, the Mail Coaches broke down, the Mails transferred to Post Chaises.



1907, "Going Through it."



crossings, large stations to pass through,—and our congested Traffic,—these Expresses were run for an entire month at 60 to,—in one case,—72½ Miles an hour at favourable points, in order to keep up their average speed of 50 to,—in one case,—52½ Miles an hour the entire distance, with five stops!

One,—indeed,—of these Expresses ran from Euston to Aberdeen, 539½ Miles, in 512 minutes (8 hours 32 mins.)

Defoe, in 1724, relates that he saw a tree, on a “Lorry,” or “Tug,” being drawn along,—what were then *considered* “Roads” in Suffolk, on its way to Chatham Dock Yards,—by 22 oxen; horses not being able to get through the mud. This tree took *two years* to reach its destination!—as the Roads were only passable in the Summer Months.

“Near Lewes,”—Defoe also relates, “I saw, this Winter, (1724) a sight I never saw in England before; an ancient Lady of quality, going to the Village Church in her Coach drawn by 6 oxen! I assure you that the mud was so stiff, and deep, that no horses could go in it!”

It is doubtful if there *were* any real “Roads,” in the Cross Country districts of many of the English Counties, at that time, and had a 1706 Coach left Newcastle, for Bristol, in Winter, it seems probable that like many a good Ship which has left these Ports,—instead of an 8 hours’ run,—it would have “*not since been heard of!*”

We owe to those amazing Armies of the Romans the great Roads, which, as was their wont, they cut through the Immense Forests of Ancient Britain. The description of their Army slowly passing through the Wooded Country they had conquered,—thousands of men assigned various duties, some felling the trees, others constructing the Roads,—gives us an idea of the Iron hand of Rome! Straight as a line,—undeterred by obstacles,—their Roads stretched across England, remaining to this day, Centuries after the Roman Empire,—once the Mistress of the World,—has ceased to exist, save in the Memories of the Past!

“THE GOOD (?) OLD TIMES.”

In this Chapter, a strong effort is made to produce a feeling of thankfulness, and contentment, on the part of the Young,—perhaps more especially those of the Working Class,—living in 1907,—for the immense advantages we now, rich and poor alike, enjoy, compared to those of our Ancestors in the (so-called) “Good (?) Old Times!”

LIGHT.

Let us first take,—for example,—the all-important blessing,—Light! In the next Chapter the Lamp of the Ancients

is dwelt upon. It seems to our Generation,—accustomed to Gas, and, lately, to the Electric Light,—almost incredible that up to about 70 years ago,—in the memory of a vast number of living men,—“Gas,” was unknown, and Oil or Wax alone still used, as by the Ancients 2,000 years ago! Mankind has progressed in many respects, more the last century than they did for a 1,000 years previously! Fancy, dear Reader, London in 1891, lit only by feeble Oil Lamps! The principal streets only of our English and Continental Cities seem to have used even them. The poorer streets appear to have had no lights at all!

The old Engravings represent these old Street Lamps as “Acorn Shaped,” at times slung across the Streets,—perhaps to prevent the thieves putting them out.

How they burnt,—how *long* they burnt,—and how often they *went out*, must be left to the Reader’s imagination! They must,—on a misty night,—have just made “darkness visible!”

From a rare old illustrated Book, dated 1814,—on “City (London) Scenes,”—let us take the following. Do, dear Reader, try to get up a *little* sincere thankfulness that these “Good Old Times” will never *come again*!

But one word first how they *produced light*.

THE “TINDER BOX,” AND “RUSH HOLDER.”

The “Lucifer Match,” and its later development,—the “Wax Vesta,”—had not been added to the Resources of Civilisation. Our Ancestors had only the Flint, Steel, and Tinder Box.

The Writer has one of these old “Tinder Box” apparatus before him, obtained (1891) by the investment of 5/6, and should the Reader have the opportunity of a similar purchase let him not neglect it! It is a circular tin Box five inches diameter, by an inch deep, the “Tinder” (Burnt Linen) lies at the bottom. A curiously-shaped piece of Steel and a sharp Flint is also carried inside.

A tin top to this box has a socket to hold the “dip,” or tallow “Rushlight” Candle of our Forefathers, the top is loose, and can be slipped on, or off, as desired. A bundle of thin slips of wood with pointed ends, like the wooden labels used for Flowers, Seeds, and Pots,—the sharp ends *dipped in Brimstone*,—completes our Paraphernalia.

The struggle now commences! The Writer has not yet attempted it himself, but, when in a sufficiently firm, and resolute, frame of mind, hopes, some day, to use his apparatus.

The loose tin top is taken off, the “dip” candle placed

in the socket, the steel is struck. "How often?" Well, dear Reader, experience alone will probably answer that query—till the sparks fall into, and ignite the "Tinder,"—the pointed end of the Brimstone label is instantly inserted,—a general "flare-up" is supposed to take place, during which it is confidently anticipated that you will be able to light your "dip" candle. "But supposing it does not do it!" Well! then, dear Reader, you must try again! All this going on in a dark room, must have given much scope for the Mental and Physical powers, especially for the exercise of that admirable virtue, Patience.

The "Tallow dip," or "Rushlight," when, at last lit, required "snuffing" every now and then, else it would not only fail in lighting, but develop a dangerous "cauliflower" head, apt on being carried about, to fall and set the house on fire. That the house was not set on fire about once a month, in those days, seems wonderful.

THE "RUSH" BEFORE THE TALLOW "DIP."

But even now we have still further to go back into History! There was a time when *tallow* placed round a "wick" or "rush," by "dipping," had not occurred to our Ancestors; they used the pith of the Bulrush, in thin strips, for candles, without any tallow at all.

The common "rush" will not do. The Bulrush skin was stripped off from two sides, and fried in mutton fat, taking care that no salt occurs in it.

The Writer has before him,—acquired at the same time as the tinder box,—an ancient "RUSH HOLDER."

We have here a clumsy piece of wood, 3 inches diameter by 4 inches high, forming a rude stand, and a base to hold when carried about. Into this rude stand is driven an iron spike, six inches long, the top terminating in a flattened end. On to this upright iron spike is rivetted a bent piece of iron working on a pivot, having one of its ends flattened to match the top of the spike when brought to it,—the other end terminating in an iron knob, or ball,—the weight of this ball brings the other flat end to press against the upright spike, thus acting like a *pair of tongues*; you strip the skin from the Bulrush, fry it, and form therewith slender stalks, or "tapers." Place one of these 4 inches long in the "tongues" of your rude "Rush Holder," tell the Maids not to burn *more than an inch* in going to bed (so as to rise early next morning), and you have the "candle" used in English Farm Houses since! Well! let us say William the Conqueror;

for Bulrushes were in England before he made his appearance. Indeed a friend suggests, "Are you sure it was not the Ark (*Arc*) light?"

Later, the plan of surrounding the "rush,"—and finally the "cotton,"—Wick, with Tallow, was discovered.

The farthing "Rushlight" was once a well-known Institution!

LONDON, 1814. OIL LAMPS.

Returning, now, to our old 1814 Book referred to, it mentions, with admiration, that the old oil London Street Lamps were "*on each side of the Way.*"

What must the *other Cities* have been, if this was considered grand? "London was," says the Book, "the best lighted City in the World." (!)

"It is said that a foreign Ambassador, entering London one evening after the lamps were lighted, was so struck with the brilliancy of the scene (!) that he imagined the streets had been illuminated expressly in honour of his arrival" (!)

What would he now say could he see the enlarged New Incandescent Street Lamps,—lofty, both globular and flower-pot shape, burning two or three jets in lieu of one,—ground glass tops, &c.,—now seen in Birmingham, and other Cities,—or the Electric Light now becoming so common! In short, could he now witness the Steam,—Cable,—Electric,—and Horse Trams, all of which systems were running in Birmingham simultaneously, the Ambassador's admiration of the "good old times,"—when even horse "Omnibusses" were unknown, would be *greatly* modified!

One dark day, 22nd December, 1891, one London Gas Company alone supplied 126 million Cubic Feet of Gas!

1891.—WHAT NEXT?

"Rome is to be lighted by means of the beautiful Falls of the Tevere, which have made the little town of Tivoli famous. They will supply the power for producing the electric light, which the authorities have just decided to use in the principal streets of the capital. The distance which the current has to be transmitted is eighteen miles."—*Daily Paper.*

The 1814 Book continues, "The inhabitants of London are much indebted to that useful set of men, the Lamplighters; for these poor men are liable to many accidents in their dangerous occupation! In Winter the foot pavement is often slippery, and they often fall, and are maimed by the ladder sliding from under them, or a careless passenger runs against their ladder, and throws them down. (!) But a high wind is their chief danger;—in October, 1812, a poor man, named Pirke, who had been many years in this employment, as he

was lighting the lamps on the east side of Blackfriar's Bridge, was, by a sudden gust of wind, blown into the river, in the presence of his son, a child of ten years old,—and, before assistance could be procured, sank to rise no more." (!)

In *our* younger days, 1845-65, the present "lighting pole" had not yet come into use, but Gas and Matches had. It was a sight to see well-trained, active Lamplighters in our large Towns! These men, taught by habit, could take the Lamp-posts almost "running!" *Up* he would *come!* *Plant*

1812.

No Matches,
so a Torch



OIL LAMPS.

had to be
carried.

An "1812" Lamplighter (Oil Lamps).

his ladder,—*up* the steps,—two or three at a time,—open the lamp,—*strike* a Match,—*adjust* the Jet,—close the door,—*down* the steps,—three at a time,—and the Lamplighter had thrown his ladder over his shoulder, and was *half-way* to the *next* Lamp-post, before a startled old lady could exclaim "Goodness gracious!" or "Well, I never!"

It was, fifty years ago, a common saying, "He was running like a lamplighter!"



The "Link Boy."

But the 1814 book admits that it speaks only of the *chief* Streets,—and that vast portions of our Cities had virtually *no Street Lamps at all!* You would then employ a "Link Boy" to walk before you with a torch! For the pavements were often simply horrible! Even in 1825, when the Writer's Father visited Paris, many of the streets of old Paris, and

London, &c., had *no side walks at all!* There were large stones, at intervals,—*behind* which you had to *dodge* the passing vehicles to avoid being run over! Huge, jolting, paving stones, unswept, in the horse road; noisy, rude, everything dark, rough, dirty, and uncouth! Dear Reader, in this day of luxury for rich, and poor, alike, gas, electric light,—cable, steam, or electric Trams,—Wood pavements, Asphalte side walks,—Police,—Streets swept clean,—Lavatories,—(an immense boon)—and splendid drainage, let us talk no more *nonsense* about the “*Good old times!*”

WHERE WERE THE POLICE ?

The 1812 Book says, “The Boys make rare sport (!) by putting one foot on the stream, and diverting the course of the water; it is thus driven over the passengers!” “Good gracious!” the 1907 “passenger” will say, “Where were the *Police!*”

Fancy, dear Reader, business gentlemen, &c., hurrying to their London offices, having water thrown over them by



The Water Plug.

Roughs in the Public Streets! Police? There *were* none! That magnificent success the “Policeman” was invented, long after, by *Sir Robert Peel*;—hence their familiar name “*Bobbies,*” or “*Peelers.*” Their other name, “A Copper,” is a very obscure term.



The “Watchman” (1812).

In 1812 they only had the "Watchman." The books says,—"These men have a comfortable great coat, (!) a Lantern, a Rattle, and a large Stick, to attack thieves." (!) "It would be very wrong if he went to sleep, and suffered thieves to do as they pleased." (!)

Compare, dear Reader, these poor *Old Scare-crows* of Watchmen, asleep in their "Boxes," with our Modern, *resolute, firm, irrepressible*, "Police," of 1907.



"Watchman's Box."

With such miserably inadequate provision for Public security, it is to be feared that the 1812 "thief" *did* pretty much as he pleased.



No "Water Carts!"

The Book says,—“The London streets in hot weather get very dusty, and the dust spoils the things in the Butchers,’ Pastry Cooks’, and other Shops. Many Streets, are, therefore, watered with a Scoop, (!) the water being pent up in the kennels (gutters) on each side of the carriage way.” *Grand “old times,”*—dear Reader!

NO "HANSOM CABS, OR BUSSES."

No "Omnibusses" had then been invented, much less "Tramcars." The 1812 Book says to the Woodcut,—

A "Coach Stand," 1812.



"This is a Coach Stand. See the busy Waterman,"—(Note. Yes! Busy after his sixpenny "tip,"—"who attends on Hackney Coaches, he has got one for the Gentleman and Lady, and is inquiring where they are going," (!) (No doubt with a "Sixpenny or Threepenny grin.") Then away went the lumbering, slow old Hackney Coach of 1812; jolting over those horrible old paving stones which some of us remember at Holborn Hill (before the "Viaduct,") and other Streets.

No "Asphalte," or silent,—clean,—"Wood Pavements" then!



(1) Temple Bar, where the "Griffin" in the Strand now stands, used to cause a "block" of 20 minutes in the Fifties.

(2) Paviers, 1814, putting in the huge stones still seen in the Paris streets. A whisk of straw above, to stop traffic.

Men, with wooden "scotches," had to go behind the vehicles and wretched horses, up the fearful "Holborn Hill," in the fifties. The "Holborn Viaduct," opened by Queen Victoria, was the greatest boon to London, now level and silent paving.

A recent Paper announces :—

"Consequent upon the reduction by the London Tramways Company of the fare from Camberwell Green to Waterloo to one penny, the Waterloo 'buses of the various companies and private owners were put upon a similar footing on Thursday, and carry passengers the same distance for one penny. It was stated that in all probability the fare by omnibus from Camberwell Green to Wellington Street, Strand, will be reduced next Monday to one penny."

Fancy, dear Reader, that old 1812 "Cockalorum" on the box of his "Hackney Coach,"—and the obsequious "Waterman" being informed that,—in future,—the Fare from the Strand to Camberwell Green, would be *One Penny!* and Westminster to Greenwich,—for threepence! He would probably have died the painful death attributed to "the Sculptor,"—who, the irrepressible American reminds us, makes Faces, and Busts. ("Makes Faces,"—and "Busts!")



A "Fire Engine,"—1812.

"Why! It resembles a Garden Pump!" Well! dear Reader, it certainly *has* that tendency! They appear to have pulled it along by hand!

It is well that the house is Insured,—the Reader can just discern the "Fire Label" on the Wall,—for *that* "Engine" will never put *that* Fire out! *What* a contrast to our Modern English, and American, Fire System, the Splendid "Steamers,"—horses,—powerful Pumps, and apparatus,—and their rapid execution!

In the "Inventions" Exhibition, at South Kensington,—"Fisheries" (1883),—"Health" (1884),—"Inventions" (1885),—and "Colonial" (1886),—the *last the best*,—in the "Old London Street" reproduced, was a "Fire Engine" of 300 years ago. It resembled an oval *washing tub*, on small, solid, wooden, wheels! How the "Pump" worked, none

seemed to know ! Beside it were two brass Squirts, or Syringes with two handles, or " lugs," cast on each side, to enable two men to hold it by,—while a third worked the handle of the Syringe, and sent a few Pints of Water a few feet on to a blazing house !

TWO SYRINGES TO A PARISH !

It was enacted that *two (!)* of these *tremendous* Instruments were to be "*kept in each Parish !*" What comfort now would it be to the " Parishioners " in London or New York, to know that two Metal Fire Squirts, were *somewhere* in their Parish ?

They *might*, perhaps, have been utilized for Syringing *fruit trees !* Close to the old " Wash Tub " of 1620, was drawn up a Modern Fire Engine, its polished brass plugs, taps, and machinery, hose, Fire ladders, &c., &c., presenting an amazing instance of the Theory of Development, or of " Evolution."

How the narrow streets of " Old London," and other Cities,—with rubbishy old wooden sheds called " houses,"—built close together,—once alight in a high wind, did not produce the 1666 " Great Fire " of London, about *once a Month*, seems now amazing !

Although an awful catastrophe at the time, a better thing for London never happened than the Great Fire of 1666, which burnt the " Plague " for ever out of London, and swept away its collection of old wooden Pigstyes, to be replaced by more wholesome buildings, and Streets ! Some parts of London are bad enough even in 1907.

1812. THE STAGE WAGON.



The old " Stage Wagon." $2\frac{1}{2}$ Miles an hour (?)

If you were engaged in Business, dear Reader, even as late as 1812, fancy your Goods, and Merchandise, slowly creeping across England, down " Roads " (?) with Ruts, Stones, and Mud deep enough at times " to sink a three-decker ! " The Cyclist of 1907 can name hills even on our modern well-made, well-kept main Roads, up which, even now it would indeed be a pull to haul these ponderous, broad-wheeled Wagons,

while the coming down would be almost as difficult ! Suppose these immense Wagons could take eight tons, and, as we may conjecture, had fresh teams of horses ready for them, like the Coaches, at intervals, it is doubtful if they could work over $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour, say, for twelve hours a day. A modern Goods Train running quietly through the night, drawn by a couple of our tremendous Engines of 1907 would transport more Merchandise 400 miles in a *day* than 50 of these old Noah's Arks would have done *in a Month*.

The "Stage Wagon," with wheels 16 inches wide, drawn by 12 to 16 horses, in pairs, disappeared by 1832.

"The Coaches were shamefully overloaded ! Ten on the Roof, three on box, and six in the "Dicky," four on the Guard Board (?) "

The Proprietress of the Great North Road Coaches for many years would take no excuses from her Drivers as to cruelty to their horses. She insisted upon *time* being *kept* in all Weathers, or they were discharged.

It paid her in reputation,—and her Business,—but the cruelty to the wretched horses was fearful ! The night coachmen had "Goads" to *stick* into the horses !

Many of our Ancestors never journeyed many miles from their native villages during their entire life. Now, the poorest can, occasionally, enjoy a run to distant places of interest, in a few hours, in 3rd class cars, almost as comfortable as the "First" of 1839.

In the large woodcut (next page), we have St. Martin's-Le-Grand, General Post Office, London, in 1820.

Ten years before the Railways were opened Telford had completed his splendid Holyhead Road, and the London Mail Coaches were timed to run to Holyhead in four days. The "Boat Express" (1907) takes $5\frac{1}{2}$ hours !

Before Telford's efforts the Drivers of the Night Coaches stated they were in constant danger of their lives from being jolted off their Boxes.

The Grandfather of the Writer, a Merchant, in 1801, after waiting weeks for a favourable wind at Liverpool, was 13 *weeks crossing*, then the wind changing, the ships were equally delayed at the other end, so that *for Months* no news of his arrival could be obtained ! We may conceive the Holyhead Mail Coach of 1820, attempting to struggle with 1,100 Sacks of London Mails ! Taking no passengers,—cramming the Bags inside up to the roof, and piling them six feet high on the top, perhaps forty Coaches might have carried them ! Whereas two or three extra long Parcel Vans doubtless sufficed, and the "Heavy Mail" probably reached Euston "running

THAT "POOR

on time!" How the o
by night, worn out, and
off the top, seems a pro

"Yesterday was the anniv
system, which was adopte
10,000 petitions had been
the number of letters passin

Well! dear Reader, i
was the first of those
greatest blessings to m



(1825)

his "little best!" Fo
1825, "That poor
persisted in trying his
"The wheels will never
"Two or three Wagon
ably *small* ones,—"
and one or two more
started, George Stever
"Locomotive No. 1
—amidst intense excit
man!" *Away* went
"British Public," leav
compete with that "p



The first very p



RS,"—FIRE AND WATER!

It certainly is "a caution!" But at the Americans had never seen any other than their "Stage Coaches," shaped on sides, and leather flaps to "fix," in English Railway Carriages were, in their "bodies," shaped very much like the accustomed to.

the original picture in the Historical Artford. It represents the first Locomotive, "John Bull," made in England, weighing over was John Hampson, an Englishman, long, from Albany to Schenectady, N.Y. ran in 1831. Fifteen passengers were cars," the names of ten of these are "unknown."



THIRD CLASS

to our 1907 Third Class "Dining Cars."

"THIRD-CLASS," 1839-45.

vellers still remember their experience class,"—"Cattle Trucks" shall we say? "Cattle Trucks," and "Sheep Vans."

were added to the "3rd class," they had only Wooden Shutters.

NICE TRAV

Then they had glass, high up, and about six as possible for the Poor only two Classes, have and we have gradually that POVERTY is not a

One Summer (1891) Writer how he was riding open "cars," on a hot (red hot charcoal) from Summer Dress, and set the flames, but had great panic, from jumping out

In the woodcut, however appear to be suffering from



Ev

In this old drawing, "3rd class" cars, about that day, reminding one of the irrepressible Art does this train of second

A terrible accident,—C when these open cars were the Government to insist alone used.

What killing work to the higher rates,—must have been!

What a change is the leading English Railway

dows, Curtains, Nets, "Well" top roofs, and a "Lavatory" at the end, and a 2/- Dinner "on board."

Open 3rd class Trucks were still used, in 1856, between Scarborough and Whitby, across the Moors,—a Cable Railway."

1839.



A "First Class" Grand Junction Train.

We see here, that 14 years have greatly improved upon "Puffing Billy" of 1825. The "Rocket," of Robert Stephenson, winning the £500 Prize, in 1829. Everything had been improved upon. There were, however, no "Guard's" or "Luggage" Vans till 1849, or later. The luggage was put on the top of the carriage you sat in,—covered with tarpaulins, and strapped down.

Those of us who are Sixty Years old, well remember the crowd of Porters, on the arrival of a Train, fixing wood sliders, or "shoots," to the railing on the top of the cars, while others mounted the roofs, unstrapped the covers, and delivered the Luggage down the "Shoots," on to the Platforms. The Drivers, however, complaining that so many tons of dead weight on the tops of the Cars caused them to oscillate when at high speed, "Vans" were introduced.

In the above woodcut, the last "Car" deserves a word of notice. It was an especial kind of "1st class," called a "Mail Car." It took long to get the "Mail Coach" idea out of the English mind. The Writer saw one in use, in York Station, about 1849; there was also a specimen in the Paris Exhibition, 1889.

It was an ordinary "1st class," but with a very narrow body, having only 4 seats,—instead of the usual six,—in the large compartments, and only 2 seats in the "Coupée" at the end.

The Guard in charge of "the Mails" sat at the back of the carriage on a seat especially constructed, having on the top of the carriage, before him, a large black Box, fitted to the carriage top (with a lid), to receive the Bags of Letters. It took long to get the old Mail Coach arrangements out of the English mind, so long accustomed to them.

In the early days of Railways, for instance, Passengers were allowed to occupy seats on the top of the carriages. Thus the printed directions of the Grand Junction Railway for 1839, state, "The 'First-Class' Trains consist of 1st-class

coaches alone, carrying Six inside, and of "Mail coaches" (as just described), carrying Four inside; one compartment being convertible into a bed carriage, if required." (Thus the modern "Sleeping Car" is no new idea, but was even then anticipated.) "The 'mixed' Trains consist of 'First-class,' and also other carriages which have no cushions, linings, or divisions of the compartments. Both the First and Second-class carriages have seats on the Roof for the accommodation of those who prefer riding outside."



FIRST CLASS

1839.

"The 'mixed' trains, alone, will stop to take up and set down passengers at the intermediate Stations." "If you travel by a First-class carriage your ticket and seat is numbered with the Seat you are to occupy."



SECOND CLASS

"The 'Second-class' Seats are not numbered, so that your ticket permits you to any one unoccupied. The Porter examines your ticket, and places your Luggage on the top of the Carriage in which you are to travel."

What these "Second-class" early "cars" were seems to be universally forgotten. An old Railway Guide giving the Fares and Times has this *ominous* "Note" against the "Second-class,"—"closed at night." Clearly indicating that the Sides (?) were open by day, and probably leathers (?) put up to the night trains.

The "Second-class" passengers in the Woodcut—evidently old "Coaching" veterans,—appear from their apparel *prepared* for the *worst*, but their countenances indicate a satisfaction at the new method of travelling almost amounting to Jubilation.

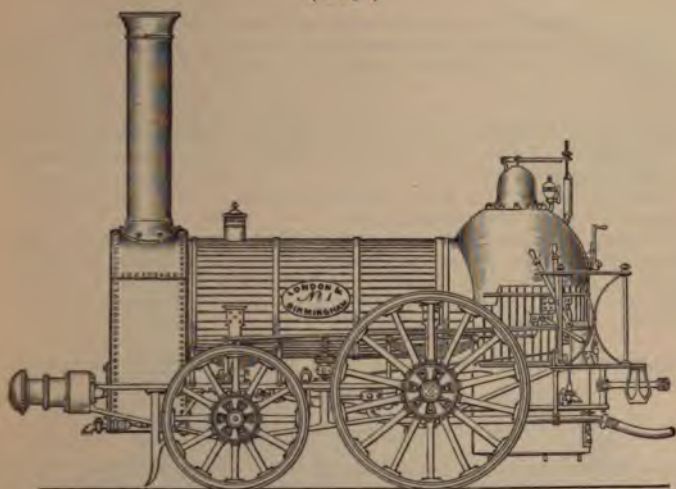
RIDING OUTSIDE.

Osborn's "Guide" to the Grand Junction Railway, 1839, says, "If you wish to see the Country take a place outside. You will want an extra Great Coat and a pair of gauze spectacles to keep the dust out of your eyes, but in other respects, you will enjoy the ride ten times more than the inside Passengers."

Imagine, dear Reader, the sensations of a naturally nervous individual thus seated,—speed got up,—and he a little uncertain as to the exact height of the next Bridge or Tunnel. While, if a storm of rain came on, the outside Passenger, who, like Tom Bowling, has thus "gone up aloft," must have had what our U.S. cousins call a "*high old time*."

The "Grand Junction," opened 4th July, 1837. "The Public assembled in vast multitudes along the whole line" (78 miles), "for days the Stations resembled Country Fairs." It ran from Curzon Street, Birmingham, to Warrington. The first or Pioneer Railway was the Liverpool and Manchester (30 miles), opened 15th September, 1830; it took four years to complete, and cost £36,161 *per mile*.

The "Grand Junction" only cost £18,846 *per mile*, this immense difference being caused by the difficulties of "Chat Moss," and, above all, by the experience gained by succeeding Railways lessening cost. Thus, at first, the Rails were spiked on to rigid square *stone* blocks, producing terrible jarring, obviated by the introduction of cross (or on the Great Western line, longitudinal) *wooden* sleepers. *The former* are, the Drivers say, more springy; the *latter*, with Brunel's other "Hobby," the "Broad Gauge" (6ft.), will soon become extinct. Some of us remember piles of these square stones by the side of the early Railways, all of which had to be taken up and sold for building purposes. The terrible expense of these experiments fell upon the Pioneer Line.



Quaint little Engines which ran on the London-Birmingham Railway, and were given up with great reluctance by the Company.



Mail Car.

It took long to get the idea of the old coach "Bodies," etc., "Outside Lamps," and a Seat for the "Mail Guard" out of the English Mind. The Bags were locked up in the Box at top. The wretched Guard,—still with a "Red Coat"—was taken down, at times, almost dead, with the cold. This carriage was a very narrow one, only four seats in each Body, and only two in its Glass "Coupée." The Writer saw one of these "Mail" Cars still on a train, at York, in 1849.

The First Class Cars, had, at first, *Names*,—not numbers,—to each.

When Marshall Soult,—who had a great reception in England,—had a carriage reserved for him, they found, too late, it had "Waterloo" upon it!

The late Baroness Countess,—(died 30th December, 1906),—said she saw the Duke of Wellington,—and his great opponent,—Soult, walking together in Piccadilly, after the War.

When the Allied Sovereigns came to London after Waterloo, there was a grand Procession. The Sovereigns, in the leading Carriages, were cheered. But when Soult's carriage appeared, there followed an *extraordinary* scene!

Marshall Soult,—alone of Napoleon's Generals,—had been very humane to our English wounded, and prisoners; Now was his Reward!

The streets burst into tremendous cheering! Ladies frantically waving handkerchiefs!

Soult, could not,—at first,—understand it. "It is for *you*, for you Marshall! They are cheering *you*!"

"I was overpowered,"—he says,—"*I never saw such a Scene!* Street after street, it was the same! What a generous Nation! I fought *against* them to the last. It is a noble People! I stood up, bareheaded,—in the carriage! I placed my hand upon my heart! I bowed, and bowed, and bowed!"

ARE THESE THE "ENEMIES" WE ARE NOW TO BE TRAINED
TO KILL?

THE CRIMEAN WAR.

The accounts given of the enlightened and generous conduct of that amazing nation, Japan, towards their prisoners and the wounded Russians cannot fail to have afforded pleasure to us English. To be just to both Nations, may I be allowed to remind them of the kindness with which our own wounded, and prisoners, were also treated by the Russians in the War of 1854. When her late Majesty's ship Tiger was wrecked at Odessa—a terrible scene—the Russian General, Osten Sacken, showed every kindness to our wounded and prisoners. He came daily to the hospital, seeing personally to their comfort and attendance, also that the prisoners were properly cared for.

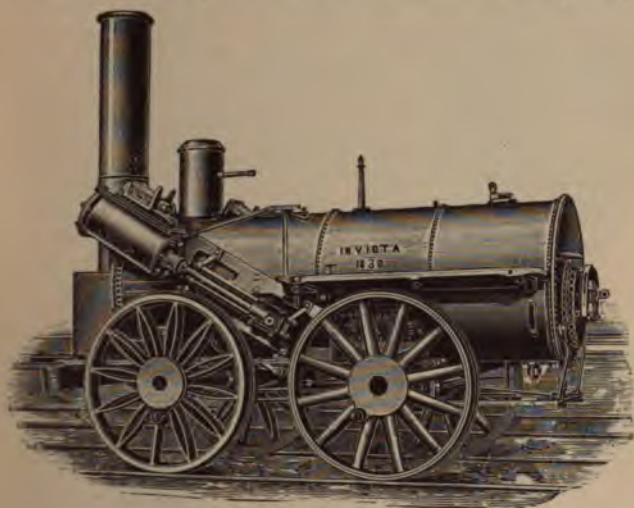
First Lieutenant Alfred Royer remarked that, in passing the graves of our soldiers, this noble General never failed to pause, take off his hat, and solemnly appeared to offer a soldier's prayer over the fallen brave. His excellent lady was, also, constantly sending comforts to our sick and prisoners from her own house, and coming to see them. This kind-hearted lady was greatly interested in the youthful midddy, Thomas Hood, who died. She had lost a boy of her own of the same age. She sat by him, wrote to his parents, enclosing a lock of his hair, assuring them that everything had been done to render his death as free as possible from suffering, and caused some trees and railings to be placed round the boy's grave. Can any dare to call such as these "enemies." Alas! that the Curse of War should still be considered necessary to Mankind, and that thousands of noble and brave men have still to be killed!

1754.

"INCREDIBLE SPEED": MANCHESTER TO LONDON IN 4½ DAYS.

In "Chambers's Book of Days," in 1754, we are told, a company of merchants in Manchester started a coach called the "Flying Coach" between their City and London. "However incredible it may appear," said their advertisement, "this Coach will actually, barring accidents, arrive in London in four days and a half, after leaving Manchester." Three years afterwards the Liverpool merchants established another of these "flying Machines on steel springs," which was intended to eclipse the Manchester one in the matter of speed. It started from

Warrington (Liverpool passengers reaching the former place the night previous to starting) and only three days were taken up in the journey to London. "Each passenger to pay two guineas—one guinea as earnest, and the other guinea on taking the coach; 14lbs. of luggage allowed, and 3d. per lb. for all luggage in excess." About as much more money as was required for the fare was expended in living and lodgings on the road, not to speak of fees to guard and driver. Fancy everyone in a modern train giving our "Drivers" 2s. 6d. each, each journey!



Early Effort (1838).



The Murderer caught. Delight of Poultry.



1840. London and Birmingham Mail Train. The Mail Car was placed last, at the end. The "Guard" still wore a *Red Coat* as in the old Coaching days. The Letter Bags in the Box at the top of the Car.
Rather different to our "Travelling Post Offices, 1907"!



1839. A "Grand Junction" First Class train, London, Birmingham, and Liverpool. The driver seems to be coolly surveying the scenery instead of attending to his engine.

1907. Fifty to Sixty Miles an Hour.



"OUTSIDE CYLINDER" ENGINE.

London and North Western, Manchester in $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours from London, instead of $4\frac{1}{2}$ days in 1754; Holyhead in $5\frac{1}{4}$ hours; Edinburgh, from Euston, $8\frac{1}{4}$ hours.

1907.



"INSIDE CYLINDER" ENGINE.

Great Western Railway, London to Plymouth, 5 hours; Great Northern Railway, London to York, $3\frac{3}{4}$ hours; Newcastle, 6 hours.

" England " Earliest Bogie (1840)
Lickey Incline.



Engineering says it may be of interest to state the Midland Railway system is an old customer of the Baldwin Company in Philadelphia. In the year 1840 these shops were owned by William Morris and Co. (the present proprietors are Burnham, Williams, and Co.), and at that period four locomotives were built there for the Birmingham and Gloucester Railway Company. They were more especially designed to work over the Bromsgrove Lickey incline, a distance of nearly three miles, the gradient being 1 in 37. The Birmingham and Gloucester Railway is now part of the Midland system. The American engines were single drivers, 48in. in diameter, wheel placed forward of the firebox, and a four-wheeled leading bogie. The cylinders were 10½in. in diameter by 18in. stroke, outside connected, and placed on the smoke box above the truck wheels. The weight was 21,500lb. in working order. The Philadelphia, one of the four, is said to have drawn a train of loaded wagons, weighing in all 74 tons, up a grade of 2.7 per cent., at a speed of 9¼ miles per hour. The "England" was a similar one.



1907. The Latest "Bogie," 999; a noted "Flyer."

Early Efforts.



Not Amiss for 1839-40.



Early Carriage.

This curious "First Class" appears in a Rare Book by A. F. Tait. He shows two of them in the Victoria Station, Hunt's Bank, Manchester, one aptly called "Gondola." Manchester and Leeds Railway. One could sit outside, or judiciously disappear inside, in Bad Weather.

1907. London to Plymouth in 5 hours.

At present the South Western route is twenty-two and a half miles shorter to Exeter, and fifteen and a half miles shorter to Plymouth ; but with the opening of the above Great Western line it will drop to being one mile shorter to Exeter and change to being five and a half miles longer to Plymouth. The appearance of the first specimen of a batch of mammoth express engines, designed by Mr. D. Drummond, the London and South Western Company's chief mechanical engineer, suggests the idea of some remarkable acceleration being in store for travellers on this railway.

The new Engine, which has just issued from the Nine Elms Works, and has begun trial working, is numbered 330. It is a four-cylinder (simple) six-coupled bogie engine—the first six-coupled express engine to be acquired by the London and South Western—and has the distinction of possessing the largest heating surface yet given to a British passenger engine, for in this latter respect it eclipses the latest French built Great Western "Atlantics," the North Eastern and Great Northern "Atlantics," and the Caledonian six-coupled "Sir James Thompson" class.

The principal dimensions of this vast machine are as follows:—Cylinders, 16in. by 24in. ; diameter of driving wheels, 6ft. ; inside diameter of boiler barrel, 5ft. 6in. ; steam pressure, 175lb. per square inch ; grate area, 31.5 square feet ; total heating surface, 2,727 square feet (of which the fire-tubes contribute 2,210 square feet, the water-tubes 357 square feet, and the fire-box 160 square feet) ; and weight (exclusive of eight-wheeled tender), 73 tons.

In the 1888 Railway Race.—London to Edinburgh, via West ($392\frac{1}{2}$) and East ($400\frac{1}{2}$) Coast Routes,—in spite of Inclines, Crossings, large Stations to pass through, and our congested Traffic, these Expresses were run for an entire month at 60 to, in one case, $72\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour at favourable points, in order to keep up their average speed of 50 to, in one case, $52\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour the entire distance, with 5 stops. A West Coast Express once, indeed, ran from Euston to Aberdeen. $539\frac{3}{4}$ miles, in 512 minutes (8 hours 32 minutes).

1838.



The earliest omnibuses had no seats at the top. It was one shilling from Bank to West End. The two box seats were 2s. and 2s. 6d. each.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS IN THE GOOD (?) OLD TIMES.

It is impossible for us in 1907,—life and property so protected by our well-governed cities,—to conceive the state of things even 200 years ago!

Open gutters or "Kennels" ran down the centre of the streets; the desired position of getting nearest to the wall was disputed, it being a rule of the "Bullies" not to give way; as all gentlemen then carried swords constant brawls and bloodshed ensued. Then, towards night, swarms of Rowdies, Cut-throats, Thieves, &c., of every kind issued forth into the miserably-lighted streets. As if this was not enough, the "Bloods" or Aristocracy (?) of that good (?) old time went about in Bands, terming themselves "Mohawks," "Slashers," &c., maltreating peaceable citizens, both men and *women*!

Gambling Hells, Drunkenness, Filth, Robbery, Murder, and Vice of every kind abounded.

The Pictures of Hogarth convey some idea of those heathen times! Say, at his prime, 1720-1750.

Even later, in the memory of our Fathers, there existed a midnight moral and spiritual darkness! The poor were neglected,—no Schools or Education for the Working Classes,—no Sunday Schools, no Public Libraries. "The People" were not properly "represented" in Parliament. No cheap Daily Newspapers, little Intelligence of any kind; no Public Baths; "Lavatories," &c., were unknown,—Sewage neglected,—everything filthy, coarse, rude, and brutal! Mozley, in his "Reminiscences of Towns, Villages, and Schools," 1885, says, "I will content myself with one point of contrast between England as it now is and England as it was three generations ago. It has forced itself upon me so often that I cannot avoid declaring it. In my younger days, seventy years ago (1815), there was heard everywhere, and at all hours, the voice of lamentation, and passion,—not always from the young nor always from the very poor. In Towns and Villages, in Streets, in Houses, in Nurseries, and Schools, and even on the Roads, there were heard continually screams, and angry altercation, as if the hearts of mankind were set against each other! Such a picture is totally inapplicable to the happier days we live in. I leave it to any Octogenarian to confirm my description." It has been the Revival of the Religion of Jesus Christ, and the influence of His followers, to which the Reform is greatly to be ascribed!

GOVERNMENT LOTTERIES.

The Writer has before him "The Observer," London Paper, published by Clement, 169, Strand, No. 1,588, Price 7d., for Sunday (!), September 2nd, 1821. It is a *single* sheet doubled ; for 7d. (!) Forwarded (post free) on the day of publication to all parts of Great Britain, and the East Indies (!), at 8/2 per quarter. Europe, Brazils, Gibraltar, West Indies, and America at 18/- per quarter. The postage of all letters must be paid, or they will not be taken in."

After stating that they do not usually notice Prize Fights, "at the particular desire of many prominent persons," (!) they have "made an exception." Then follows a lengthy Report of the Battle.

It contains an Account of the terrible Scenes which took place at the Funeral of the unfortunate Queen Charlotte, for whom great Public sympathy was felt.

Five soldiers had fired, quite unnecessarily, upon the People, and a young officer had discharged his Pistols, killing two working men! Richard Honey, a Carpenter, and George Francis, a Bricklayer. The Trades Unions of that day organised an immense Procession to give these two men a Public Funeral. The Sheriff, in risking his life to prevent a fatal collision between the Troops in the Barracks and the immense Crowds as the Funeral passed, was assaulted by the soldiers, and nearly killed! The Paper contains his expostulations to Earl Bathurst, and the latter's curt reply. The Paper,—though one sheet,—contains, indeed, more interesting news than those in our less stirring times, and is embellished with a Picture of "A Correct View of his Majesty, King George the IV., landing from the "Lightning Steam Packet,"—(a most extraordinary looking craft)—Captain Skinner, on the Pier of Howth Harbour, on Sunday, 12th August, 1821." His visit to Ireland was a Politic one. The times were critical and the Government most unpopular.

At the head of the advertisements on the first page is the following :—

"HAZARD & Co., *Contractors* for the Present Lottery, acknowledge with pleasure the numerous testimonials of approbation bestowed upon their Scheme, which contains Three Prizes of £30,000! Thirty other Capitals! Not two Blanks a Prize! Every Prize Sterling Money! No Classes,—no Stock Prizes! Begins drawing 30th of October. Hazard and Co sold and shared in the last Lottery No. 15,762 a Prize of £21,000.—No. 6,054, a Prize of £15,000, and *all* the recent £30,000 in a recent Lottery, at their offices, 93, Royal

Exchange,—26, Cornhill,—and 324, Oxford Street, where Tickets and Shares are now selling, and Schemes delivered gratis."

These Lotteries were promoted by the Government (!) Not content with taxing every possible commodity, the Government wheedled immense sums out of the People by means of these specious "Lotteries."

"Geo. IV." owed about a million through his life of Extravagance and Debauchery, and Money was always needed!

To avoid Scandal,—though those were *not* days of extreme delicacy,—the Government "let" these Lotteries "out" to "Contractors,"—Hazard & Co., being prominent for Years. These "Contractors" did the "dirty work,"—sold the Tickets,—covered the Walls with Placards,—and drew large Commissions,—sharing the Plunder with the Government. The whole Scheme was a substitute for the Public Gaming Tables of Europe in that day, which ran till the "Iron" Bismarck closed them all (save Monaco,—"Monte Carlo") in the Autumn of 1872. These "Lotteries" were *worse*, in the *Suspense* they kept their Victims in,—for Months! They demoralized, and ruined thousands! The Price of each Ticket was considerable, but the "entire" "whole" Ticket was subdivided into £1 "Shares." If it struck a Prize, the several owners "shared" proportionately to the "shares" of that ticket they held. Add to the three great £30,000 Prizes, which Hazard's Company advertise, the "Thirty" other "Capitals," or "Prizes,"—(say, total, £160,000)—the *Profit* to the Government, and Contractors, probably as much, if not more,—also the heavy Expenses, "Puffing" and advertising, &c.; and it is clear that the Public must have subscribed *immense* Sums to these incessant Lotteries! At "£10 a Ticket,"—20,000 sold, would give £200,000, and it would be *cash down*! The "Drawings" were in Public,—Boys from the "Blue Coat School" were engaged to draw the numbers from the Wheels. What a moral training for Youth! The prizes *were* in, *were* paid, the drawing *was* no doubt *fair*, but the "Not two Blanks to a Prize" was a deception! Were all the tickets actually sold before the "Drawing?" If, say, *half* the number were *not* bought, then, as *all* the tickets were probably put in (?) the chances were immensely against the purchasers of the *other* half. Again, the whole "Ticket was subdivided."

Every *not sold* ticket striking a great Prize, of course brought the money *safely back* to the Government, to go towards the next Ballot.

For 40 years, to the Writer's knowledge,—probably for years.

longer,—the Agents of "Austrian State Lotteries," &c., have been sending their Schemes several times a year to the addresses of English Families, obtained from the Directories, asking them to forward the cash to them for tickets! *Some* unhappy, credulous, victims, *must* be taken in, else it *would not have paid* to continue "the posting" for 40 years!

Suppose the person you sent your money to,—though you know absolutely nothing of him,—*did* really buy you a genuine (not a "bogus") ticket. *Suppose* he put that genuine ticket in, and it *did* win a Prize, do you *suppose* (on the final supposition) that he will send that Prize to you?

The *entire System*,—as indeed is *Horse Racing*,—of Lotteries, —Racing,—the Gaming Table, &c., is a *Delusion*!

The Bookmaker wins,—the Public lose!

PARIS EXHIBITION,—1878,—LOTTERY.

THE DECEPTION OF GAMING,—7 WHEELS TO STOP AT

"No. 0,000,001."

To avoid the alleged Deficit on the Great Paris Exhibition, of 1878, a gigantic Lottery, with some millions of one franc Tickets, was organised. The Prizes and the Winning Numbers were advertised in the "Times."

What were the chances of the "Franc" ticket taking a Prize? At the "Drawing," 6 Wheels, each with the number 0 to 9, were employed. The first six wheels gave,—when they stopped spinning,—the *six numbers* towards the "million." The Seventh Wheel was the "master" Wheel, giving the *number* of the million, to which the numbers the others gave belonged.

Now, suppose your Franc Ticket had been by chance, "No. 1." "Utterly improbable!" *Why?* Boswell once calling a "Hackney" Coach—just then invented—for Dr. Johnson, remarked that it was *very* singular that it happened to be "No. 1." Poor Boswell was unfortunate in his remarks! He was *always* wrong!

"*Not at all, Sir!*" thundered the tremendous Doctor,—there is nothing extraordinary *about it at all!* If there are 70 Hackney Coaches, there is nothing more remarkable in your calling 'No. 1' than any other of the 70!"

Let us then, hold "No. 1" franc ticket. A Prize is called from the List, and the six wheels are spun, to see what ticket is to have it. For your "No. 1" to turn up,—the first five Wheels must *all* have stopped at 0, the Sixth Wheel at 1,—and, lastly, the Seventh Wheel at 0, also, indicating that you were not in the "Millions" at all!

Dr. Johnson would allow, that though there was nothing more remarkable in *one* Wheel stopping at 0 than any other of its 10 numbers, it was *speechlessly* improbable that 6 *Wheels*, out of 7, all spun together, should *all stop at No. 0* !

Yet your chance of such a Miracle happening was not more remote than that of any other number of the Millions of Tickets ! Many, though buying a quantity, never got *within tens of thousands* of a Prize !

This is merely a strong effort to exhibit the folly of the Gaming or Lottery System. The *only* Parties who *can never lose* are the *Promoters* !

Once given way to, "Gaming" becomes a Sin, and absolute *Madness* !

READING-ROOMS AND BETTING

"Permit me to appeal very earnestly to the Free Libraries Committee of the Town Council to rid the central and branch newsrooms of the racing fraternity who now monopolise them. Complaints loud and numerous, in your columns and elsewhere, so far have produced no remedy. The daily papers in the central newsroom are simply quite inaccessible to the general public. Each stand is besieged by tipsters and bookmakers, eager for the odds, many of them openly copying the sporting columns. Free libraries were intended to benefit and elevate the people, but ours in this respect have become a pestilence. They are fostering and spreading the betting fever, and our noble library, which we like to take visitors to see, and point to as one of the glories of Birmingham, is crowded with what I must call the scum of the population. Let the sporting columns be blacked out ; that is an effectual remedy."

GAMBLING, 1891.

"Some time ago we referred in these columns to the fact that free libraries in the district were becoming the haunts of the lower class of betting men, and we understand that for some time the — Free Libraries Committee has had under consideration the question of ridding the Library and the Branch Reading-room in — Road of these unwelcome visitors. It seems that of late numbers of these men have been in the habit of putting in an appearance at the Library and Branch Reading-room at nine o'clock in the morning, and, after perusing the daily papers, have remained until the London papers arrive at ten o'clock. They also make their appearance in the evening, and at certain times practically monopolise the papers. They prove themselves a nuisance to other readers, and prevent to some extent the more respectable class of readers using the room. The librarian, Mr. —, suggested that one means of remedying the evil would be to black out the whole of the items referring to betting and horse-racing before the papers are issued for perusal, and the committee unanimously resolved to adopt this extreme measure, which will be put into effect on Monday."

It *does* seem pitiable that our splendid Public Libraries, intended to advance the culture and intelligence of the People,

should be thus employed. Why do respectable,—leading,—English newspapers advertise Racing “odds,” Betting, &c., *at all*? The *Daily News* has given it up.

Cock fights, Bull-baiting, Prize-fighting, and other brutal exhibitions (called “Sport”) were incessant! From 1800 to 1835 the Rules of a Prize-Fight were very lax. “Butting” with the head was allowed; and when the men could stand no longer the seconds were allowed to carry them up to the “mark.” Thus “Dutch Sam” won a desperate Fight, towards its conclusion, by a “butt” with his head into the face of his opponent (Gaynor), while Samuel Bryne and “Deaf Burke,”—in their fatal three hours (!) Fight,—were constantly *carried up* to “the mark” time after time! Bryne died the following day, greatly distressed in mind at having previously killed another Pugilist, “Sandy McKay,”—in a former Prize-fight. When Owen, a noted Boxer, killed his opponent,—“Brighton Bill,”—the Coroner’s Jury were so shocked at the terrible sight the body presented that they were only deterred from bringing in a Verdict of Manslaughter, from the fact that Owen’s life was also, at the time, almost despaired of! He killed two opponents in his career. As very large sums were risked upon these “Events,” and the Pugilists themselves invested their money frequently on their chance of success, they fought, naturally, desperately *to the last*.

Thus Hickman “The Gasman,”—a formidable Boxer,—received a blow from Neat, the Bristol Butcher, which, as a Spectator said, “That blow, I fear, has cost me £100!” And so it ultimately did! He was about to fall on his face, when he received another which brought him on his back! Yet he fought several more rounds! Yet he had previously beaten four of the leading Pugilists in a few minutes, while Neat, subsequently, seemed quite helpless before “Spring” (Winter), the pupil of Tom Cribb.

Captain Barclay cleared £10,000 on Cribb (whom he “trained”) in his second fight with Molineux, the Elder, (The Black). An only Son of a poor Widow was killed in a Prize Fight, in which Captain Barclay was concerned, and he never attended another one!

The Aristocracy (?) of those good (?) old Times attended these Fights,—George the Fourth, of despicable Memory, was present at a Prize Fight! Swarms of Roughts, Rowdies, Thieves, and Blackguards, of every description, followed these “Fights” all over the Country, no matter what weather! There were terrible scenes! An immense Platform gave way during Spring’s fight with Langham, and numbers were terribly injured!

"Time! Time!"



A "Prize Fight" 80 years ago (1820).

The men usually fought on Wooden Platforms, so that a severe "throw" upon the hard boarding was terribly felt!

The large Sums at Stake induced immense excitement towards the close of a Battle, and led to attempts at unfair play,—breaking the Ring, &c.,—in order to save their Money.

Many thousands of pounds were at stake at the last three rounds, when the brave "John Bull Fighter,"—but always too fat,—Josh Hudson, contrary to all expectation, conquered Jem Ward.

So many attempts have, lately, been made to revive Prize Fighting, that the present repulsive Picture is *purposely* introduced, in order to exhibit the Brutal Scene in its *true character*! May it *serve its purpose* in disgusting the Young Reader, and letting the immorality, and *true character*, of all such exhibitions be plainly set forth!

"THE GOOD (?) OLD TIMES!"

We have to thank Christian men,—the true followers of Christ,—and His Precepts,—and Teachings for our Reforms. It has been their influence, Example, and *Persistent Opposition*, to all that is degrading, brutal, and evil, which has, at length, brought the Nations under the "Reign of Law"—*Christian Laws*,—founded upon Christianity, and its Great Teacher!

It is those Laws,—and the Law, alone, dear Reader,—which forbids the recurrence of such abuses. The "baser sort" of Mankind are just as ready to have all these brutal

exhibitions once more! Fallen Human Nature remains the same!

Cockfights are still (1907) carried on, in secret, as the Papers have recently described, so are "Gaming Hells," the Papers themselves have for 90 years advertised Races, and thus encouraged Betting,—while, whenever the Police can be evaded, "Prize Fights" take place.

Let us be thankful that we are under Christian Rulers, a Monarch, who, for half a Century, has given "a tone" to our Nation of untold value,—and a Government ever on the side of right and of Reform desirous of making it *easy* for those who choose to *do* right,—and difficult,—unless they resist the Law,—to do Evil!

CONCLUSION.

The Question remains, whether, amongst immensely improved surroundings, and vast advance made in the Conveniences, Comforts, and even Luxuries of Life, we are so much the more advanced Morally, and Religiously, for it all, as a Nation? Well! dear Reader, it would seem when we look around us, that true Religious Principle, Christian Life, and Practice, seem as little popular as they ever were!

Piety, and Religion, never *were* popular in this fallen World, and it would appear that they never will be! You may improve outward surroundings,—afford opportunities of self-improvement, hitherto unknown,—but it is to be feared that fallen Human Nature remains pretty much what it ever was!

A *Nation* is what its individual members are themselves! Our laws being now based upon Christian ideas, rules, and practice, forbid the abuses, and horrors, of the Past. Those Times can never return! Mankind cannot *go back*! The opportunities of self-improvement, self-culture, and securing "Success in life," were never so great as in our day, but the will, and desire, to lead a Godly Life are too often as much lacking as they ever were! Unless the vast outward improvements of the past 90 years lead to a REVIVAL OF TRUE RELIGION amongst the Nations, then the mere advance in "Civilisation," outward comforts, and Luxury, without an advance in true, genuine, "Christianity," will prove, after all, to be a *Sham*, and we shall not have, in that case, quite so much cause, to exult so greatly over the contrast 1907 presents to "THE GOOD (?) OLD TIMES."

Are our Tastes much advanced in 90 years ? A Prize Fight, 1817.

In those days, till 1860, men fought for the Championship for three hours, with their fists,—and “ throwing ” allowed,—for £400.

A Prize Fight, 1817.

“ Time ! Time ! ”



A Prize Fight, 1907.

“ Time ! Time ! ”



The “ Knock out.” Is it much better than in 1817 ? Four deaths in one year in London, even “ with the gloves,” £1 to £2 given for seats !—and heavy bettings. A Boxer has just (1906) won £4,600, for his share of “ the Gate ” for his fight with the gloves ; and no “ throwing ” allowed !

1833. "A Train of Carriages with Cattle, &c.



Drawn by T. Shaw, Liverpool.

Aquatint by S. G. Hughes.

Published by Ackermann & Co.,
Strand, London, January, 1833.



1833. Goods Trains on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway.

1833. "A Train of First Class Carriages with the Mail,"
Passenger Trains on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway.



Drawn by J. Shaw, Liverpool.

Aquaint by S. G. Hughes.
Strand, London, January, 1833.
Published by Ackermann & Co.,



1833. "A Train of Second Class,—for outside Passengers,"

CONCLUSION.

The two views of Trains in "1833" to conclude our Chapter,—occur in a rare work by T. T. Bury, "from Drawings made on the spot." The views are by T. Shaw, coloured. The "First Class" cars were painted yellow: the Mail Car red, with black panels. The Engine was named "Jupiter," the 1st car "Traveller," the 2nd "Times," the 3rd "Marquis of Stafford," and the 4th car "Treasurer."

The "Tender" appears, for the first time, in the *best* trains, to be taking the place of the early Tank,—or Barrel,—to hold the water,—still, however, in use. The men seem to be amongst the Sheep and Pigs with sticks, employing severe measures, while the horse-box of 1833, and the positions of the men, coolly riding on the goods trucks, appear *decidedly* precarious. There were, then, but two "Classes,"—the ominous term,—"*for outside passengers*,"—bodes ill for the latter, should the weather be bad.



A FABLE.

I'll tell you a Tale,—two vessels set sail without either Captain or Crew,—
Your wonder to settle,—they were a Brass Kettle,—an Earthenware Porringer too,
"Oh dear,"—said the latter,—"*Why* what is the matter?" the Kettle demanded
at last,
"Why I think,"—said the Jug, "*I* must certainly sink,—*I* am filling with water
so fast!"
"Oh! don't be afraid, I'll lend you my aid,—hook on to my spout," said the Kettle.
Said the Pitcher,—"*Oh* dear! it is *you* that I fear; since if we come nigh, of the
blow I must die,
For I'm China,—while *you* are of Metal."

As the Weaker oft suffer by Strong ones,—*I* say,—that the Weaker had better
keep out of their way.

Distress,—Makeshifts,—and Unhappiness, is caused by poor Families attempting to vie
with the Rich, instead of enjoying themselves amongst those in their own Class, and
position.

This Chapter needs Patience in Reading.



The "Lamps," and "Candlestick."—(Upright Chandelier)—
of the Ancients,

CHAPTER XXI.

Encouragement to the Young Christian to Enter the "Wicket Gate," and to Persevere in the good Daily Habits, and Christian Life, suggested in this Volume.

THE ANCIENT "LAMP."—THE "SMOKING FLAX."—THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN DESPONDING.—THE "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS" THROUGH THIS WORLD, THE SAME AS IN GOOD JOHN BUNYAN'S TIME.—SINS FALL BEFORE THE CROSS.—SIN, LIONS, AND "GIANT" DESPAIR, ALL GIVE WAY BEFORE PRAYER.—SAFE AT LAST.

"A Bruised Reed shall He not break, and SMOKING FLAX shall He not quench."—*Matt. xiii., 20. Isaiah xlii., 3.*

Light.

"And God said, 'Let there be Light,' and there was Light."—*Gen. i. 3.*

"Thy Word is a Lamp unto my feet,—and a Light unto my Path."—*Psalms cxix. 105.*

"I am the Light of the World. He that followeth Me shall not walk in Darkness, but shall have the light of Life."—*John viii. 12.*

"That is the True Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the World."—*John i. 9.*

"A Light to lighten the Gentiles."—*Luke* ii. 32.

"Let your Light so shine before men!"—*Matt.* v. 16.

"Light is sown for the Righteous,—and gladness for the Upright in Heart!"—*Psalms* xcvi. 11.

NOTE.—The Reader is asked to peruse in the last Chapter,—the description of our Forefathers' Struggles with the Flint, Steel, "Tinder Box," and "Rushlight." (Page 146)

TO the Genius of that splendid man,—Prince Albert,—we owe,—as a Nation,—that now, most valuable Land upon which are already built (others will probably follow) the noble "Albert Hall,"—the New British Museum, "Natural History Section" (Cromwell Road), and the "South Kensington Museum," London.

This gifted Prince,—never properly appreciated by our Nation, until we had lost him,—appeared,—during his indefatigable life,—to be actuated by one noble Thought and Desire,—namely, that of securing the Welfare and Happiness of this Country, and of us, his Subjects.

We owed to his genius that Splendid Scheme, and amazing Success, the First "Great Exhibition," in Hyde Park, 1851. The great Tree enclosed in its lofty Nave is presumed to be still in Hyde Park uninjured by its nine Months' enclosure, while the Huge Glass Palace itself,—re-erected in 1854 as the "Crystal Palace," Sydenham,—after 40 years,—still affords innocent pleasure to Millions.

Those of us who have since visited almost every Great Exhibition, including Vienna, Philadelphia, the Paris, and even Australia's,—and still look back wistfully to that grand sight in 1851! It was the first of its kind! *Once seen, never to be forgotten!*

With the Proceeds of the Exhibition of 1851, the Land above alluded to,—*now* worth an immense Sum,—was purchased from the Blessington Family.

That magnificent Terra Cotta Edifice,—the "Natural History Museum," Cromwell Road,—has relieved the Old British Museum Building, of its prodigious Natural History Accumulations, thus making room for other Sections. The eye is actually wearied with the rows of Glass Cases, containing a Collection of Birds,—Butterflies,—Insects,—Shells,—Fish,—Geological Specimens,—&c., &c., now at the Cromwell Road Museum, such as the World has never before seen!

Relieved, thus, of one Section of its vast accumulations, the "old" British Museum Building has been enabled to release its Rooms,—thus set at liberty,—by bringing forth

more of its priceless treasures to Public View. We now pass from "Vase Room No. 1," to many others, filled with Ancient Greek and Roman relics,—a Collection second to none in the World!

Indeed, those of us familiar with the Naples Museum,—although the latter has been, for generations, upon the very spot for obtaining the buried Treasures of the Ancients,—must nevertheless give the palm to our British Museum!

Amongst other treasures, the Visitor is struck with the number, and variety, of these Ancient "Lamps," in Bronze and Earthenware. Presenting, as they do, an infinite variety of ingenious, often graceful, frequently fantastic designs, these "Lamps" of the Ancients are all constructed upon the same system.

All of them possess—at the furthest extremity from the handle,—a small,—circular,—hole, to receive the Wick, which was, usually, of Flax. In the centre of the Lamp, at the top, a circular, but somewhat larger opening, received the oil, which was poured in from a small earthenware jug, or vessel. It was this needful supply of additional oil which the foolish Virgins neglected to take with them.

"They took no oil with their Lamps, but the *Wise* Virgins took oil in their vessels, with their Lamps."—*Matt.* xxv. 4.



"The Wise took oil with their Lamps."

These Ancient Lamps were of every degree of excellence, from the small, rude fabric of burnt clay, up to the often elaborate, elegant, tasteful Lamp in Bronze, with, at times, two openings at its extremity so as to burn two wicks, instead of only one. "But what a poor, dismal, feeble light these lamps would give at best!" No doubt! But, in the houses of the Wealthy, also in Public Buildings, there would be "Candlesticks,"—or what we should now term upright

"Chandeliers," having branches terminating with shelves upon which a number of these Lamps would be placed. These Lamps, if kept constantly trimmed, and properly filled with oil, by the Servants,—would give a certain amount of Light.

MANKIND CONTENT TILL THEY HEAR OF
SOMETHING BETTER.

We must remember, dear Reader, that the Ancients could be *contented* with very poor substitutes for our Modern Luxuries, because they had never known, or heard, of the existence of *anything better* ! Let us apply this to ourselves ! We, Christian Believers,—dear Youth, who reads this Book,—would have remained quite contented with grasping the poor, unsatisfying, things of Sense, and Time,—the Gains, and passing Pleasures of a Transient and dying World,—its feeble Lamps,—and delusive joys,—had not,—God one day,—sent a new Light to our Souls ! Every Young Christian,—impressed with Religion,—has heard a Heavenly Music,—sweet voices not of *this* World,—which have spoken to him of his Heavenly Home !

We must needs hear that blessed "call" of the Supreme,—those heavenly sounds,—once more !

No more *contentment*, dear young Christian, for you or me, with the dim lights of *this* World,—the Lamps of "Vanity Fair,"—of the "City of Destruction,"—this World, with its poor Candles, must go ! We have seen a better, a more glorious Light,—the Light of our Heavenly Home !

When the Worldly speak to the Young Christian of the good things of this life, and "Worldly Wiseman" urges the necessity of seeing *very* carefully to the things of this World, "getting on" in life,—plenty of time for religion "later on" in life,—"time enough yet,"—the Young Christian feels that he has *something better*,—now !

"These things were all to me at one time ! But, in my early Youth, there came a day,—it was a day of days to my soul,—when a Heavenly Visitant came knocking at my door ! I did not seek Him ! But He came ! He spoke words to my Soul,—sweet music,—such as I had never heard ! This World,—its gains, its pleasures,—do not seem to me as they *once* did ! Seek them those that will, but, as for me, I heard a sweeter Voice than I had ever heard, Who said, "Will you be Mine ?"

It came,—a precious music to my dark soul ; I said,—"By Thy help, *I will* !" I must hear that Voice again ! This World must pass ! I must begin my Journey to the Bright Home above ! I must *away* ! "The BRIDEGROOM was so SWEET."

Thus our Lord,—speaking of us Christian Believers,—says, “Ye are the Light of the World,” and warns us against inconstancy, or being untrue to our Profession. “Men do not light a candle,”—(one of these Ancient Lamps, used in our Saviour’s time),—“and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick, and it giveth light unto all that are in the house” —(*Matt. v., 14, 15*).

“Let your light so shine before men !”

What ! Dear young Reader ? A Young Christian,—a Sabbath School Teacher,—and *seen in the Theatre !* listening to Plays replete with vulgar immorality and sin. Surely there are Manly Sports and innocent Recreations you can join in, consistent with a Christian’s life ! Do avoid bringing discredit to the cause you have espoused !

There is another allusion to these Candlesticks (*Rev. v., 5*),—and a solemn one, it is, too,—addressed to a “lukewarm,” sleeping, and indifferent, Church !

“Nevertheless, I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love ; remember thou hast fallen, and repent, else I will come quickly, and remove thy candlestick out of his place !”

Dear Reader, if, as Christians, we are inconsistent, and give no light, shall not we also be “removed ?” “Ye are the *Salt of the Earth*,”—our Blessed Lord assures us Christians,—“But,”—He adds,—“if the Salt have *lost his savour*, wherewith shall it be salted ? It is henceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out.”—(*Matt. v., 13*). Christian Reader, you cannot live unmarked, unnoticed, as do others ! You must either cease to be a Christian, or you must “shine.” However feebly a light, every true Believer *must* give to a careless,—irreligious World !

THE SMOKING FLAX.

Here comes the *deep meaning* of those words “Smoking Flax will He not quench !”

These Ancient Lamps required to be replenished from time to time with fresh oil ; if this was neglected the Flax Wick would not go out *suddenly*, but the flame would gradually become feeble,—then dim,—and, finally, the *flame* and the *light* disappear, but *still* the “smoking flax” wick would smoke for some time longer,—and *even now*, if the wick was *blown* quickly, and gently, *upon*, the smoke would increase,—a faint returning spark of light would appear, and this continued and the needful *fresh oil* added, the Lamp would light, and give as much light as ever it did !

So it is with the flame of grace in the heart of every Christian Youth ! There are times,—you know it as well as I do,—when that precious flame *burns very, very low !* Ah ! That

"smoking flax!" The "light" we give, (our example as Christians), does, *indeed*, seem a feeble one! So much so, that the Young Believer is at times quite discouraged in the "Slough of Despond," and is apt to fear that his Light has gone out altogether! Of course, Satan takes every advantage of our falls, and inconsistent conduct, and discouragement, to drive the Young Christian to despair! "*There, I told you so! I told you that you would never be a true Christian! I told you that it was no use your trying! Look at your character, your inconsistency, your example! You a Christian? Be persuaded! Give it all up! Remain my servant! Live for this World only! Give up prayer! Devote your time to yourself, and getting on in the World, like other people, then you will be one day a wealthy and successful man!*"

The Youth who is "called" by the Blessed God to the happy life of a Young Christian knows that what I say is true! He knows that the "Slough of Despond" is not far from the "Wicket Gate!" That inspired, and holy man of God,—John Bunyan,—knew Satan's artifices *well!* Many a sore conflict he had gone through before the once evil-living, and Christless Tinker, became the honoured, devoted saint of God, whose wondrous Book, the "Pilgrim's Progress," has become perhaps the best known book to English-speaking Nations, next to the Bible itself! John Bunyan knew where to put the "Slough of Despond"—he knew the despondency into which many a Young Christian—loved by God, falls; that it is at the *commencement* of his Journey to [his Heavenly Home, not far from the "Wicket Gate!"



Despondency.—The "Slough of Despond."

Pliable fell into the Slough with Christian, but Pliable had had enough of a Christian life !

"Let me but get out again with my life," says he, "and you shall possess the brave Country alone for me !" He struggled out,—but it was on the *wrong* side ; he got out on that side nearest the "City of Destruction." He dropped the life of a Christian ! "And Christian saw him no more !"

Not so with a Christian Youth ! He struggles with his despondency as good Christian did ; always endeavouring

"To struggle to that side of the Slough that was nearest the Wicket Gate, the which he did, but could not get out because of the 'Burden' (*his past sins*) which was upon his back." A good man named Help, however, came up, and asks,

Help.—"But why did you not look for the Steps ?"

(The great, and precious *Promises* of the Faithful God, sure, and steadfast, through Jesus Christ to every young Christian.)

Christian.—"Fear, and despondency, followed me so very hard, that I did not think of the Steps, I did not see them, and so fell in !"

Then said Help, "Give me thy hand."

(We must do *our* part, by prayer, and the use of the means of Grace, we must give God, and the precious Saviour, in this way, "our hand.")

"So he gave him his hand, and he drew him out, and set him on *sound ground* (Belief, and trust in Jesus) and bid him go on his way !"

"Then I stepped up to him that plucked him out,"—continues Bunyan's Dream,—and said, "Sir, since over this place is the way to yonder Wicket Gate, why is it that this place is not mended that poor travellers might reach it with more security ?" And he said to me, "This miry Slough is such a place as *cannot be mended* ! The scum and filth that attend *conviction of sin* do so continually run into it ! When the sinner is awakened, there arise in his soul so many fears, doubts, discouraging apprehensions, and these all settle in this place.

"It is not the pleasure of the King that this place should remain so bad. His labourers for hundreds of years have been employed about it : there have been swallowed up millions of wholesome instructions, but it is the Slough of Despond still, and ever will be. There are, however, STEP-PING STONES placed through it, but men hardly heed them, and fall in."

YOUNG READER.—Give me a few of these "*stepping stones*,"—God's promises,—to help me out of my despondency !

Well !

"My sheep *hear My voice*, and I know them, and they follow Me ; and I give unto them Eternal life ; and *they shall never perish*,—neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand !" —*John* x. 27-28.

You, young Believer, have heard that Voice,—that priceless "call" of God ! Unless you desert *Him*, He will never again desert *you* !

"For I am persuaded that neither death ; nor life, nor angels, nor powers ; nor things present, nor things to come ; nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us,"—(Paul of course, is addressing Christian Believers),—"from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."—*Romans* viii. 39.

"For Sin shall not have dominion over you ; for ye are not under the law, but under grace."—*Romans* vi. 14.

"Let not your heart be troubled ; in my Father's house are many Mansions ; I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am, there ye may be also."—*John* xiv. 1-3.

"If a man love Me, he will keep My words : and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him."—*John* xiv. 23.

"Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in My name, He will give it you, for the Father himself loveth you, because ye have loved Me, and have believed that I came out from God."—*John* xvi. 23-27.

Note.—The YOUNG READER will note that all these Promises are to "Believers" in our Lord. If you were not yourself a young Believer, and near the entrance of the "Wicket Gate," you would not be asking for "Stepping Stones," nor would you be concerned at all about Religion !

"Neither pray I for these alone" (the immediate followers of our blessed Lord), "but for them also which shall believe on Me through their word. Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am ; that they may behold My glory, which thou hast given Me ; for thou lovedst Me before the foundation of the world."—*John* xvii. 20-24.

"I love them that love Me, and they that seek Me early shall find Me."—*Proverbs* viii. 17.

"I do remember thee, the kindness of thy youth, the love of thine espousals."—*Jer.* ii. 2.

Good "Stepping Stones" these, dear Young Reader !

Are you honouring either the eternal God, or our blessed Lord, by doubting either His power,—or His willingness,—to be true to His promises in *your* case, as in all others, when sincere applications are made in His own appointed way ?

THE FEEBLY BURNING LAMP.

"Ah !" says the Young Believer, "brave words ! Precious promises these truly ! But I fear not for *me* ! I have such a very indifferent character naturally, I fear that I shall never get through,—never become a real, true, self-denying Christian."

"How faintly my lamp burns,—if it burn at all ! It seems as if my faith in God was gone ! I am tempted at times, do you know, to give up prayer, altogether !" Well ! dear Reader, the flame of grace,—our "Lamp,"—*does* seem to flicker at some period of the Christian's "Progress,"—usually at the beginning of the Christian course,—our example, it may be, seems such a poor one before others,—our sins so

frequent,—our increasing consciousness of our own worthlessness, humbling, and depressing! But, this is the very sign of a child of God,—to be *emptied of yourself*, that *dependence upon Christ* may come in! Let there but be *on our part*, the Habit of Daily Prayer,—steadily continued,—and humble, but *firm* “belief,” faith, and reliance on God’s faithfulness and promises only exercised, and *He* will see to the rest! Yes! the undoubtedly *mysterious*, but most sweet and blessed influences of God the Holy Spirit, *shall blow* upon the “smoking flax” in your flickering lamp of faith! Under His divine influence, and priceless,—inestimable,—breath, the feeble flame of that expiring lamp of yours shall revive! Our blessed Lord will add fresh oil! And, when you are emptied of *yourself*, and *leave all to Christ*, then hope revives,—peace returns,—and lo! your lamp,—thus placed under the *Divine care*,—burns brighter than ever! It would be more gratifying to our pride, dear Young Reader, if we could *do all ourselves* apart from Christ, be in fact, *our own Saviour*! But we *cannot*! Come to Christ we *must*!

“Without Me ye can do nothing.”—*John xv. 5.*

THE “WICKET GATE.”

Young Reader, “But such difficulties in my Path! Evil Companions,—Derision,—Bad Example,—Sin,—all around me! And, do you know, my Parents and Relations do not like so much piety and religion! My own Sins too! I shall never weather it all out!” Well! Satan *does* make it very difficult to enter into the “strait” (difficult) Wicket Gate! *Why?* Because He knows that once a Youth gets in, the Christian life begun,—he will probably continue in that “narrow way that leadeth unto life,” and his reign will be



The “Wicket Gate.”

spent 12 years in jail, and "Kirke and his Lambs," were then abroad! Fancy, dear Reader, giving this good and holy man a term of imprisonment,—(merely for preaching the Gospel)—three times as long as we bestow upon Burglars and even Murderers in 1907! The Lions in your Path are, at any rate, less severe now! Lions there certainly still are, but Christian forgot to have faith in God's faithfulness! "He did not know that *the lions were chained!*" He ought to have known it.

"Now he had not gone far before he entered into a very narrow passage; and looking very narrowly before him as he went, he espied two lions in the way! Now, thought he, I see the danger that Mistrust and Timorous were driven back by! Then did Christian think also himself that he must needs go back after them. But the Porter of the Lodge, whose name was Watchful, perceiving that Christian made a halt, as if he would go back, cried unto him, "Fear not the Lions, for they are chained, and are placed there for trial of faith, and for the discovery of those that have none,"—(and we may add, *do not ask for it*)—"keep in the middle of the Path, and no hurt shall come unto Thee."

He went on, therefore, trembling, for he heard their roar, but they did him no harm!"

"THEY SHALL NOT BE MENTIONED UNTO HIM."

"Yes!" says the young Believer, "but it is not so much outward opposition which daunts me, it is *my own sins* which stop my Christian course! *There they are!* almost as bad as ever! *Always* coming up!" Well Christian's "burden" on his back was his sins, and you can get rid of them as Christian did. "Thou shalt call His name Jesus" (Saviour in the Hebrew), "for He shall save His people from their sins." That is our Lord's mission, and prerogative!

Our Sins fall before the Cross of Christ.



Christian loses his burden (of Sin) and sees the three "Shining Ones."

"The highway up which Christian was to go had, on either side, a Wall called Salvation." (The "strait and narrow" way.) "Up this

Way, therefore, he went, but not without great difficulty, because of the load upon his back." (We all feel bitterly our sins, and the hindrance they are to us.) "He went thus till he came to a place where stood a Cross. And a little below it, I saw, in my dream, was a Sepulchre. And, just as he came up with the Cross, and looked stedfastly thereon, his Burden began to loosen from off his back,—and began to tumble!—And tumble it did, and continued so to do, till it came to the mouth of the Sepulchre,—into the which it fell, and Christian saw it no more!"

"All his transgressions that he hath committed shall not be mentioned unto him, he shall surely live, he shall not die."—*Ezekiel xviii.*, 22.

"None of his sins that he hath committed shall be mentioned unto him; he shall surely live."—*Ezekiel xxxiii.*, 16.

"Thou hast in love to my soul delivered it from the pit of corruption: for Thou hast cast all my sins behind Thy back!"—*Isaiah xxxviii.*, 17.

"Why? He is a sinner like the others!"—Justice cries!—"True!" says the all Just, and yet indulgent, Lord God,—“But he took me at My Word,—he came to Me in My own appointed way—claimed an interest in the Sacrifice of his Saviour,—and *what is this* that I see upon that once sinful soul? Surely it is the blood of My dear Son! I am reconciled! I shall not strike, for *I see no Sinner there!*”

Dear young Believer, what have you to do with your past sins? Come you to Christ! Let Him see to that!

"Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is Christ that died!"—*Romans viii.*, 33, 34.

"Yes! But I am an older person than those for whom you wrote this Book, and I am almost despairing! To tell the truth I fear I am as sinful as I was twenty or forty years ago! I am full of doubts,—can get no certainty."

Well, but that is no sign that you are not a Christian! The love of sin is certainly no longer what it once was, else why does it give such grief and discouragement? An unregenerate soul never grieves over sin!

CAPTIVE TO GIANT "DESPAIR."



The Dungeon in Doubting Castle! (Unbelief.)

Remember, too, that Christian, and even his companion "*Hopeful*," when *well on* their Christian course both fell, *for a time*, into Despair !

That grim Tyrant,—"*Giant Despair*,"—caught them *asleep* (prayer neglected) on his Grounds,—(where they ought *never* to have been) took them to his Castle, and to a "*very dark Dungeon*, nasty, and stinking."—Then the Giant, "*getteth* him a grievous crab-tree cudgel," fell upon them, and beat them "*fearfully*," and counselled them to make an end of themselves, either by knife, halter, or poison ! "

"Well, on Saturday, about Midnight, they began to pray, and continued in prayer till almost break of day." (Note.—The Reader must remember that the holy man John Bunyan, who wrote this book, had himself to go through terrible assaults of the Devil before he became a Christian.)

"Now, a little before it was day, good Christian, as one amazed, broke out in this passionate speech. 'What a fool am I,' quoth he, 'thus to lie in this stinking Dungeon, when we might walk at liberty ; I forgot that I had a key in my bosom called '*Promise*,' (Like the '*Stepping Stones*,' dear Reader) that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in '*Doubting Castle*.' Then said *Hopeful*, 'That's *good news*, brother ! *Pluck* it out of thy bosom and try ! ' It opened their dungeon door,—it opened the outer door to the Castle yard,—lastly,—(for *Despair* is a fearful state to get into !) they tried the Iron Gate, but that lock went *desperately hard*,—nevertheless the Key *did* open it ! But that gate, as it opened, made such a creaking, that it waked the Giant, who, hastily rising to pursue them, fell *into one of his fits* (for *Giant Despair* has, sometimes, *Fits*,—in *Sunshiny Weather*)—and so they escaped from his reach ! "

Reader ! Older, or Younger, follow their example ! Never "*Despair*" in God's Power to change, and Save ! Pluck His Promises out of *your* Bible, and apply to the Saviour while Time and opportunity are yours !

What do *we* know of the Resources, and Changing, Saving Grace of our God and Christ ?

THE TRINITY.

Young Christian. "I am willing to live a Life of Prayer, like a good '*Christian*,' being convinced that Salvation must be a work of Almighty God alone,—and am willing to seek for that saving and changing grace which He alone can bestow,—but I have a difficulty as to which person of the Trinity I am constantly to pray to, whether God the Father,—the Son,—or the Holy Spirit ! "

It is well ever to remember that, though the Eternal God has thought fit to reveal Himself to Mankind, in the relationship of (1) our Creator, (2) our Saviour, (3) our Sanctifier, the connexion is so intimate, that, it is impossible for a sincere Young Christian to pray to,—believe in,—and "*wait upon* "

—one person of the blessed Trinity, without obtaining the approval and love of God. In these points, God the Holy Spirit,—if asked,—will undoubtedly enlighten the mind,—it is, indeed, His office to do so. The Young Believer may rest assured that this will be the case ;—his place is to patiently ask, and wait upon God, for all things,—Wisdom, Faith,—Change of Heart,—Love,—Gratitude,—Guidance,—Implicit confidence in His faithfulness, &c.,—all are most certainly and freely to be had for the asking !

Let us, however, endeavour to apply in the way the Supreme has clearly indicated to be pleasing in His sight. Let our prayers be made to Him in our Saviour's name, without Whose sacrifice all would have been hopeless ; to honour the Son, is ever the way to acceptance with God the Father ! Again, let our prayers to our blessed Lord be for His continued presence and blessing upon our lives, especially for openings of usefulness in advancing His cause.

Once more, let us ever approach God the blessed Holy Spirit, with deep reverence, and *persistence*, for every Christian knows well *how dependent* we, believers, are upon God the Holy Ghost for all spiritual things !

It is, indeed, the presence, in his heart and life, of God, in the third Person of the Trinity, which distinguishes the "Christian" from the "Unbeliever,"—the "Regenerate" from the "Worldly,"—the "Children of the Kingdom" from the "Children of the Evil One,"—the "Wheat" from the "Tares !"

The Young Christian cannot too frequently solicit the aid of God the Holy Spirit,—always in Christ's name. It is His especial office to act as our Sanctifier, and, if the Young Believer is discouraged by his own very feeble efforts at Prayer, let him solicit the effectual Prayers, in his behalf, of God, the Blessed Holy Ghost, Whose intercessions, we are told, are of a character which "cannot be uttered," and are to be desired far, by the Christian, above all things upon Earth ! Our Saviour bears emphatic witness as to the Dignity and Power of God the Holy Spirit, and the absolutely fatal character of Sins against God the Holy Ghost.

GOD THE HOLY SPIRIT.

"All manner of Sin and Blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men,"—(if the proper means are employed, and God approached in contrition and repentance), "but the Blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men. And whosoever speaketh a word against the Son of Man" (of course that is if the means God has provided for reconciliation, as before indicated, are employed) "it shall be forgiven

him. But whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this World, neither in the World to come!" —*Matt. xii., 31 and 32.*

Keeping the Eternal God in our view, as God the Father,—"dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto,—Whom no man hath seen, nor can see,"—the difficulty of Prayer to each of the Three Persons of the blessed Trinity felt, by the Young Believer, will be removed,

As God has thought fit thus to reveal Himself to Mankind, let us thankfully seek the aid alike of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, whose united and Blessed Offices are undoubtedly equally needed to secure our Salvation!

"I and My Father are one! As Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also *may be one in us!* And the Glory which Thou gavest Me I have given them; that they may be one, even as we are one. I in them, and Thou in Me, that they may be made perfect in one."—*John x., 30; xvii., 21-23.*

Amazing Words!

(I) GOD THE FATHER.

First,—then,—let the YOUNG BELIEVER accustom himself habitually to think of God the Father as the Supreme,—as Almighty God.

He "Who alone hath Immortality,—dwelling in the Light which no Man can approach unto; Whom no man hath seen, nor can see; to Whom be Honour, and Power Everlasting! Amen!"—*I. Tim. vi., 16.*

"Christ, the First Fruits,—afterwards they that are Christ's at His Coming. Then cometh the End, when He shall have delivered up the Kingdom to God, even the Father;—when He shall have put down all Rule, Authority, and Power. For Christ must reign till He hath put all Enemies under His feet."

"That,—at the name of Jesus, every knee should bow, and every tongue confess,"—(either in Judgment or in Mercy),—"that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the Glory of God the Father."—*Phil. ii., 10.*

"And, when all things shall be subdued unto Him, *then shall the Son also*, be subject unto Him that put all things under Him."—*I. Cor. xv., 23-28.*

"Who only hath Immortality." That is,—Who only hath, or possesses, Immortality in Himself,—in the Past,—from all Eternity, from the Beginning. He has it of Himself, and can therefore *impart* it, in the future, to his Creatures. We know that He *has* done so!

"Then shall the dust (our Mortal Bodies) return to the Earth *as it was*, and the Spirit shall return unto God *Who gave it!*"—*Eccle. xii., 7.*

"For this Corruptible must put on Incorruption,—and this Mortal must put on Immortality." (*Must do so, from the very Nature of the Soul.*) "For the Trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised Incorruptible, and we shall be changed."—*I. Cor. xv., 52, 53.*

The Delusion of the "Christadelphians" is the old one of denying the Immortality of the Soul of all men, limiting the

Gift of Immortality to "the Good,"—the "Saved,"—only. Denying that God has already irrevocably given this Immortality to all men, "good" or "bad" alike.

They "wrest" the above Text,—amongst others,—to suit their Delusion. By carefully picking isolated texts, any error may be supported if *all others* inconvenient to their purpose, and *all Christ's warnings* as to Eternity, are *carefully excluded*!

Because God "only hath Immortality,"—*in the Past*, is that any reason, when He created the Human Soul, why He has not bestowed it to His Creature Man for the *Future*? Assuredly He did! Our Souls will *now exist as long as God does*!

No *true* Christian,—that is,—Believer in Christ,—ever existed,—or ever will exist, who denies the Teachings of our Lord in regard to the Immortality of the Souls,—both of the "Just" and the "Unjust!" This is indeed the solemn part of Religion!

The "Christadelphian" contends that God has not created all men with Immortal Souls, but *will* bestow that Gift only upon the "Saved." The "Christian" maintains that the Almighty *has already*,—irrevocably bestowed Immortality upon *all Men*,—and that He will never withdraw that Gift,—that it is "part and parcel" of our very creation, from the time when,

"God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life: and man became a *living Soul*,"—*Genesis ii., 7.*

Thos. Paine, the Infidel, held the convenient view that the Wicked "would be dropped altogether," to use his own words. But the Word of God *tells a very different tale*!

The New Testament *teems* with allusions to our Immortality,—and warnings as to the coming Eternity for the Wicked, as well as for the Righteous.

"For the Hour is coming in the which *all that are in the Graves* shall hear His voice, and shall come forth: they that hath done good unto the Resurrection of Life, and they that hath done evil unto the Resurrection of Damnation."—*John v., 28, 29.*

Well! dear Reader, you have eyes to see for yourself the teachings of our Lord on our Immortality extracted from the New Testament, with every "Reference" clearly given later on in this Volume upon the "Eternal Hope Delusion."

What do Christ's words mean? Are they false? Was our Blessed Lord,—mistaken or insincere?

You may deny His teachings as to the Immortality of the Wicked, and remain a "Christadelphian," or a follower of Thomas Paine, but if you persist in ignoring Christ's solemn warnings, you cannot remain a "Believer" in Him! Why? Simply because you do not and will not "Believe" His express words!

"And I saw a Great White Throne and Him that sat on it, from Whose face the Earth and Heaven fled away : and there was found no place for them."

(The *Spiritual World*, and Life, had begun.)

"And I saw the Dead,—small and great, stand before God, and the Books were opened. And another Book was opened which is the Book of Life, and the Dead were judged out of those things which were written in the Book according to their Works."

"And the Sea gave up the Dead which were in it, and Death and Hell delivered up the Dead which were in them ; and they were judged every man according to their Works. And Death and Hell were cast into the Lake of Fire ; this is the second death ! And whosoever was not found written in the Book of Life was cast into the Lake of Fire !"—*Rev. xx., 11-15.*

Awful words, dear Reader ! But surely not awful if we accept now the Solemn Warnings of God, and Christ, and instead of cavilling at the Solemn Truths of Revealed Religion come heartily to Christ ourselves.

(2) GOD THE SON.

Secondly, we should habitually think of our Blessed Lord,—"God the Son,"—as the only "Saviour," or "Redeemer," of Mankind. Who alone could have procured for us "Reconciliation," or Redemption, or have opened to fallen man the way to Salvation.

Therefore, although Believers are in the habit of asking rather in "Jesus' Name," and for "Christ's sake,"

"Hitherto, ye have asked nothing in My name ; ask and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full."—*John xvii., 24.*

there cannot be anything inconsistent, or wrong, in praying also to our Blessed Lord direct.

"Who, being in the form of God, humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross. Wherefore God hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a Name which is above every Name : That at the Name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in Heaven, and things in Earth, and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the Glory of God the Father."—*Phil. ii. 6, 7, 9, 10.*

"Lord"—said Philip—"Knowest thou the Father, and art sufficient to say, 'Have I been so long time with Him, and yet have I never known Him ?' He that hath seen His face, and the Father, He hath seen Him : for the Father and the Son are one."—*John vi. 46.*

"I and the Father are one."—*John vi. 47.*

"We must all stand before the Judgment-seat of Christ."—*Rom. xiv. 10.*

"For the Father hath committed all Judgment unto the Son, that all men should honour the Son, even as they honour the Father, he that hath honoured the Son, hath honoured the Father, who hath sent the Son, and He that hath sent Him."—*John vi. 40.*

"Jesus saith unto him, 'I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life, no man cometh unto the Father but by Me.'"
—*John xiv. 6.*

(3) GOD THE HOLY SPIRIT.

(3.) Thirdly. No Christian Believer can adequately express his constant sense of dependence upon the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity,—God the precious Holy Spirit,—as our Sanctifier, Solace, and Guide, through Life!

The Christian's dependence here is complete. "Without Me,"—(Christ's Holy Spirit),—our Lord assures us,—"*Ye can do nothing!*" For a time there may be great outward results,—greatly admired,—but unless *owned, blessed, and sustained* by God the Holy Spirit, all will in the end *come to nothing!* This Book has never wavered in urging the speechless importance of earnest application to and waiting for the assistance of the mysterious but blessed Influences of God the Holy Spirit. Those gentle suggestions, and persuasions,—as many a Christian knows to his, or her, cost,—resisted, or neglected, are easily repelled, and may be withdrawn!

Then, Farewell to all Grace,—Happiness,—Comfort,—or Piety! Without the presence of the Comforter,—"*Whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the Spirit of Truth, which proceedeth from the Father*" (John xv., 26),—all is lost!

"And I will pray the Father, and He shall send you another Comforter, that He may abide with you for ever. Even the Spirit of Truth, Whom the World cannot receive, because it seeth Him not, neither knoweth Him. But ye know Him, for He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you."—*John* xiv., 14, 15.

"What? Know ye not, that *your body is the Temple* of the Holy Ghost, Which is in you, Which ye have of God, and that ye are not your own?"—*I Cor.* vi., 19.

"Know ye not that ye are the Temple of God, and that the *Spirit of God* dwelleth in you?"—*I Cor.* iii., 16.

"And grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of Redemption."—*Ephesians* iv., 30.

"No man cometh unto Me,"—says our Blessed Lord,—"*except the Father, which hath sent Me, draw Him!*"—*John* vii., 44.

And, dear Reader, how does God the Father "draw" any Soul to Christ? Surely only through the Power and softening Influence of the Third Person of the Trinity,—Blessed God the Holy Spirit,—or, as the Scripture frequently says, the Holy Ghost!

THE YOUNG READER when painfully conscious how feeble, wandering, and weak *his own* Prayers too often are, cannot too frequently apply to this Blessed Source!

"Blessed God,—the Holy Spirit,—Thou knowest how faint and weak are my Prayers! Grant me, then, Thy *effectual* and *powerful* ones in my behalf, for Jesus' sake! Never again leave me for His sake, but, having begun Thy blessed "drawing," lead me *from Self* to Christ,—to true Repentance, Change, and Redemption! Be Thou my Guide

henceforth throughout my Life, and be Thou especially near me at my death!

"Abide with me from morn to eve,—for without Thee I cannot live!"

"Abide with me,—when Death is nigh,—for without Thee I dare not die!"

"Lead, Kindly Light! Lead Thou me on!"

"The Night is dark, and we are far from home!"

"If God be for us, who shall be against us?"

A few more "Promises" to conclude. They ought to be "Keys" sufficient to open *any* "Lock" in the "Castle" of "Doubting," Unbelief, or Despair!

"Christian" and "Hopeful" got safely to *their* "Heavenly Home,"—and, dear Reader, why should not *we*? The Blessed Gospel is the same as in good Bunyan's time,—it is offered to *us*, as to all! God's faithful "Promises" are the same now as then,—the "Bridegroom is as Sweet!" "I will make all things new,"—in that lovely, Spiritual, World of Bliss, our Blessed Lord assures us He has "gone to Prepare"

"I go to prepare a Place for you!"

Once past this World of Trial, we "Christians" shall know somewhat more of our God, as a Being of untold Goodness and Love.

God grant that both the Reader, and Writer, may meet safely, at last, in that "Celestial City,"—for Christ's sake!

PROMISES.

"For God hath not appointed us unto Wrath,—but to obtain Salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ."—*I. Thess. v., 9.*

"And the Spirit and the Bride say 'Come!' And let him that heareth say 'Come!' And let him that is athirst 'Come!' And *whosoever will* let him take the Water of Life freely!"—*Rev. xxii., 17.*

"Fear not little Flock for it is your Father's *good pleasure* to give you the Kingdom."—*Luke xii., 32.*

"I go to prepare a place for you."—*John xiv., 2.*

With the custom, or habit, which Weeks, and Years, will bring to the Young Christian, his difficulty of addressing Prayer to God,—as He has chosen to reveal His being to us,—in the Three Persons of the Trinity, will soon disappear! *There can be no Religion* without Mystery! It is utterly impossible for the Finite Creature to grasp, or understand, his Infinite Creator! Common-sense tells us so! But, before long, the Young Believer will see the "oneness" of God in His Revelation of Himself to Mankind, and that the *only conceivable* way in which He could draw near to us Mortals was by coming amongst us as the "Son of God." Partaking of our nature, and thus bringing Man near to his God.

The Young Reader may be assured that the older Christian, *—probably aided by the Holy Spirit,—accepts the revelation of the Trinity of God without difficulty or cavil.

Note.—The above Subject is treated upon,—it is feared, —with an almost wearisome persistence. But consider, Reader, how practically important it is to our Christian life to have clear, sound views upon this solemn Truth of God's own revelation of His being !

We see,—in the case of our Friends the Unitarians,—the Fatal Error of exalting one Person of the Trinity so as to exclude the Divinity of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ altogether ! Leaving them with a "Christianity" without a Divine Saviour ; a Self-satisfying "Morality" without a "Redeemer," and, too often, a Self-Pleasing "Philanthropy" without a Personal God.

CONCLUSION.

THE DARK RIVER (DEATH) PASSED.



Safe, at last !

Their "Pilgrimage" over, and all Dangers past, you know that the two "Christians" crossed the River of Death, and were met by two lovely, and friendly, "Shining ones," sent by the Great King to escort them to the "Celestial City." These were soon joined by a Host of other Angels, who accompanied them with joyful songs to their Heavenly Home ! May their happy end be ours also, dear Reader, and it certainly will be if we also keep near to God by a Prayerful Life !

PROMISES.

"He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment, and I will not blot his name out of the Book of Life; but I will confess his name before My Father, and His Angels."—*Rev. iii.*, 5.

"He that overcometh shall inherit all things, and I will be his God, and he shall be My son."—*Rev. xxi.*, 7.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more Death, neither Sorrow, nor Crying, neither shall there be any more pain;—*for the former things are passed away!*"—*Rev. xxi.*, 4.

"*As I live*,—saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the Wicked, but that the Wicked should turn from his ways and live!"—*Ezekiel xxxiii.*, 11.

"He that spared not His own Son, but delivered him up *for us all*,—how shall He not, with Him, also freely give us all things?"—*Rom. viii.*, 32.

"Him that cometh unto Me, I *will in no wise* cast out!"—*John vi.*, 37.

"Wherefore He is able to save *to the uttermost*, they that *come unto God* by Him!"—*Heb. viii.*, 25.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life! *Whosoever* liveth, and believeth in Me shall never die!"—*John xi.*, 25.

"For God so loved the World that He gave His only begotten Son, that *whosoever* believeth in Him should not perish, but have Everlasting Life!"—*John iii.*, 16.

"Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need."—*John xvi.*,

"For with the Lord there is Mercy, and with Him is plenteous Redemption."—*Psa. cxxx.*, 7.

Let us, then, dear Reader, also hasten to GRASP these "Promises" of the Faithful God *for ourselves*,—and come to Christ, while Time and Opportunity are ours.

John Bunyan died in his 60th year, in 1688, a time of Darkness for England, which,—please God,—we shall never see again! He was imprisoned in Bedford Gaol *for 12 years!* and *for what?* For "not conforming,"—(Heaven save the mark!)—"to the National (?) Worship of the Church of England!" In 1907, a *Murderer* gets off with 10 years!

We must picture to ourselves what the "Gaols" were in those days! No doubt like the "Stinking Dungeon" Bunyan speaks of in Doubting Castle. It probably shortened the good man's life.

Whether the *then* "Church of England" was the *true* "Church" of Christ,—and whether it is the *only* true Church of Christ *now*, Millions of Englishmen beg respectfully to doubt.

"By their Fruits ye shall know them!"—*Matt. viii.*, 20.

This holy man was seized whilst preaching to an open air Assembly of good People.

Those were, indeed, "harsh times" for Englishmen!

A "Church" sunk into a deadly sleep to all her duties.

Her "Ministers" Worldly,—Pleasure loving,—desperately attached to their "Tithes," rigid in their demands upon the People, but giving them little indeed in return !

"Livings" went by interest,—were "negotiable !" —the "Church" became a "Business" ;—totally unfit persons entered "the Church,"—without the Congregation having any say in the matter !

The people became dissatisfied with such Teachers, the lives of "the Clergy" were often a "disgrace to their cloth." The Country People wanted to hear the Gospel properly preached, and open-air gatherings addressed by "Dissenters" were frequent.

They "Entered not in themselves, and they that were entering in they hindered."—*Luke xi.*, 52.

The interiors of the old "Churches" throughout this Country presented the following amazing exhibition of how the Clergy of that dark day followed their Master's injunction to "Preach the Gospel to the Poor." The Pews for the Rich were surrounded by high boarding, and doors, to shut the wealthy "worshippers" who owned them in.

"The Poor,"—"Hodge" the Country Labourer,—who was doing the *real work* for *his Country*,—while the others "toiled not, neither did they spin,"—was habitually "left out in the cold," on a few benches, at the back of the church, How could he expect anything better from the then "Church" of Christ (?) without *paying* for it ? His duty was to starve on "10s. a week,"—thankful, after 50 years' weary toil, that the Parish Workhouse would receive him ; meantime let him keep from picking and stealing, prevent his sons from taking "the Game" of the rich Proprietors,—and,—sitting humbly at the extremity of the church,—listen reverently to pompous harangues as to the duty of the Poor towards the Wealthy, but never much about the *Duty of the Rich towards the Poor* !

"Well ! well ! We admit the darkness of those selfish, Christless days of Hypocrisy and Humbug ; but things are altered now !" Thank God they are ! It was about time ! Plenty of Tithes, Fox-hunting Parsons, and Lawn Sleeves, but very little Religion. Those dark times are gone for ever ! We all recognise thankfully that we have now some splendid men in the Church of England, Heart, Mind, and Soul devoted to the Work of the Good Master,—liberal, warm-hearted men, mixing with the Ministers of other (Dissenting) Christian Churches, in the good Work of Temperance, Education, Piety, and Religion. But what an opportunity had the "Church of England" once in this Empire ! Everything in their favour ! The Prestige, the Power, the National

Resources! What might not have been done had the "Church" been true to its Mission?

And even now in 1907 how hampered is the Church of England in really getting at the Masses of the Country. Her "Ritual Service,"—needing an education of a lifetime, and a training from childhood, to stand its never-ending, wearisome repetitions, gabbled over by well-dressed, fashionable audiences for the millionth time,—in our beautiful churches.

Where are the Poor? Why, *you know*, dear Reader, that the Working Classes *are not there!* You *know* that you could not introduce a party of worthy Bricklayers' Labourers to the good seats of that fashionable Church of Christ!

Why? Because they are poor; they cannot appear!

The Followers of Christ, in 1907, are too fashionable and too well-dressed to allow the Poor to attend! "I deny it, indignantly!" *Do you?* Then look round your church next Sunday; *where are they?*

They are at home, if home it can be called,—wasting the Sabbath, waiting till the *Churches close*, and the *Public Houses open!* Take the Population of your own Town, go round to every church and chapel in your locality, *count every seat!* Hundreds of thousands could never get in if *they came!* But they do *not* come! The Service is totally unsuited for the capacity of the uneducated Masses. It was the production of man, of the "Traditions" of the Church," not of God!

Let "the Church" *come out* like their Master did,—and as John Wesley, Whitfield, and John Bunyan did, and *go amongst the Poor*, have open-air Preaching during the Summer, as the Early Christians did, and let the pure "Gospel of Jesus Christ" be simply "preached to the Poor."

What a pitiable spectacle does "the Church" present, drawing its "tithes" from a desperately reluctant People,—as of late in Wales,—who, poor people, have enough to do to support *their own* good Ministers,—whom they love, and find devoted to their flocks,—without having to provide for the Preachers of a Church which they never enter?

"The Church merely claims her own!" *Indeed!* What does the word "*Endowment*" then mean? *Who* endowed "the Church?" "The State." And what *is* the State? The People!

Those Endowments were bestowed by the Nation for certain purposes,—the training of the People in the Christian Religion. Look around at the Masses, and say have the immense sums placed in the hands of the Church of England by the Nation, for Centuries, produced adequate results?

"You are an enemy to the Established Church, evidently."

Not a bit! Many of us entertain the greatest respect for the Church. John Wesley was at first a Minister of the Established Church. But the day is coming,—our Common Sense tells us that it *must* come,—when Dissenters will equal in number,—as they almost do already,—the Church-goers, and that they will require a Reform!

In America a " State Church " would be impossible. Not a Religious Denomination exists there who would not think shame to ask other sects to support their Ministers. Let every Christian Body, worthy of the name, see to their own Ministers themselves.

John Bunyan lived in evil Times! " Kirke and his Lambs " were abroad,—lawless Ruffians used by the so-called Church of Christ of that dark day! At that time also the notorious " Bedford Justices,"—(Justices? Say rather Wretches far more guilty than their unintelligent, ruffianly subordinates)—were in Power!

" You are prejudiced. You are a Member of the Body John Bunyan was attached to!" Dear Reader, we do not *even know*,—never *did* understand,—*what* Religious Sect the good man *did* belong to!

Certain Woods, and Fields, are still pointed out, near Hitchin, where John Bunyan was wont to Preach to the People.

His last illness was brought on by a severe Cold, taken while the good man was on a Last Errand of Love and Mercy, in (successfully) reconciling a Son to a Father. The day was a terribly wet one, and the good man, though in failing health, weak, and getting old,—had to ride on horseback from Reading to London! His mission was successful, but he caught a deadly chill, which killed him.

He died, 1688, at the house of his old friend, John Strudwick's Business House, Holborn Bridge.

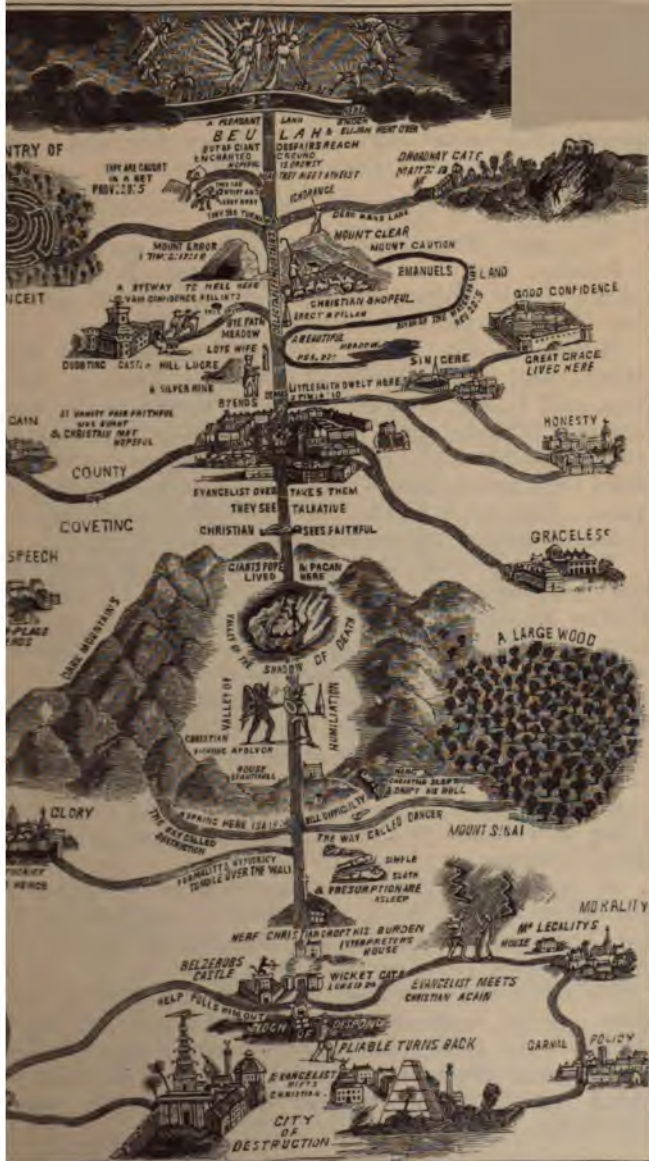
But the Godly man still lives! His Immortal Book, the " Pilgrim's Progress," has been translated into more languages than any other writing save the Bible!

The annexed curious, quaint, old " Map," or " Chârt"—exhibiting all the incidents of the " Pilgrim's Progress " at one view,—may interest the Young Reader. Fifty years ago it was, rarely, to be met with in the form of those " Dissecting Maps," once popular.

The pieces being well mixed, and then " put together," with the aid of the " Map," or " Chârt."

THE "CHRISTIAN'S" COURSE.

VARIOUS OLD MAP, OR CHART, OF JOHN BUNYAN'S
"PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."



Even in 1847,—however,—old folks spoke of an older, former edition,—when *they* were young, of superior execution.

Although given on a Reduced Scale, the Young Reader will be able,—by referring to his "Pilgrim's Progress,"—to follow the various incidents of that Wondrous Tale.

The size of "Giant Despair,"—fallen in the fit at the Door of his "Castle,"—seems to render the Interior Accommodation of "Doubting Castle," apparently, somewhat *inadequate*. Many other Curiosities in Perspective, and Proportion, will be noticed in this quaint old Map, or Chart.

THE PRACTICAL, AND THE IMAGINARY.

Why the "Pilgrim's Progress" so far surpasses Milton's "Paradise Lost" is that it is *practical*. It deals with the actual Trials, Hopes, Fears, and,—on the whole,—Blessed and Happy Experience, of every true Believer.

Milton's Works *do not*! On the contrary, the Poems of Milton deal with subjects of which he *knew no more* than you, and I, dear Reader, do; that is, practically *nothing*,—nor is it intended that we should! In fact, though Milton's Poems contain fine Poetical ideas, they have, unfortunately, filled the English mind with a vast amount of inflated, unscriptural nonsense,—which has too often been accepted as "Gospel truth" by the unwary!

The keen wit of the Sceptic, Voltaire, at once detected the fatal defect, and false tone, of the "Paradise Lost." "Why Milton has made *Satan* the *Hero*!" he exclaimed,—and so he had! The imaginary conversations between God the Father and His Son,—and the objectionable, and totally false, interest given to that Loathsome, Horrible, and Hateful Existence, and Power, we Mortals call "*Satan*," or "*Sin*,"—every sensible mind will admit, does not give any a proper idea of the Divine Majesty of God, or of His Infinite Counsels,—and are calculated to lower the tone of our Faith, and even bring into contempt the speechlessly *solemn realities* of our Holy Religion.

So false a tone has been imported to our minds by the perusal of Milton's Works, that there are not wanting thoughtful Christians who *heartily* wish that Milton had never written his "Paradise Lost" *at all*!

Probably,—as a matter of fact,—Millions,—in our busy days,—never *have* read them, having something else to do. They are not great losers. For though England would have lost a great effort of Poetical Romance, objectionable ideas upon our Christian Religion would, certainly, have been spared us.

The days we live in require stern Reality, not delusive Poetry.

One Week's careful study,—not mere careless reading,—of good John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress,"—and grasping the *deep* lessons to the Believer it contains,—will be of more practical benefit to a Young Christian than he will obtain by reading fanciful, imaginary Poetry for Years!

There are Poets,—and there are Poems,—which deal with Reality; and have, indeed, left behind them "Footprints on the Sands of Time."

Longfellow is one of these, and we will conclude our Chapter upon Lamps with the true words of the great American Poet:—

"We see but dimly,—through the Mists, and Vapours,
Of this Earth's damps,—
What seem to us but dim,—funereal,—Tapers,
May be **Heaven's distant Lamps!**"



A FABLE.

Two friends were once walking,—in sociable chat,—when a Purse one espied on the ground.

"My goodness!"—quoth he,—*"Thank my Fortune for that; what a large sum of money I've found."*

"Oh! do not say I,"—said his friend,—*"for you know, 'tis but friendly to share it with me."*

"I share it with you?"—cried the other,—*"how so? He who found it the owner should be."*

"Be it so!"—said his friend,—*"But what sounds do I hear? STOP THIEF!" they are calling to you!"*

"He comes with a Constable close in the rear,"—said the other—*"Oh! what shall we do?"*

"Oh! do not say we,"—said his friend,—*"for you know, you claimed the sole Right of the Prize,*

So since all the Money was taken by you,—with you the DISHONESTY lies."

When People are Selfish,—Dishonest,—or Mean,—their Nature,—in dealing,—will quickly be seen.

BASE BALL.

Better than the Theatres,—and Concert Halls,—with their vile “atmosphere,”
both Mental, Moral, and Physical.



CHAPTER XXII.

EVERY YOUTH TO BE “GOOD” AT BUSINESS OR
“SPORT” MUST HAVE HEALTH.

DAILY HABITS ; CLEANLINESS ; THE SPONGE OVER ; DAILY
PRAYER ; WEAK EYES ; COUGHS ; PILES ; FOOD ; AMUSE-
MENTS.

UNDOUBTEDLY, vigour and health of body have very much to do with a powerful, healthy, and cheerful mind ; and as “success in life,” and happiness, undoubtedly depend upon these conditions, the first duty of every Youth is to acquire those *daily habits*, without which it is unreasonable to look for continued health. Instead, therefore, of Piety or Religion inducing you to think slightly of the means of preserving a healthy mind and body, these *wonderful* Bodies of ours, you should make the Study of the latter a subject of the *highest importance* and a *matter of duty* ! All bad and injurious habits are like so much poison, more or less powerful, administered by your hand. The wise restraints God puts upon a Youth,—the restraints of Piety and Religion,—prove that “Virtue is its own reward,” by preserving his health, purity, and happiness, and thus laying the foundation of a long and successful life ; for life, without health and happiness, is no boon.

To retain vigour through life, or to regain it,—(no easy matter, for “prevention is better than cure,”)—when it has become impaired, certain good daily habits are indispensable. Attention must be constantly paid to four chief points :—

1. **Proper Nourishment.**
2. **Fresh Air (Ventilation).**
3. **Cleanliness.**
4. **Exercise.**

I. PROPER, GENUINE, AMPLE NOURISHMENT.
ADULTERATION.—DRINK.

In order to make the Fortunes of a few,—the Working Classes are now being slowly poisoned by Adulterated Food and Drink.

PUBLICAN, PROVISION DEALER.—“We deny it,—indignantly!”

Do you? Let it be tried!

TINNED FOOD SEIZED AS UNSOUND.—Inspectors Mansell and Body, of the Public Health Department of the Hackney Vestry, attended before Mr. Chapman at the North London Police Court on Saturday, and asked him to condemn 472 tins of condensed milk, a number of tins of salmon and tomatoes, which had been seized as unfit for human food. The tins were being removed from an oilshop for public sale when the inspectors discovered that most of them had been “blown”—*i.e.*, puffed out by the gas generating inside through decomposition. Mr. Chapman examined the seizure, and at once made an order for its destruction.

Again we read, “His Plan was to benefit the tea drinker, the distiller, and the farmer at one stroke, by putting a higher duty on noxious German spirits which are sent in immense quantities to this country to mix with ours as “old Scotch” and “real Irish” whisky. The Audience shivered, in sympathy, when Major Jameson described how these German spirits are extracted in course of the manufacture of dextrine and glucose from wood shavings, sawdust, and sulphuric acid!” Thousands of Gallons came over!

By elaborate, previous arrangements, let the Government of every Country in the World cause every Dram Shop and Drinking Saloon,—especially those in the lower quarters of our Towns, to be visited;—bottles of the Wine, Spirits, and Beer, being sold, in those places, obtained,—securely sealed up,—and labelled with the name of the Landlord or Proprietor. Then subject every Bottle to authentic Government Analysis! *What a lesson* would be taught the *Working Classes*,—the *World over!*

Irrespective of his Wealth, Position, or Excuses, let every proprietor convicted of selling Drink to the Working Classes

adulterated with chemicals,—salt,—(to create thirst)—“Blackjack,”—and other poisons,—lose his License, *once*, and for ever,—and,—if you like,—be awarded “Twelve Months,” with hard labour ;—Rich or Poor, alike, in addition ; and how many Drinking Shops,—think you,—would be closed ?

THE REMEDY.

Give the Drink up altogether ! Let them poison *others* ;—preserve *your own* Health. Give it up *entirely*, and then employ the Money you will at once save in giving legitimate prices for the *very best, genuine* Food, which Money *can procure* ! You would have a good Balance left, and would feel yourself a *different person* in Six Months ! For, mark you, Nature is kind ! Give her *only the chance*, by your own wise conduct, and she will soon make a change ! Health, Vigour, and Cheerfulness will soon return.

Note, of course, this Book is speaking to Readers in comparatively early life.

ADULTERATION.—FOOD.

We are now, forsooth !—in order to make the Fortunes of a few, to eat Grease,—(call it “Butterine, Margarine,”—or what you like,—in lieu of sweet, wholesome, genuine Butter. Our splendid, noble English cheese,—the finest in the world,—“Double Gloster,”—“Cheshire,”—“Wilts,”—“Derby,” &c.,—“are not now sold.” *Why* ? Because it pays better to sell us rubbish ! We are now condemned to American stuff, with about as much taste, goodness, and cream in it as Sawdust ! Our Milk tastes now like water ; the cream has gone ! Our “new laid” Eggs are imported by Millions, in Lime, have been a Voyage, and we are told, “we should not know them from newly laid English !” *Shouldn't* we ? Our Meat,—to make the Fortunes of Squatters, Importers, and Butchers—comes “Refrigerated” 12,000 Miles,—and we are to eat it,—forsooth,—in preference to our Splendid English meat,—the best,—most wholesome,—most juicy,—in the entire World ! And all this, mark you, in the finest Pasturage Country on the Earth ! Coming back to Great Britain from abroad, is like coming back,—in comparison,—to a cultivated Garden !

(All this was written in the 1892 Edition. The “Tinned Meat scandals” have confirmed its truth in 1907.)

WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN ?

It simply means *Money* ! The Public,—especially the

Working Class,—with amazing folly, will buy any rubbish, stale fish,—sausages,—tinned meats,—grease for “Butter,”—beeswax for “Cheese,”—so long as it is “cheap,”—and therefore adapted to the means of the Working Classes.

Dear Reader! It is *not cheap*. Why do the dealers sell grease at 7d. per lb.? Because they *make more* out of the so-called “cheap” adulterations than they would by selling the genuine article at the market price! If *they* make more, *you*, the buyer, are the *loser*! “Cheap,”—adulterated,—Food and Drink are “dear,”—dear at *any* price! Talk of “Science for the Working Classes,” let us apply “Science” to our stomachs, and our wonderful digestive organs! Not one man in fifty has the least idea what miracles are going on every day he lives in his food receptacle, with its elaborate arrangements.

Your Health, Vigour, Energy of Mind, and Body, depend entirely upon your digestion! What can Nature do when you persistently thwart her efforts by eating rubbish in lieu of wholesome, nutritious Food? Sausages,—what are they? *Tinned Meats*, and *tinned Vegetables*? Never *touch* them *while you live*! Why *should* you?

Give up that “dearest” of all things,—Drink, and “cheap,” rubbishy tobacco,—and give Nature a chance! A *working* youth or man deserves and requires *the best*,—most wholesome, genuine food procurable,—and, with the money thus saved, you can get it. Fresh Dairy Butter, New Eggs, Best Meat, &c.

2. FRESH AIR. VENTILATION. AVOID THE THEATRE AND CONCERT HALL.

When do many of our operatives *get* “Fresh Air?” Close, often unwholesome, workshops all day long, a short hour for an unwholesome, badly cooked, Dinner;—then, after work, bad drink, bad tobacco, then two or three hours in a steaming hot Concert Hall, or gallery of a Theatre, where all the “Fresh Air” has been consumed long ago. Listening to Immoral, Beastly Plays,—Comic Buffoons, like Dan Leno, making £400 a week, or Women, tearing Passion to atoms, on the Stage, to Crowds fools enough to pay them.

What can you expect? For goodness sake remember that these things are *utterly contrary* to Nature! Mankind were never intended for nor created to live such lives! Lengthened life is simply an impossibility without fresh, pure air. You awake of a morning unrefreshed, with a nasty taste in the mouth! No wonder! The only wonder is that those who disobey every Law of Nature live as long as they do! Many

of the Working Class are old, worn-out men at Forty, instead of being in the prime and vigour of life !

There are many trades very liable to produce diseases and to shorten life, but very much might be done to lessen these evils if the working men would but adopt them. They might, for instance, insist upon having proper ventilation to their workshops, and might attend carefully to personal cleanliness.

Accustomed to work in close shops, the young workman does not know how poisonous and close is the atmosphere he is breathing for long hours together. It is only by going into the workshops from the fresh air outside that the difference is felt. French microscopical researches have proved beyond doubt that skin dirt, perspiration, dust, &c., contain myriads of vegetable and animal existences which poison the air inhaled. We cannot, therefore, wonder at the ill-health which attends those who disregard every rule of cleanliness and ventilation. Thousands upon thousands of valuable lives would be saved if workmen in trades injurious to health would wear respirators, and, assisted by the trams, get a walk every evening in the country air.

CLEANLINESS.—THE SPONGE OVER.

I do not exaggerate when I say that many Youths never attempt any care in this respect—nor do they—except perhaps on the occasion of a visit to a swimming bath, &c.—ever wash themselves all over. The very first thing to secure health and vigour is the daily habit of a sponge over *every morning*. There is not, in the whole course of medicines, such a powerful bracer as the cold sponge or bath ; there are, however, some misconceptions easily formed on this subject, which, of all others, seem the most difficult to eradicate when once firmly entertained. Those who have never formed habits of cleanliness, and therefore do not know anything of the hardy and invigorating effect they produce on the constitution, seem to fear taking cold by the use of the cold bath or sponge, especially if any degree of warmth is felt on awaking. Such are not aware that it is only while heated by bodily and violent exertion that the cold bath or sponge is injurious ; nor can they have any idea of the freedom from liability to take cold enjoyed by those who have been in the habit of constantly employing it.

It is not too much to say that in the case of such, a cold, even for years together, is frequently a thing unknown !

Extremes, however, in this, as in all else, are often gone to, and tend to throw discredit upon the system. To immerse the body, even for a moment, every day in cold water, in cases

where the reaction is naturally slow and sluggish, is not to be recommended.

The glow, however, which follows must be your guide which is the more suited to your constitution. Where the reaction is rapid, and no chilliness is felt after a cold plunge, the bath may be taken without fear,—it evidently agrees with you.

But when a chilliness is felt for some time after, and a whiteness shows a benumbing of any portion of the body, it is a sign that total immersion should be given up, and the equally useful "sponge over" employed.

The following plan will then answer every purpose, and will be continued throughout the year, for choice, when once adopted; its chief strength, be it remembered, is in its constant and invariable application.

MINUTE DIRECTIONS.—SPONGING OVER.

Keep *precisely* to the following details and *order* of proceeding.

One thing we *must* have,—namely a *large* Washhand Basin. If your's is a small size one, *away* with it; exchange, or dispose of it, and buy the largest size you can get. The ridiculously small specimens,—giving endless trouble, and comparatively useless, formerly seen,—especially on the Continent,—about the size of Sugar Basins,—are, happily, giving way before the washing propensities and requirements of English and American visitors, who, when they wash, "mean business!"

Pour out some water into the Basin, over night, and place it on the floor, by the Stand, together with the Sponge, Soap, and two Towels, for drying.

On rising,—as the whole object is to avoid getting chilled before the Bath,—turn up the left sleeve of your nightdress, spring up quickly, and stoop over the Basin, using the soap, then the sponge, and sit in the water for a minute or two. (The "Sitz Bath" of the Germans.) Dry, quickly, with the sponge alone,—(the knack of squeezing out, and drying *quickly* with the sponge, is soon learnt, and is "half the battle"),—replace the Basin, with the Sponge in it, upon the Washing Stand,—step back to the Bed,—throw off the night-shirt, and step quickly up to the Stand again. Sponge the face,—apply the sponge to the back of the neck, and ears,—but *avoid* wetting your hair. Alternately straightening each arm, sponge down them, then,—squeezing the Sponge *partially* out,—pass it quickly down the spine, and back,—lastly,—over the breast, body, and legs. Dry quickly, with the sponge.

The "Sponge over" is then completed, and a good rub down with two towels,—one in each hand,—will give the reaction and glow which it is the object of the "Cold Sponge" or bath to obtain.

With the quickness which days, weeks, and years of practice will give, in squeezing out the sponge just enough, before employing it, you need not even wet the carpet on floor; and will go through the above somewhat intricate,—but deeply strategic,—movements in two minutes!

Once accustomed to it, you will *never* give it up! It is the cheapest of all luxuries!

It must not be supposed, however, *for a moment*, that the "Sponge over" completes the morning Wash, or, in any way, renders the usual wash with Soap needless. It is merely a *preliminary* to it. Soap we *must* have!

Slip on, quickly, stockings, trousers, and slippers, and conclude with the usual, indispensable morning's wash down to the chest,—neck, arms, ears, and face, with good Windsor or other Soap,—and a final use of the Sponge.

It is astonishing the vigour and strength such a habit as the above, if constantly adhered to, produces! The plan is so mild that, with the exception of a few of the coldest days, perhaps, in the Winter, this bath can be taken the whole year round; and the great advantage of it is that it demands no trouble on the part of anyone, needs no bathroom accommodation, and if *properly done* need not even *wet the floor*.

It simply amounts to this:—Every morning you live,—in all places,—climates,—or Seasons,—*damp* the Body *quickly* all over with a Sponge,—and rub yourself as quickly dry again with a towel in each hand. "I cannot see the great good in it!" You are not *asked* to see it. You are asked simply to *do it*. Who *does* fully understand what a healthy skin, its pores always healthy, and working properly, means?

The Writer has been in every Climate. Be wise,—do not argue, or *talk*,—but do as you are advised. We, who have adopted it for the last forty years, know its value! Once accustomed to it, you will *never* give it up! What does "catching cold" mean? Merely that the *perspiration* is stopped; the *pores* of the skin do not work, they must be kept free if health is desired.

The invigorating influences of the plan suggested have been strikingly shown, even when health had been greatly impaired, without having recourse to the doubtful remedy of medicines. A Youth naturally delicate, and constantly subject to colds and inflammation of the lungs, so strengthened his constitution by this habit,—beginning from ten or

twelve years of age,—that he became hardy enough to need no under covering but his shirt, winter or summer ; and is now a strong young man.

In case of *weakness* of the *spine*, giving the stooping gait sometimes noticed in growing youths, great good may be obtained by employing the same bath again before retiring to rest at night, at least during summer months. The spine is the main support to the human frame,—hence the terrible and lasting effect of any injury sustained by this vital part ; weakness of the spine, as indicated by the stooping gait alluded to, shows that the vigour of the whole body has by some means been impaired.

The mistake many make on the point of cold bathing is in not letting the bath be the *very first* operation on awaking ; they allow the body to become cool, and then still further reduce the vital warmth by cold bathing.

Remember,—there is not, in the whole course of Medicine, —a greater *Bracer* than the Cold Bath !

My object is to show how simply this admirable habit may be adopted by the poorest youth, without a bath room, or any convenience.

That indispensable bath, known in the hydropathic establishments as the "Sitz bath," is thus improvised readily, every morning by sitting for a minute in the large wash-hand basin, and the use of Soap. One of our best physicians of this day asserts that *piles* and *other diseases*, are mainly caused by neglect of these daily habits of cleanliness.

In Hot Climates, and sultry weather, the above "Sponge over" may be *repeated* at *Night* with advantage.

Many youths, who are employed through the day on work requiring actual manual labour, will say that these rules are well enough for clerks and others whose employment admits of such attention to personal appearance, but that their case is different ; still there can exist no reason why, after work is done, some attention might not be given to this point by every working youth, especially as the neglect of this and other matters relating to a gentlemanly appearance most certainly induces habits extremely difficult to overcome, and, by *lessening self-respect*, very much tends to interfere with that *advancement in life* upon which all youths should keep their eyes steadily fixed. I have frequently known boys, possessing natural advantages of person which could not but please, who were quite content to let them be almost hidden, from the habitual neglect of matters relating to cleanliness.

Perfect and scrupulous habits of cleanliness very often

give a pleasure and gratification to others when there are no natural advantages of person to attract.

A penknife, followed by a hard nail-brush (and the habit of constantly pressing back the roots of the nails with the towel) is all that is needed, and in time what is called the "half-moon" will be shown clearly on the nails.

DAILY PRAYER.

Make it a fixed rule of your life,—let others do as they will,—never under any circumstances,—wherever you may be,—to leave your room, or retire to it, at night, without the Habit of Prayer.

"I have tried, but doubted the effect; it seemed to produce little good result!" What right had you to doubt it? It means in plain English,—that, in doubting the efficacy of Prayer, you doubted the Eternal God! Resume the struggle with Unbelief at once, recommence the Habit of Prayer, ask God's blessing on your present and future circumstances. Nothing is too small, or unimportant to Pray for! Especially ask for *Saving, Changing, Grace*;—*that is what you want!*

"Worked as I am,—such long hours,—I really have no time for Prayer, I am only too glad to turn in at night!" Nonsense! Working Youths find time for the Concert Hall, Theatre, Amusements, Silly Talk, Smoking, and Company which does you little good, surely you may give ten minutes to your God! "Well, but,"—a Youth may say,—"*how is it possible that I can appear before God, in Prayer, as suggested, living the life I do? Look at my life,—my sins!—Mine is, I fear, naturally a very indifferent character; how can I come thus, every day and night to God! Something must go! Either Prayer, or my Sins! I love the latter too well! Would you have me come to God from a Theatre, from a Drinking Saloon, from deliberate sins?*"

Certainly! Emphatically! You are the *very one* to come! "I came not to call the Righteous,"—(of course He did not),—"but Sinners to repentance!" "They that are whole,"—continues our Blessed Lord,—"*need not a Physician,*"—(of course, they do not),—"but they that are Sick!"

Granted that you are indeed amongst "the Sick,"—that yours is a naturally very indifferent character,—that you love your sins greatly,—that your temptations are great,—your sins many,—so much the more claim have you upon the indulgence, and aid, of your Creator! "What, am I to pray, directly after committing a known Sin?" Most

certainly! The very time! Do you suppose that the Almighty does not know you perfectly well! To attempt disguise is absurd! Come you to the good Physician of Souls, as *you are*!

You cannot honour, and please, God, and Christ, better, than by thus grasping His blessed promises, and invitations. Put God to the test! What do *you* know of the Saving Power of Christ,—the wondrous Resources of the Eternal God? How He can change,—*in time*,—all who “wait upon” Him? “I fear He can never make me into much of an Angel!”. Who asks you to “fear”? You are asked to *try* it! What has served for Millions of once perverse Sinners will serve for you! “I can’t come to God, and practise daily Prayer, while I am living the life I do!”

Fancy, dear Reader, a Patient in very bad health, saying, “I cannot seek the aid of a good and able Physician while I am so ill! I must wait till I become better! Then I will ask the good Physician!” You must see the *absurdity*! Do you suppose that you will become better by stopping away for years, from that Stupendous Power “from Whom all blessings flow?” You cannot think so! Do as you are told! Do not “fear,” “think,” “argue,” or “discuss,”—*try it*!

Never pass a day without Prayer! Not only at stated hours,—but at *all* times, at *all* hours! In doubt, *before* temptation, *during* it, *before* sin, *during* sin, and *after* sin! Again, in success, happiness, or gratification, constantly “look up” to God in Christ’s Name.

Keep to this blessed habit of Prayer, and you shall see a wondrous change before you die! “*Slow!*”—Well, admitted,—it *is* slow work, with many an ebb and flow,—but *Sure*, and it is preparing you for Eternity as life goes on! You know what *you* are, now you shall know,—one day,—something of what God *is*! “But,”—I hear a Youth saying,—“You quite mistake *my* position. Your remarks seem to be well adapted to Working Youths,—or to those living a hopeless, vicious life. But, as for me, I merely feel interested in your hints relating to “Success in Life,” in a Worldly point of view *alone*! I am no hopeless, vicious Youth, and I rather resent all these persuasions upon the Subject of Prayer,—piety towards God,—&c. I do not require them!”

Indeed! Perish this book, and every similar one, if it only aims at suggesting that most hollow, empty, delusion,—so called “Success in Life,” in this passing, phantom, dying World, and fails to urge upon the “moral” amiable, self-

satisfied "respectable," Young Man, that "Success" in this delusive World, *is a sham*, apart from God, Christ, Piety, Repentance, and Redemption!

Away with that fatal Delusion of the Devil,—that living a pleasant, cheerful, busy, amiable, "successful," but totally unregenerate, —unchanged, —prayerless, —unholy, —life, is all that you are created for! Not a word of this Book would ever have been penned, had it not been with the hope of shaking the Reader's confidence in that most fatal of all lives, —a so-called "Moral," amiable, kind, cheerful, contented, but Carnal, Godless, Christless, life, without communion with God, or Christ! A Morality without a Saviour! A kind, liberal, self-satisfying, Philanthropy, without a God!

Can you delude yourself, dear Reader, placed, it may be, by God's Providence, far above want,—surrounded by Worldly Comforts, Culture, Pleasures, Luxuries of Life, and opportunities of Worldly success,—that God gave you these *immense* privileges, these speechless advantages, for *nothing*? Can you imagine that the Eternal God intends to support you daily for 40, or 60 years, by His Creatures,—gave you rich Parents, a happy childhood, a well trained, cultured, Youth,—merely that you might enjoy yourself? The idea is *monstrous*! Look around you! Millions of God's creatures have to toil, and sweat, from a sunless, hapless, childhood, to a too often poverty-stricken old age! And with your Education, and immense Privileges, are you born into God's World merely to eat and drink His things, Marry, get Money, and enjoy yourself? It is a delusion of Satan! Depend upon it, the Eternal God will call upon you, to strict account for those priceless "Talents" He entrusted to your care!

"Around you was a Sinful, and a Dying World, and thousands, whom you,—by a Christian, and Godly Life,—might have influenced,—were going out into Eternity unsaved!" I came to you, in early life, saying, "Will you be Mine!"

"What did *you* do for Christ's cause? How did you employ those priceless talents? What example of Piety did you set?"

Moral, Self-contented, Self-satisfied, Cheerful, but totally *Unregenerate*,—*Unchanged*,—*Prayerless*,—*Christless*,—Young Reader, I wish God, in His mercy, would *shake* your fatal delusion in a life of mere outward Morality!

Depend upon it, God stands *no sham*! No *sham*, *false*, (so-called) "Christian,"—quite content to live without God, Christ, or Prayer, will ever "see the King in His Glory," or "reach the land that is very far off!"

There is no way to that Heavenly Home but by the Shadow

of the Cross ! I came to you, in early life, saying, " Will you be Mine ! " A Religion which *costs* you *nothing*, is just no Religion *at all* ! To every " Moral," as to every Vicious Youth, Christ says, " Take up the Cross, and come,—follow Me ! "

The Saviour's own Path led Him to Calvary's Mount ! We must follow in the Shadow of that Cross ! " No Cross. No Crown ! " I tell you, dear " Moral " Reader, that there may be a " delightful " disposition, a " naturally " amiable character, the Passions wisely restrained, good habits resolutely maintained, nay, there may be active, self-satisfying, self-pleasing Benevolence, and willing co-operation in Schemes for the welfare of others, and of the World at large,—and yet with it all,—there may be no true solicitude after your own Salvation, no coming to Christ,—no *self-denying*, Prayerful, life,—no Regeneration,—no " Taking up the Cross ! "

" Christian's " burden of Sin falling before the Cross !



No Way but by the Cross.

" What hast thou that thou didst not receive ? " Let then the well endowed,—greatly privileged,—Youth *clearly* understand his Position in the sight of God !

You need his Grace,—sought by daily Prayer,—*quite* as much as the Vicious, the Poor, the Unfortunate, the Neglected,—that is if your " Talents " are to ever be employed for God,—and if Salvation is *ever* to be *yours* !

" Except ye repent, ye shall all, likewise, Perish ! "—Luke *xiii.*, 3.

A CHRISTIAN YOUTH.

In one of those Memoirs, which, though rarely, do, sometimes, transpire,—giving us a momentary insight into the daily habits in youth of those who were afterwards amongst

the best and greatest of their day,—we have the following rules laid down at the age of twenty-one, by the excellent and pious Edward Bickersteth (became Bishop of Calcutta):—

“Rise at 5 o'clock from the 5th April to 5th October ; one hour at devotion and the Bible ; 6 o'clock to 8 o'clock, study law, asking God's blessing on my studies ; 8 o'clock to 9 o'clock, breakfast and exercise,” &c.

The thoughts which naturally follow the desire to form habits of early rising and industry are so excellently expressed by this good Christian youth that I cannot refrain from adding them :—“I have now lived twenty-one years, nearly 200,000 hours, and what have I done ? If my duty was to love God with all my heart and strength, what a condition it discovers to me ; for have I done so one minute ? If my affections are not fixed on him, they are fixed on something else. When I came to London I was proud, and thought I was coming to be independent and happy ; but I had a good and pious Brother, and by this dear boy's persuasions I did not altogether neglect private Prayer. I paid no attention however, to the Sermons which I heard, and seldom, or never, read the Bible.” He had, some time before, made some excellent rules for conduct ; but He says, “Having broken every one of these rules, I feel it is *death* to remain as I am ; I firmly believe a little more exertion,—a little more attention,—would extricate me from many of my difficulties, and make me respected and loved.”

From this time, however, he became better pleased with his conduct, and became more earnest in good ; he followed Doddridge's recommendation,—(see that wonderful book, “The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul,” by Dr. Doddridge,—*a book you ought to read*),—by solemnly devoting himself and his life to God. “I wish to consecrate to Thee all that I have and am,—my mind and thoughts, and possessions, my time, and influence, and actions, to be used for Thy glory. May I always behold Thee as my Father, live under Thy influence, and love Thee more and more as myself, as I grow in Thy favour, and in the favour of others. And may the blood of Thy dear Son wash me from my wickedness, the sins I was once, as a Youth, lying in ; may his merits plead for me, and His death atone for them. And when the hour of Death comes, when nothing worldly can afford assistance, when my time is at an end, and I must shortly appear naked before Thee, do Thou remember, O my God ; be Thine, I pray Thee, then especially present brightly shining around me, and may I be received amongst those for whom are prepared the ‘many mansions,’ to dwell with Thee, my God, for ever !”

There was nothing in the experience of this Youth which gave him advantages,—a solitary room in a dull London court; long hours of monotonous work in a Solicitor's office. Yet in the life of that amiable and pious Youth there was that upon which Angels could look with sympathy and interest, and in that close room was enjoyed a happiness not to be exceeded on earth,—a foretaste of Heaven!

I give the above extract because if, after forming rules of reformation, you entirely fail in carrying them out,—if the years of early youth slip by unimproved, and you look sadly upon the happier experience of such a one, —(for after a successful, excellent, and most useful life, the presence of Him to whom Edward thus early devoted his life did, indeed, shine brightly round his death bed),—may not this extract explain to you the reason, and the remedy, viz. :— a complete surrender of your heart to God?

DIET.

In regard to diet and meals, it is of very great importance to vigour and health in life that the habit of hurried and hasty meals should not be acquired. At school, ample time is allowed, and few, it is to be hoped, are to be found who wish to interfere with the time devoted by those employed by them to their meals. A willing or restless lad is, however, very apt to get into the habit of disposing of his meals in as short a time as possible, and to hurry off on some errand or favourite pursuit. For a time the effect will not be noticed, for the strength and vivacity of youth seem inexhaustible; but, though slow, the effect will be felt, and irritability and languor will point clearly to a weakening of the digestive powers. Until you have studied works on the subject of human physiology or anatomy, and seen something of the wonders of the microscope, you can form no conception of the wonderful body you have given into your care by the Creator. What takes place after food has been taken is an amazing illustration of the wisdom, forethought, and arrangements of God to secure our health and vigour. Unless we thwart it all by our own carelessness and bad habits. Mr. Glandorp said he never swallowed a morsel of food until he had masticated it 13 times, and attributed his good old age and health to this rule.

INDIGESTION.

Nature has certain laws which must be respected, and if they are broken you must suffer. Indigestion, a complaint after a meal should be felt, is quite common, especially in

versation, &c., and all reading and exertion avoided during that time. The meal should be partaken of with as much deliberation as you can command, and well masticated before it is swallowed. It is not the amount of food taken that avails for nourishment, so much as proper attention to this point. Those in vigorous robust health need not be so particular, but where there are the *least symptoms of indigestion*, it is of the last importance by taking proper care to prevent the *long, slow, train* of misery attendant upon a derangement of the digestive powers.

Every Physician confesses that the most complex and difficult diseases they have to grapple with are those produced by *Indigestion*, especially if *neglected* at the *beginning*.

A judicious use of a Liver or Bilious Pill, and other remedies taken in time might have saved many a Life.

In diet, if Youths must occasionally have what they term good things, at least let these be of a good and wholesome kind. Avoid the *poisonous pastry* made in our towns; it is rare, indeed, to meet with pastry, good and well-made, and it should together with the sweets composed of sugar, brightly coloured by the aid of poisonous chemicals,—be avoided.

Coffee or tea should be taken half-full of milk or cream. There is nothing in the world like milk for diet. It contains everything we want!

If it be said that milk,—confessedly the most nourishing article of diet,—is too expensive for ordinary consumption, let me ask you to compare the expense with the cost of the tobacco and strong drink so universally obtained by the very poorest, and can you doubt which, in the long run, goes most to form a vigorous, healthy, and manly constitution?

SMOKING.

As to Smoking, I am aware that we are approaching delicate ground. I have little hopes of saying anything likely to have much effect in this day, when every boy has his "cutty pipe" or cigar. That there is something manly in the constant use of the pipe or cigar, together with the ever-attendant glass, is, I suppose, considered undeniable. "What! don't you smoke?" is the astonished exclamation when a youth declines. Few young men can endure to be thought unable to appreciate the *pleasures* to be derived from this practice.

One cannot mount a Drag or Omnibus,—however lovely the day,—with every prospect of enjoying the sweet Country air, without some selfish wretch always getting in front,—lighting his Pipe or Cigar, and puffing his filthy tobacco smoke

into the faces of the unoffending British Public behind him !

Such conduct is a brutal outrage to Society ! It amounts to a National Nuisance ! Is it *tobacco* that the Wretch is smoking ? Goodness knows ! The following appeared in the Papers, September, 1891.

"Tobacco-smoking appears to be making among us enormous strides. During the last fifty years the consumption per head of the population has nearly doubled. But a more remarkable fact is that last year (1890) the quantity that paid duty was larger than that of the year before by the enormous amount of 3,188,336lbs. This is stated to be more than double the increase recorded in any previous year." What is it in 1907 ?

No excuse is generally attempted, except the one made by the irrepressible American, who, on being asked, "Why do you take Tobacco ?" replied, "Because I choose."—(I *chews*).

In the humble, but firm, opinion of the Writer,—Smoking,—in all its forms,—did always appear to be *about as senseless*, and *nasty* a habit as can well be conceived. But those who have acquired the habit can seldom summon the resolution to break it off.

THE TEETH.

While upon the subject of cleanliness, a few hints may be given on the proper care of the teeth. How rarely do we see a youth with good and perfect teeth !

Long before early manhood is reached the teeth have begun to decay ; and as they are designedly the hardest substance in the human frame, and as their preservation is really of great importance in after life, it is evident that the cause must be owing to some error or neglect on our part.

Hot liquids, sweets, and in some cases the medicines taken in fevers, &c., will destroy the teeth ; but in most cases their decay is attributable to the neglect of properly cleaning them. You cannot wash the mouth out too constantly.

The Hindoo never fails to cleanse the teeth after eating, the result being splendid white teeth. The secret is to begin well in boyhood—to begin early. Any chemist will provide a proper powder (in a wide top glass bottle) for a mere trifle.

Tooth powder is absolutely *necessary* to obtain,—and retain,—fine, white, teeth. The teeth must be brushed also at night, as well as morning, inside and out.

In our day of *adulteration*, and *rubbishy goods*, the difficulty is to get good Brushes ; it is doubtful if real Bristles are used ; too many brushes are worn out in a month or two !

After tooth powder, use the brush once more with water alone; it prevents the powder from lodging between the teeth, and,—as some seem to fear,—loosening them. Every excuse that can be urged by lazy Mankind seems invented to avoid this short two minutes' struggle, night and morning,—with the tooth brush. Thus a person whose teeth are yellow with neglect, will coolly tell you that, "It is constitutional." So it is—Constitutional *laziness*!

It will now take Months,—perhaps Years, to render those teeth perfectly white! Still, though now discouraging work, it can be done! "My parents lost their teeth." Probably; they were as lazy as yourself. Admitting that *some* are born with teeth with which nothing can be done,—how many have perfectly healthy sets, but allow them to become discoloured, and ruined by sheer neglect! *Why* should healthy teeth,—kept perfectly white,—decay? *How can they?* As a matter of fact they do *not*! Some of us can say our Parents also lost theirs; it is true; but by bestowing on them the trifling attention urged,—our teeth at this hour are as perfect, and even whiter, than they were *forty years ago*! It was *not* constitutional!

Clean the *inside* of the teeth, especially, by turning the brush about; it is no use only cleaning the *outside*. Short but *frequent* application is the secret,—as it is in most things. After a good brush,—inside and out,—take a towel,—dip it with your forefinger in water,—pass it over soap, and rub and work it over, and between, your teeth, then a final wash out.

As some boys suffer very much from decayed teeth, one word as to the best mode of remedy.

The cause is evident when, as some will confess, they have never used a tooth brush for years. However decayed and painful a tooth may be, make it a fixed resolve on your part never to have one taken out, unless, indeed, it has grown out of place.

The form of the mouth requires that this rule be attended to, not to speak of the comparative uselessness of artificial teeth. When we remember that our food, to afford the nourishment which supports life, must depend upon being *properly masticated*, the preservation of the teeth is a point of infinite importance to health.

The pain felt from a decayed tooth will often be found, upon trial, to arise from a kind of swelling of the gum around the tooth; and this swelling, without giving any appreciable pain, may be lanced here and there with a needle or sharp-pointed knife. The top part of the gum, where it meets the tooth, will be found to be little susceptible of pain, and may be

made to bleed freely ; this in most cases will relieve at once a violent toothache, and cure it for a long time.

Where the disease is more deeply seated, instead of having a decayed tooth extracted, have it gently bored through by a skilful dentist, when *the nerve must* be destroyed for good by a drop or two of acid, and the tooth, when stopped, will be useful to you for years. If you choose to avoid the expense of the usual stopping, or are not able to apply to a dentist at the time, a small piece of gutta percha, melted and rolled into a ball, may be pressed into the hollow tooth, holding cold water against it to set it firmly ; such a stopping, simple as it is, will last sometimes for years. A well-known dentist recommends the continental plan of the constant use of the quill tooth-pick after meals. In Meat-eating Countries, a hollow tooth is soon ruined unless kept, by this means, free. Quills, properly cut, are sold everywhere at 2d. a dozen. Without teeth you cannot enjoy health ; for how are you to masticate your food ? Read Professor Huxley, Buckmaster, &c., on the wonderful and exquisite digestive organs, and then say if I am wrong in urging the proper care of the teeth ! Our soldiers and sailors, to be accepted, must have good sound teeth.

Keep in your bedroom a pair of dumb bells, or Indian clubs (4lbs.),—do not let them be at all heavy,—even 1lb. to begin with, or, if a strong lad, you can have them about 3 or 4 lbs. weight each, and use them for a few moments after your morning wash. In a month you will feel,—if constantly used, for however short a time,—their good effects in increasing muscular power. The best movements with them are :—1. Thrusting alternately upwards and outwards ; 2. Swinging them like pendulums at full stretch of the arms ; 3. Making them meet above the head, and behind the back ; 4. Making a circle, your shoulder being its centre, swing the dumb bell round and round, with the right arm straight ; then do the same with the left. In all competitions for Prizes,—before the Public,—have confidence in the Judges. Especially in the recent revival of “ the gloves,” —remember that “ points,”—(stops, or gentle hits), and style,—tell with the Judges alone. Therefore, to knock your opponent down by ruffianly fighting is quite needless,—and excites the disgust and displeasure of the audience. They come to see a good-humoured,—scientific display, not a “ Bargee’s ” thumping match.

SWIMMING.

Never enter the water until at least an hour after a meal. and *do not stay* in too long. Very bad results are produced

by inattention to these points. This amusement is now rendered available to all by the baths erected during the last few years in all our large towns, and their construction,—shallow at one end and gradually deepening,—renders them very useful for the beginner.



Swimming.

Those who have mastered the acquirement, and are proficient in the art of swimming, smile to think of the day they first timidly attempted. The best plan in learning is to enter the bath to a moderate depth, and then strike out for the shallow end. A plank pushed before, when it can be obtained, is of use, but artificial supports are of little benefit. A companion, patient enough for the post, would be of service, by supporting you with his hand under your chest until you gain the needful confidence. When possible, always avail yourself of a swim in a River, or Pool, in preference to the covered bath. There is no habit more conducive to health and cheerfulness. A summer's evening is, perhaps, more agreeable than early morning, the water having been warmed by the sun during the day.

JOURNEYS.

Whenever possible, try to get a run from home. Nothing more expands the mind, or acts more beneficially in every way, than an occasional Journey some distance from home. It is of great advantage, if your means allow of it, to take an occasional trip to the sea-side; when proficient in swimming you need not confine yourself to the bathing machine, but choose your own spot. Some entertain a positive dread of the sea, owing to the inhuman, senseless, and injurious practice

(now happily dying out) of forcing them, when very young, to dip repeatedly into the water, often backwards ;—a more monstrous practice can scarcely be conceived, when applied to a delicate and timid child.

THE BED ROOM.

The usual exhortation to retire early to rest must not be omitted ; the excitement obtained from the late amusement may be great, but it is not to be compared with the constant pleasure a healthy frame, induced by good habits, affords of itself to the happy possessor, to say nothing of the prospect of a long life.

Be especially careful that the atmosphere of your bedroom, especially if shared by others, be attended to, particularly if it be in town. During the greater portion of the summer it is best to leave the window a few inches open during the night. The lighter the supper, in all cases, whether you retire early or late, the better ; the digestive organs are not nearly so powerful towards evening as they are in the forepart of the day. Say—a tumbler of milk and biscuits.

Fancy, dear Reader,—the so-called “good old times,”—sitting down at 8.0 or 9.0 p.m., to Roast Pork, Pudding, Cheese, London Stout and Spirits, their “Churchwardens,” and strong tobacco ! Our Ancestors must have had *decidedly* powerful digestions. They would *kill* some of us in a fortnight !

In former times, a hot supper was usual ; now, amongst all but the higher classes, the principal meal is taken within two hours of mid-day. A hearty breakfast, and dinner, at this time, with as much nourishing food at both as you desire, make a very light tea and supper needful. A plate of Scotch oatmeal porridge, *well* and *skilfully* made ; with milk and sugar, is a famous addition to breakfast ; it is best cold. What *splendid* men have been raised upon it ! Look at the Highlanders !

Although, perhaps, a little more expensive, take brown bread in preference to white. It makes the adulteration practised upon white bread difficult, and it contains more nourishing properties. Above all, it very much assists those *regular habits*—at least once every day—upon which *so greatly* depend continued health.

Those subject to defect in this point should be in the habit of taking a glass of water each morning on awakening,—poured out over night. If ineffectual, the sweet “essence of senna,” and “tincture of rhubarb,” in small quantities, taken alternately, are the mildest, and least injurious remedies the whole

course of medicine contains ; or the " Liver or Bilious Pills,"—sold by the leading chemists,—are excellent. Try only *occasionally*. They will not fail, in time, to secure that habit of regularity which is *absolutely essential* to long-continued health and vigour. A leading London physician says—" As you value your health, get rid of *that poison* every day ! "

Let any Reader who feels a sense of heaviness after dinner take *less Meat*,—and try to give up Tobacco and Drink, and in *one short Month*,—a change will be felt. The quantity of *solid meat* some people take in one day condemns their stomachs to " hard labour for Life,"—in endeavouring to digest it all !

CATCHING COLD.

Before quitting the subject of health,—and leaving fevers, and infectious diseases out of question,—" taking cold " may be considered the most common, and often (when neglected) the most serious complaint to which the young are subject. A few hints on this point may, therefore, be in place.

The whole secret of success depends on applying remedies on the first intimation of an approaching cold or sore throat ; and if remedies are thus early applied, and persevered in, it will be impossible for any cold to stand against them.

Many will, however, persist in despising a " mere cold," and will allow it to gain ground before they begin to do what should have been done at first. Ten drops of spirits of camphor in a little water will stop a cold if taken in time.

A cold, *neglected*, till you can scarcely hold up your head, far from being a slight complaint, becomes a *most dangerous* one ! There are several, often fatal, diseases, which may be engendered by a severe cold and inflammation.

When, therefore, a cold, or sore throat, has been caught, keep the feet some twenty minutes that night in warm water ;—it should not be too hot, or indeed much hotter than the blood, otherwise, it is weakening, and will do harm,—retiring to rest immediately after it, and remaining longer than usual in bed. In case of sore throat, use port wine and vinegar (a wine glass of the wine, half-an-ounce of vinegar to a tumbler of cold water) to gargle it with, and place flannel round the throat at night. These appliances, and drinking some quantity of warm tea to promote perspiration, will prevent the possibility of any cold remaining for more than two days. How often do we hear of consumption, and other incurable diseases beginning by " taking cold." Beware of wet feet and sitting in wet boots. Excellent cork soles are sold every-

where at 2d. a pair to slip into boots. No damp can then reach the feet, go where you will.

EXCELLENT FOR A COUGH OR SEVERE COLD.

Carbonate of Ammonia, 12 grains ; paregoric, $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. ; tincture of squills, $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. ; syrup of tolu, $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. ; water, up to 8ozs. Two tablespoonfuls thrice a day, or when cough is bad. Will loosen any phlegm.

But the Reader must know that the recent "Influenza" (arrived 1889-91), is certainly a different, and more serious complaint from what was formerly known under that name.

"Influenza" occurred—and is described as attacking all Classes of Society,—in the Middle Ages, but, though painful and lasting for weeks, the attack rarely, *if ever*, ended fatally, as it did in 1899, in Germany, to thousands !

As Ages pass, these Diseases,—like everything else in Nature,—*change* ! They return,—but under new conditions—and different Symptoms.

Far better, therefore, in Modern attacks of this disease, call in, at once, an able Medical Man. It is the *relapse* after a *begun recovery*,—the Patient impatient, and madly resolved to "chance" going out too soon,—which has cost, the past two years, so many valuable lives !

RHEUMATISM, RHEUMATIC FEVER, &c.

What the Yellow Fever is in America,—and the Cholera is in India,—(the terror of those Countries),—that the Rheumatic Fever is in Great Britain ! In whatever form it may come,—Rheumatism,—Neuralgia,—Sciatica,—whether the Rheumatism attacks the Nerves, the Limbs,—or the Blood,—it is alike a terrible scourge. Tell us a cure, a remedy ! A Turkish Bath once a week,—beginning the temperature very moderately,—has cured confirmed Rheumatic pains in even elderly persons ; others,—at the first symptoms,—take a handful of Washing Soda (crystals) to the "Corporation Baths" of their Town, and lie for twenty-five minutes in a "Private Warm" Bath. They find the soda beneficial. Try all remedies,—never despair,—some may suit your case which are ineffectual in others. But *prevention* is indeed better than cure. To the Working Youth or Man his health and vigour are, to him, *everything* ! His prospects,—hopes of future success in life, his future Home,—all depend upon the preservation of his health. *That* lost, everything, as far as *this* World goes,—is lost ! Yet, thousands will stand for two hours in bitter wind and rain, in our severe English Winters, to watch a Football Match ;—get wet through, and perhaps sit in this state for a long Railway ride home ! They will

re a close, warm Workshop,—the pores of the skin open,—ride, in a cold wind, on the top of an omnibus! Remember, you get a deadly chill,—a severe attack of Rheumatic Fever, Bronchitis, or Pleurisy,—and you can *never hope* to be the *same man* you were before!

A fine youth was crippled for life by drying himself over a hot stove. Another by *getting warm* by exercise at a Gymnasium, and then madly putting on his clothes again (wet through with rain) and riding home in them! Never had a day's illness; a splendid constitution, but this as nearly as possible killed him! He never was the same man again! Those who have never known illness, often only take advice when it is *too late*!

HEALTH AND VIGOUR LOST.

It is really heart-breaking,—amongst the poorer,—more ignorant,—of the Working Class, to see their folly; the Life they lead! Almost every good habit recommended in this book neglected! Young men who ought to be in the prime of life,—with pale faces,—worn,—feeble,—unhealthy,—almost decrepit! The results of the many occupations injurious to health,—the wretched places they dwell in,—and their incessant toil, do you say?

EXHAUSTING THEIR MANHOOD IN YOUTH BY VICE.

Well! perhaps hard work, in *some* cases; but may we not boldly assert,—in the *immense* majority of instances,—it is rather the results of the *dreadful* lives they lead? Neglect of all cleanliness,—incessant use of inferior Tobacco,—if it is tobacco at all,—and drink of every doubtful quality; “cheap and nasty,” rubbishy food,—grease *called* “Butter,”—poorly cooked dinners; hours spent in the dreadful atmosphere of crowded Concert Halls and Theatres;—all the pure air consumed, and foul air only breathed! Then, add, too often, in early life,—*impurity* not only in language, but in *long* continued *habits*, *exhausting* their Manhood before they have hardly started in Life! A dismal Picture! Well! Reader! Look around you! *Is it not true?* *

Let such, however, remember that Nature is kind,—far kinder than people think,—do not despair of cure, and change,—too soon! Avoid this life for only three or four Months,—and adopt and continue steadily the good habits bodily, and spiritual, suggested in this Book,—and see,—in a few Months, what Nature, *now* allowed a *chance*,—will do for you! You will be astonished at yourself!

To avoid Rheumatism,—all your life,—in all climates,—from England to China,—make it a constant rule always to wear Flannel next to the skin :—*never* Linen !

Always have a change at night,—when a linen shirt will be proper, and surely warm enough to sleep in. In fifty actual cases of persons one hundred years old, they varied in their other habits considerably, but in *one thing* they every one agreed ; they had all their lives been *good sleepers* ! It is now believed that Rheumatic disease is caused by overwork of the Brain as well as the actual exposure to cold and wet. To live a long and healthy life, *sleep* well you must ! The fewer bedclothes you can do with, the quieter the sleep, and the slighter the supper the better. Again, for healthy refreshing sleep, if the room be small and close, open the window the least bit,—even an inch,—to let in *some* pure air. No one can “ take cold ” in bed.

VARICOSE VEINS.

Many of the Working Class,—and more persons in all Classes than is generally supposed,—suffer from this complaint. It is considered incurable,—except by the delicate operation of stopping the swollen veins,—and forcing the Blood to flow through others.

Few, indeed, would risk such a doubtful experiment.

Take the disease *in time*. Avoid, at once, *long* walks. Moderate exercise every day, is, of course, essential. Horse back exercise,—the Bicycle, &c.,—is, of course,—out of the question,—and must, at any cost, be given up.

Army Surgeons recommend resting whenever a chance occurs,—short and slow walks, and lying in bed as long as you can. Above all, begin at once to afford support, at the first symptoms,—by wearing elastic stockings.

White's Company, 98, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, 9/- a pair. *Not* tight ; merely enough to give proper support. Night and morning draw the hands gently up the legs,—from the ankles, *towards* the body, but never rubbing them *from* you. “ It can do no good ! ” Yes ! it does ! It “ shows the Blood the way round.” What you are suffering from being that the Valves by which the Blood is passed round in the Circulation do not act properly, in the swollen places.

The cause of the disease is not known. It does not “ run in a family,” it occurs in persons of excellent constitutions, but generally of sluggish temperament. When the other habits are good, and the above hints are followed, the complaint, in 30 years, will not greatly increase.

Very rare instances do occur, in advanced life, when the

vein has burst, with fatal results. "Forewarned is therefore fore-armed!"

PILES.

A disease frequently associated with the last.

The very serious internal cases,—which can only be treated surgically,—are not here spoken of, the ordinary complaint being alone alluded to.

Attend carefully, night and morning, to the "sitz bath," alluded to on page 217; and, on the first symptoms, apply the following. It is a white ointment; its secret being that it contains a little mercury,—the proportion of which may, of course, be slightly increased, if not quite effectual.

Hydrargyri Subchloridi drachmam unam Adipis præparati ad unciam unam.

Misce fiat unguentum.

In *plain* English is:—"Take of Subchloride of Mercury (i.e., Calomel), one drachm. Prepared Lard sufficient to make up to one ounce. Mix; let an ointment be made." Try, alternately, with this, a Lotion of Hazeline (mixed 5 to 2 of Rosewater), damp a small sponge, and keep in contact at night. It is perfectly innocent, and may suit some cases best. Finally, there is the ordinary "Gall Ointment," of any chemist.

The white ointment has cured many at the first application,—and, curiously enough, the piles do not, in some instances,—after one or two trials,—come any more. But the Hazeline succeeded best with others.

What years of pain, might thousands deliver themselves from by very simple means!

Another secret is in the diet. The less solid meat taken, while the piles continue, the better, substituting for the time, lighter,—more easily-digested food.

"I do not believe anything will cure me." Well! do *not* believe. Try it!

CORNS.

Here again it does seem inexplicable how people can suffer for years, when they might be free in about a week. Doubtless, equally successful solvents are to be had in other quarters; their constituents, doubtless, are much alike, but if the "Corn Solvent," sold by Messrs. Reeve, New Street, Birmingham, is simply applied night and morning for a week, with a camel hair brush, and perhaps using the usual corn plaster at the same time, you will have entire freedom from the most stubborn corns, avoiding the slightest pain or feeling of any kind, as in the case of cutting, &c.

"It will never cure mine! *Indeed?* Well! try it!"

INDIGESTION.

Sick Headache,—No appetite,—Bilious, &c., &c.

Call it what you like, the simple remedy is to give the digestive organs a *rest*. Spare them heavy, solid meat meals for a month. Instead of solid meat, try light,—easily digested food; soup,—Fish, light Puddings, dried Fruits, Milk, Eggs. Give up Beer and Wine. Have an hour or two for exercise *daily*.

Try any respectable chemist's mild, digestive "Bilious Pills," one only, occasionally.

"Persuasion, not force," is true with Nature as with all else.

Change of Diet, and good, daily habits are the best Medicines. Nature only wants you to give her a chance, and a little time.

Neglected, these complaints connected with Indigestion are the most difficult and complicated. the Physician has to contend with. Neglected too long, they render Life a *misery*.

SMALLPOX. VACCINATION.

There are those who can still remember the ravages that frightful scourge,—Smallpox,—committed in the old Times, before the noble, splendid discovery,—(doubtless Heaven directed),—of Vaccination stamped the dread Disease almost out!

Nothing shows the speechless folly, carelessness, and ingratitude of Mankind, than the ease with which they forget,—when comparatively safe, and the disease is "scotched,"—the Horrors of the Past! Our predecessors could tell a shocking tale of the ravages of the Disease, in the old days,—the frightful mortality,—thousands of persons rendered objects for life, their faces disfigured and scarred with the Pox marks,—many blinded,—ruined for Life! There were cases when, before death, the flesh rotted, and actually came off!

No sooner was that grand discovery of Dr. Jenner in 1796,—Vaccination,—generally acted upon, and vaccination *properly* performed, than the disease was at once arrested! Well! dear Reader! Look around you! Use your own eyes,—your common sense! When do you *now* see the disfigured, repulsive faces of the Victims of Smallpox,—fortunate enough to escape death, with scars,—so common 70 years ago?

THE IRRESISTIBLE LOGIC OF FACTS.

In twenty Kingdoms and Provinces of Europe (Seaton's Reports), before the introduction of Vaccination, in the last half of the 18th century, the Smallpox mortality *per million* was 2,995; since its introduction, during the first fifty years of the last century, *the death rate has fallen to 308*. In England for the thirty years previous to vaccination (estimated by Lettson and Blaine) the mortality was 3,000 *per million*; for the years 1841-53, when vaccination was public, but not compulsory, the mortality was 304 *per million*; from 1854-65 (*compulsory*) 202. People forget that the unvaccinated portion of the

SMALLPOX.—VACCINATION.

contributes the largest proportion of deaths in recent smallpox; and that lately, owing to the comparative ease of the disease, vaccination has become lax. In 15,000 cases of the London Fever Hospital, Marson found that 35.5 per cent. of the vaccinated died, but only 6.56 per cent. of the vaccinated (many of whom had no traces of scars, proving that vaccination had not been accomplished). In the Sheffield epidemic of 1887-8, which was the subject of the most exhaustive investigation ever undertaken by a Local Government Board, it was found that out of 268,397 persons in the borough, 4,151, or 1.55 per cent., were vaccinated; of 5,705 unvaccinated persons 552, or 9.7 per cent., were attacked—that is, proportionately for each vaccinated person suffering with smallpox, 6.2 unvaccinated persons were attacked. Of 18,020 persons living in invaded houses, 4,151, or 23 per cent., were attacked; of 736 unvaccinated in invaded houses, 552, or 75 per cent., were attacked—that is relatively 3.3 unvaccinated to one vaccinated. Of the 4,151 vaccinated cases, 200, or 4.8 per cent., died, while of the 552 unvaccinated, 274, or 49.6 per cent., died. That is, for every case occurring in a vaccinated person, 10.3 non-vaccinated persons were attacked. In the smallpox hospitals, of the 161 persons attending on the patients 81 were re-vaccinated, and not a single one of these contracted the disease.

Surely this survey sustains the case for vaccination. We cannot have our Common Sense abused!

In looking over the reports of the Army Medical Department since the year 1859 I find that only since 1883 is the percentage mortality of smallpox given separately from the other eruptive fevers, and that from 1883-88 the average mortality has been under .05 per thousand in men quartered all over the world. A triumph of Compulsory Vaccination!

And yet,—dear Reader,—in this day (1907) of so-called "Doctors," "hobbies," and "fads," this grand, splendid, Discovery,—which has proved an incalculable boon to Mankind,—is, like many things else that are good,—now, it seems, to be resisted, and malignèd! To get our name into the Papers it is, of course, "business," and highly judicious, in the case of a Medical Practitioner, hitherto (happily) unknown to the Public, or to Fame, to advertise himself, and his address, by an anti-vaccination letter. What is more likely to make a sensation than a letter challenging what all sensible Men advocate?

But it is quite as judicious, dear Reader, on our part, not to take any notice of such nonsense! There is nothing,—however precious, and speechlessly important to Mankind,—which has not its opposers! Thus we have Anti-Teetotal Societies,—having a decided tendency to become Anti-Temperance ones! Anti-Vaccination Societies, and Anti-Christian Societies!

Let us, dear Reader, use our own judgment, and common sense, and,—listening with a smile, to all this nonsense,—say, "Very clever; very ingenious,—but not quite 'good enough' for me! As you value your own Life, Health, and that of your Children, never,—for a moment,—hesitate, in having them,—and yourself,—properly vaccinated, using thus the means, which,—in God's Providence,—has for 90 years, proved such an incalculable blessing to Mankind!

During the Maidstone typhoid epidemic eighty-four nurses and attendants allowed themselves to be vaccinated with the lymph, and 9 of these sixteen were attacked.

It is absurd to suppose that those who are mad and wicked enough to neglect precautions are to be allowed, by their pig-headed folly, to spread this frightful disease, once more, amongst the crowded Populations of our modern Cities !

THE "HAY FEVER."

One more strange complaint which seems to be increasing both in England and America may be mentioned, viz., the "Hay Fever." Just at the delightful time of the year, the beginning of Summer,—the victims of this strange complaint are prostrated by what outwardly appears to be a severe cold, or influenza attack.

German scientists claim to have proved a connection between this disease and the pollen coming from the hay. A tablespoonful of Dr. Lamplough's Pyretic, placed in a deep tumbler, —a teaspoonful of Sweet Spirits of Nitre added,—the glass then gradually filled up with water and drunk while effervescing,—will give relief. The dose repeated, from time to time, through the day. But the simplest, and in many cases the most certain remedy, is the use for a day or two of strong Scotch snuff. "It will never cure me !" Well, try it !

THE EYES.

Weakness of sight,—very prevalent amongst youths whose employment as jewellers, &c., necessitates a very severe strain upon the eyes,—the use of the blowpipe, &c.,—can only be remedied by giving up the occupation and strengthening the eyes by frequent bathing in cold water with a large sponge, especially at night, taking care that as little writing is done by gaslight as possible, *and that the light is fairly behind or above you*, when obliged thus to work by gaslight.

When more powerful remedies are needed the following eye-water will be of use.

But,—as constitutions and conditions vary so greatly,—it is well to try various remedies, until you hit upon one that will suit your case.

In conclusion, the following excellent Eye Water:—

- (1) Cocain, and Hydrochloric,—(half and half), 12 grains.
- (2) Boric Acid, 60 grains.
- (3) Pure Glycerine, 30 drops.
- (4) Rose Water, 4 ounces.

Dilute with warm water, half and half. Dip once or twice a day with an "eye-glass" (with eyes open) two or three times. Need not throw away each time ; place the eye glass in a tea cup of hot water to warm it, and put by. Will do for two or three days.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

HINTS ON SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHING.—THE UNKIND
TEACHER.—A POOR BOY AND HIS DIFFICULTIES.

THE experience of the last ninety years has so fully proved what a great and lasting blessing our English Sunday Schools have been to our Country, America, and our Colonies, that it would be wearisome to repeat an oft-told tale. I propose merely to give a few hints to the young Teacher who feels the desire to give his assistance in the Sunday School.

It brings Youths of the Upper Class into kindly interest, and sympathy, with Youths of the Working Class, giving them the opportunity of employing the advantages and privileges God has bestowed upon them for the benefit of others.

The Routine of various Schools of course differs considerably, as do the Sects of the Congregations to which they belong; but in all Schools certain rules will apply; in all, the *Characters* of boys and young men are pretty much the same; in all, there is the same mixture of good and bad; and, though they may differ upon various minor points of practice and doctrine, the object of every Sabbath School is the same.

CHRISTIANITY WITHOUT CHRIST.

One Sect,—we can hardly say of Christian “Believers,” (seeing that their peculiar tenets are precisely in opposition to “Belief” in the Divinity of its great Head and Teacher),—alone forms an exception to this rule. Difficult though it is to obtain a definite and clear explanation of their views,—(for the tenets and doctrines of the Sect seem not clearly defined, nor arbitrary, but left in a great degree to individual belief and practice),—still, if the doctrine held by the Unitarians *be* what the name *implies*, and the teaching in their Sunday Schools *be* true and *consistent* with it, such Schools *must* form the exception to all others. They form the exception, because, let the peculiar views of other sects be what they may,—whether of Dissenters or of the Established Church—whether Roman Catholics, or the Greek Church,—however mistaken may their views on *minor* points appear

to be to their Christian friends, yet in the *one great* and fundamental *doctrine* of Christianity they all alike agree,—that of the Divinity, and Almighty power, of our Saviour Jesus Christ. To exalt Him, consistent with the will of our Heavenly Father, who has “committed all judgment” to Him, and has placed all things under His feet, “that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord,” is, after all, the *first* principle of our Christian Religion, and the one great object of all religious teaching, both in the Pulpit and the Sunday School. The Unitarians, the world over, are ever found to be amongst the most intelligent, the most moral, and most useful of mankind in secular matters ; but they are *not believers* in the Divinity of Jesus Christ.

The end and aim of all true Christian teaching is to lead the human soul to Christ, without Whom no man can approach unto God, and through Whose Divine aid, and intercession, and Atonement, for sin we can *alone* hope for SALVATION.

What remnant, then, of true Christianity remains in that Doctrine which *denies* the union, once existing upon Earth, of a Perfect Man, and yet a Divine Master, and which limiting His being to that of a Perfect Teacher alone, absolutely denies Him as our risen, and glorified, and Divine Lord, Who is now at the right hand of God ? What is that “Christianity” which requires no Atonement, no *Divine Saviour*, no *Redeemer* ?

No one presumes to deny, for a moment, that there can be “Morality without Christ,”—there *can* be,—unquestionably. We see it constantly. What the Believer asserts,—firmly, and boldly,—is, that there may be Morality, but there cannot be “*Salvation* without Christ.” Call it “narrow,”—“dogma,”—“creed,”—any term you like,—the solemn truth remains, that Christ was Divine,—was “very God,” and that our Salvation entirely rests upon the shedding of that Divine Blood.

In fact, to the Christian Believer,—the entire Bible, from Genesis to the Revelations,—through all its types,—the lamb’s blood sprinkled on the door post causing the dread death angel to “Pass over” that house,—the offering up of Isaac, and the endless sacrifices of innocent animals for the sins of Mankind,—all shadow forth the *one* Great Sacrifice and Atonement, for all Men, of our Divine Lord,—Jesus Christ !

GETTING INTO A PURE ATMOSPHERE.

On crossing the threshold of our Sabbath Schools,—you breathe a purer air ! The atmosphere is changed ! *Why ?* Because where there is prayer, and piety, *God is there !* You leave behind you the sneers, buffoonry, vile language, vile

principles, and derision of evil Companions, and Writers, who *burlesque* a Piety they probably will never possess *themselves*;—who term Piety in a Youth towards his Maker "cant,"—and call all those who do not choose to follow their hopeless, prayerless, worthless, miserable lives,—“hypocrites.”

In the Sunday School, you will hear a *very different* tale! You will learn that instead of being “Pecksniffs,”—“Chadbands,”—and “Stiggins,”—Christians,—Pious,—Religious people,—the world over,—are, as our Blessed Lord tells us,—the very “Salt of the Earth,”—the “Light of the World” (*Matt. v., 13-15*); the only Class of His creatures, whom the Supreme views with entire love, and approval; and for *whom alone*, future, and endless Glories are prepared! That there is no sight on this fallen earth so lovely,—none so pleasing to Almighty God,—none so honoured by Christ,—none so delightful in the sight of his future companions,—the Holy Angels,—than that of a Youth who is “rich towards his God!”

I spoke once before of “a moral atmosphere”—it is a difficult expression to explain, although one which seems best to meet the case. In saying that there is a “moral atmosphere” for good over all in a Sabbath School, I mean that every association connected with it bears a good and worthy impression on the mind. The good, well-meaning Youths you will meet with there; the precious words of the Saviour of mankind read again and again with the Boys whom you teach; the early intelligence and regard of your Scholars, turned to what is true and good by your efforts—all tend to carry with them a blessing to your own heart and soul! If the nature of your employment permits of it, by moderately late hours on Saturday evening, let me suggest to all my young readers this employment. How many a youth could speak of delightful hours in preparing for, or attending at, the Sabbath School! The self-denial of young men in this point of Sunday School teaching is sometimes very beautiful; and it does not lose its reward!

Strange, indeed, if it were not so! Strange, *indeed*, if *Satan* and *degrading sin* have alone true happiness to offer and to bestow! Strange, indeed, if He who holds this world in the hollow of His hand—Whose are all things, both in heaven and in earth, and Who assures us that a “cup of cold water given for His sake” cannot pass unnoticed—will not bestow *one* blessing upon His youthful and sincere follower, who, Sunday after Sunday, tries to plead His holy cause! I have reason to believe that attending a Sunday School has been the turning point in the life of many young men; it has produced a habit of thought and bias of mind which will last through life.

A few hints are given to those who feel willing to try the plan for themselves, and to give their valuable and ever-needed assistance in Sunday School teaching.

JESUS CHRIST DIVINE.

But, start with the conviction that the entire aim and meaning of the Bible is to prove to all Mankind that all Morality,—however good for this world,—is not effectual for Salvation ;—that “ without the shedding of Blood there is no remission of sins ! ”

The mere shedding of the blood of a mere Man,—however great a Prophet, and however perfect a Human Being, he might have been,—would have availed no more to secure the Redemption and Salvation of Mankind, than would the blood of heifers and rams ! It would have been nothing whatever ; utterly useless,—merely one more added to the noble Band of Martyrs !

No ! The true Christian's *only* hope of Salvation for himself and for Mankind is,—that Jesus Christ was “ very God,”—as well as Man. A stupendous Mystery doubtless,—but one long foretold. There never yet lived a true Follower of Christ who did not fully believe it. It is the precious,—Divine,—Blood of God Himself,—in the Person of our Human, and yet Divine, Saviour, which alone can redeem us ! Nothing else gives the true Christian any hope,—any confidence,—or any satisfaction !

Our friends the Unitarians,—(always supposing them to deny the Divinity of Christ, as their name implies),—useful,—admirable,—fellow-citizens, though they are,—respected by us all,—are,—after all is said and done,—only men for *this* World.

They are the men to *live* with,—not to *die* with !

It is easy to talk of a “ kind Heavenly Father,”—and to conjure up for ourselves a God of our own devising,—certainly not the God of the Scriptures. It is easy,—under a “ strong delusion ” then to enter the Ferry boat of “ one Vain Hope, a Ferryman,” dragging with us our “ Morality,”—our good Works,—our superior Intellect,—and our “ Larger Hope ; ”—but all the time unsprinkled by the precious Blood of Christ,—and thus despising the priceless gift of God to Mankind !

Unless Almighty God has placed a False Book in the hands of Mankind,—and our Blessed Lord has wilfully led Believers astray for nigh 2,000 years,—*that Ferry Boat*, and its contents,—“ Morality,” without the “ Blood of Christ,”—*shall never reach* the Heavenly shore :—and the victims of their own pride, and rejection of their Saviour's blood, shall have to face Eternity,—unchanged,—unsaved,—and unredeemed ! “ I do

not believe a word of it!" Perhaps so,—but you will *have* to believe it one day, perhaps too late! Your unbelief does not alter the Truth of God's Word.

"For we know that no man is justified by the works of the law, but by the faith of Jesus Christ; for by the works of the law shall no flesh be justified."—*Galatians* ii., 16.

I allude to this point on account of the excellent system as regards secular education carried on in the Unitarian schools, and because it naturally leads to the question, so often raised, as to the propriety of anyone undertaking the post of teacher who has not, at some time of his life, been himself deeply impressed with religious truth, has consciously given himself to God as a follower of His Son, and has already himself experienced the beginning of that great change in his heart and mind,—which is to grow brighter and brighter to the perfect day,—called "conversion."

But the distinction between teaching the greatest and *most fatal* error ever conceived by man,—(namely, that we can personally, by care and education, effect this great change for *ourselves*, without applying to,—or believing in,—a Divine Saviour),—and a mere lack of vivid religious feeling and powerful impressions towards piety, must be obvious.

I would not, therefore, have any discouraged from taking part in a Work which tends so much to produce and foster feelings of Piety, and which proves, even under imperfect teachers, an unquestionable blessing to the young of the poorer classes. It must ever be borne in mind that he who is most diffident of his powers and attainments, in good, is frequently the most likely to succeed; and, though he may not venture on the highest points of religious instruction, his cheerful, kindly presence in our Sunday Schools, would be missed by all. A few remarks pleasantly made,—the deep lessons taught in the Bible, though it may be simply read with a class of boys,—all have their good effect; and before long a deeper and more prayerful interest in the class will gradually but surely be felt. And though a life of early drudgery too often deprives them of much of the freshness, the brightness, and intelligence of boyhood, you will find, in many cases, much in them which merits your affection.

You cannot meet, Sunday after Sunday, with these boys (who, in many cases, depend upon you for all the religious instruction,—the lessons and persuasives to all that is good,—they will have during this period of their lives,—perhaps all they will *ever* receive)—you cannot receive those presents, wrought (sometimes beautifully, too) by themselves, according to whatever their branch of trade may be, by which they

wish to express, in the best way which lies in their power, their grateful sense of your good-will, and your desires to benefit and aid them,—you cannot notice the gentle, earnest interest taken by here one and there another in the things which may one day lead them to a Heavenly home,—without desiring for a higher power than you possess, for a deeper wisdom than your own,—without longing for the assistance of that Saviour, Who, you hope, may one day welcome you, and them, into a better and a brighter World!

IMPERTURBABLE GOOD TEMPER.

There is, however, one natural or acquired gift which is *essential* to every person who wishes to engage in the Sunday-School,—namely, that of a *temper* which *nothing* can disturb or ruffle, and a *good humour* which is *never* lost, even when employing authority to secure order and proper conduct.

You have little idea what some of these boys have to go through during the week! Drunken Fathers or Mothers, or companions in the Workshop! Resolve never to say a *cross word*,—God helping you,—in the Sabbath School! *The Master is near!*

I have known a boy of fourteen work from six in the morning till nine at night, and when business pressed, *three nights* in a week, also in a cellar, grinding swords,—about the most unhealthy employment possible.

Taken to the workshop when mere children, with long hours of monotonous toil,—with no opportunities for self-improvement, how can we wonder at inattention, weariness, and indifference in a Sunday School class when there is wanting a pleasant, good-humoured, and forbearing spirit on the part of the teacher?

It is really a matter of surprise that, in spite of all these disadvantages, our classes are so well attended as they are; and his heart must, indeed, be a hard one who, wrapped up in his own self-esteem and pride, does not long to render the Sunday School an object of liking, rather than of fear, to his scholars. The position the teacher holds is so important a one that all little feelings of personal annoyance must give way before the resolve to do his utmost for the class committed to his charge.

It is a good plan at the end of School to let your scholars as they pass out shake your hand. For twenty years the Writer never omitted this. It was so important a matter that, a boy forgetting to do so, would come running back, smiling, to go through the concluding form.

The only exception I would make to any wishing to accept the post of teacher (of course omitting any one living in the habitual practice of known sin) is where there is felt to be a natural *irritability* of temper. Whatever may be your aptitude in other respects, this is a fatal obstacle, and one which you should completely conquer before you accept such a post. The School is not a place in which you can safely learn the needful lesson. It would be most unjust to the scholars, however beneficial to yourself might be the gradual improvement in your character in this respect; for your conduct, in the meantime, might inflict an injury upon a boy, for which nothing could afterwards compensate.

To illustrate my meaning, I give an extract from the late excellent Mr. John Ashworth; it is a case in point. He mentions that during a walk he met by accident a handsome youth, with a fine, intelligent face, but evidently in failing health, and,—as it proved from conversation with him—dying from consumption. He had lost both his parents while young, and was an only child; his health was not sufficiently good to enable him to make himself a home, so that since the aged relative whom he had lived with had died, the poor fellow had lived a very lonely life, and had been lately unable to obtain even the proper necessities of life, his declining health unfitting him for work in the Cotton Mills.

A LANCASHIRE STORY.—JOHN ASHWORTH.

Speaking of some years before, when a boy, this youth said: "The happiest period of my life was spent in the Sunday School.

"My Mother was then alive, and she was very anxious that I should early have impressions towards Religion. She regularly attended the Church, and had a great regard for the Sabbath day. She would read to me stories from good books, and many times prayed with me *when Father was not at home*, for he was a drunken man. I well remember the night she died. I kneeled beside her bed, and she entreated the Lord to save me from the snares and temptations so destructive to the young. With her dying breath she asked me to promise never to leave the Sunday School, nor to neglect reading the Bible.

"I promised all she wished, for my father, an intemperate man, had died of brain fever six months before. I was but young, and my heart was breaking at the thoughts of losing her also. From my heart I intended to perform what I had promised. For four years I did so; for I daily read out

of Mother's Bible, and was regular at the Sunday School, and often prayed that I might meet Mother in Heaven.

"But one fatal Sunday a terrible misfortune befel me! The teacher of our class was a very young man, very proud, and for the smallest offence he would strike our heads. I was telling the boy next to me which verse he had to read, when the young teacher struck me with the Bible which he held in his hand, its edge striking my forehead. In a moment he was sprawling on the floor, and in a few minutes more I was in the hands of the Superintendent, being dragged up to the desk, exposed to the whole school, and in ten minutes afterwards was publicly expelled! I was turned out of the door, and my cap was thrown after me into the street; and though the blood was running down my face from the force of the blow, I received not the slightest pity, and was thus disgraced and branded by having been known 'to have been turned out of the school.' I went from the school sadly to my mother's grave, and, seeing no one near, I laid down on the cold flagstone.

"Oh! I wish some kind friend had then taken me by the hand and led me back to the School. I would have done anything to have been once again in my place, for the sake of the promise I had made my mother. I sat sorrowfully there till it was dark, and then, with aching head and heart, plodded my way home. I had no one to feel for me, for my grandmother was now very feeble, and too old to care much about me. I wished to go to some other school, but feared that they would have heard of my conduct, and would object to take me in, or, if they did, *that it would be always recorded against me.* My Sundays, once so pleasant, were now badly spent; I soon became much changed in feeling, and forgot to read my Bible, and I got into the habit of going to rest without saying my prayers. About this time I met the young Teacher who had struck me; he held out his hand, wishing to be friendly, and invited me back to the school. Would that he had done so six months before, for I felt now very indifferent about it, and was proud in showing that I was independent of it, and that my desire to return was gone. I therefore merely said that, as my grandmother was now dead, I was removing to Burnley, where I expected to be able to get better wages. He expressed his regret at having struck me, and said that 'he feared he had been the cause of my leaving the School.' This softened me a little, but a week after I removed to Burnley, and for *six years have led a very wild and dissipated life.*"



THE UNKIND TEACHER.

"About this time I met the young Teacher who had struck me." Page 245

He confessed that his excesses were the cause of his failing health; and he felt that he kept sinking both in body, mind, and circumstances.

THE KIND, PATIENT TEACHER.

I give the anecdote in full,—omitting the peaceful death of the poor young man, who was attended in his last moments by the kind and real friend he had, at length, found in good Mr. Ashworth,—without any wish to exaggerate; indeed, I would rather hope that in this case we only hear one side of the story, and that something may be said in extenuation of the Teacher's conduct. Some boys can, unquestionably, assume a manner and temper which require the utmost efforts to bear with perfect calmness and good temper; and in spite of all the boy's indifference and designed inattention and rudeness, to

feel still for him as a Teacher *should* feel is a somewhat difficult task. A calm manner, and a natural firmness of character, and the respect these qualities involuntarily command, must vary in degree in different teachers; but placing the most restless by your side; stopping quietly till the boy who is talking in the class is silent; or a playful remark, which, though it tells against him, creates far from ill-feeling towards you on the part of the boy, and secures your object; kindly patience in cases of losing the place, inattention, &c., will secure not only that perfect obedience which harshness may fail to obtain, but will create an evident desire to avoid (as much as the natural thoughtlessness of boys can) giving you any trouble or extra work. Some boys, of a kindly and gentle nature, sometimes feel more pain at the neglect and behaviour of others towards the Teacher than the latter (accustomed to it by long experience) feels himself. You will notice it in many little things they do to save the Teacher trouble. In the worst cases, when great provocation is offered by wilful inattention and rudeness, surely nothing is gained by showing the slightest irritation; but merely *quietly* desiring the offender "to leave the room" will secure in all cases that strict *authority* over the class, upon which success as a Teacher undoubtedly so greatly depends. There will not be found one in ten whom a few gentle words of expostulation afterwards with a word or two of affection will not soften, by appealing to his sense and good feeling, and very frequently such lads will be found to be more thoughtless than wicked, and may, in the end, prove the best in the class. The Writer taught a class of 40 youths between 14 to 19, and,—in 20 years,—never met with a single case of rudeness to himself.

Of course the boy's remedy in the case given, instead of *striking the teacher*, should have been to have gone quietly to the Superintendent and asked to be placed under another teacher; or else he must leave the school; but such self-command on the part of a mere boy is *too much to expect*.

When we consider that being a member of such a school is, in some localities, a recommendation and assistance to a Youth in business life, the injury inflicted by a public expulsion is very great; but the loss to the boy, of what formed his protection in good, may be, as shown by the story, infinite! I am not aware that the Teacher is still living, and may, therefore, say that I never met with an instance of the habit of striking; and though the system in some schools in Lancashire may probably be more rough than that which I have had experience of, still if the Teacher had been aware of the friendless position of the boy, and of his promise to his mother,—

which a little kindly interest would surely have elicited,—if he had considered the loss which the boy must suffer from the expulsion, and yet had allowed *six months* to elapse without taking a step towards a reconciliation, his conduct appears *incredible*; such a person cannot have realised his position in God's sight, and was *totally* unsuited for the post of Sunday School Teacher; while the neglect of his fellow-teachers, if they knew of the circumstance, and did not suggest to the Superintendent their desire to place the class in more suitable hands, was almost as much so! I merely cite the story as an instance of the fatal effects of a young man occupying the position of a teacher who was evidently entirely unsuited for the position by this fatal defect of temper.

The talent of a teacher is put to the test by the power he has of imparting a real interest to the scholars; not so much a passing interest in one particular lesson, but a real interest in attending the class.

The surest sign of confidence in the teacher will be given in gentle enquiries made to him, in points a boy fails to understand; for he must be very sure of a kind and ready reply before he thus ventures to speak on subjects on which, when really felt, there is generally great diffidence on the part of a boy. However little the apparent success of a teacher may be, every now and then these cases will occur,—often in those from whom they were least expected.

To expect much apparent result at first is unwise; although the aim should be definite, and *some* return expected. The duty of teaching in a Sunday School should be taken up with the intention of following it, if other duties as important do not hinder it, *through life*.

It may take years to convey much lasting instruction to those whose minds have been greatly neglected: if any doubt is felt of this, let a few questions be put on the lesson or address just given, and the boy quietly asked if he can tell what is meant; and though, probably, the lesson was a good and clear one, and had been repeated times without number, he will most likely honestly confess he cannot! The words,—their sounds,—are familiar to the ear, but the difficulty is to impress an intelligent meaning on the mind! None but those who have been in the habit of thus testing the intelligent understanding with which their scholars have listened to them will feel how *great a difficulty* this really is! In the usual routine of the Sunday School, after the portion of Scripture has been laboriously read together, and the lesson or address given, slightly attended to and imperfectly understood, the scholars have to plunge, for another week, into the business of daily life,—its duties, its trials, its temptations.

Some of the best attenders of the Sunday School will be often found to be the most slow in apprehension ; such will attend for years, and their advancement may not be very perceptible ; but the habitual practice of punctually attending such a school is in itself a great advantage, and is a sign that though progress may be slow, an interest is surely felt. Such cases will prove in the end generally far more satisfactory than those in which the scholar may possess much greater advantages of mind and person, may be far more bright and intelligent,—but unstable and vain. The reason, probably, is that the *quick* and sensitive disposition feels sooner that religion is *irksome* to every unrenewed heart. Do what *you will*,—provide stories, pictures, interesting lessons,—still there will come a time when the uneasiness, and unhappiness, of the unsanctified heart will be felt by every youth you teach ! Such an one must either cease to listen, and throw off all thought, or else feel that the restraints of Conscience are now a burden until his heart is given to God.

Tell such a youth that God is all-mighty and all-wise, and can protect and aid him ; he knows that this wisdom may count up his sins, and this power may bring him to judgment !

Every intelligent, thoughtful boy has this feeling. Having no clear idea of real piety, he fears that the restraints of conscience—which, even now, he feels interfere with some of his pleasures—will only be increased by Religion, and that every addition to Piety is another addition to Gloom.

Is it any wonder that there is naturally an aversion in the mind of the Youth or the Man to Religion when viewed in this manner ? This is often not lessened by the way in which piety is sometimes presented to them.

It is in your power, by cheerful kindness and patience, very much to overcome these prejudices. They see in you nothing to repel, nothing to cause gloom. They feel—(and boys have a quick sense to perceive it)—that you sincerely desire their good, and long to secure their best interests, and,—at once,—much of their repugnance vanishes. In your position as teacher, there is one point you must carefully guard against, namely, exhibiting in word or deed the slightest partiality in regard to points of mere worldly fortune or *natural amiability*. You will find this, at first, probably difficult, and you cannot be expected to possess that command of feeling and manner which is seen in older teachers. The more stupid, rude, neglected, and poor a boy is, the kinder you ought to be to him. Dear Reader, without resolute *self-denial* nothing can be done !

A GOOD TEACHER MUST BE IMPARTIAL.

You insensibly desire to obtain the most intelligent and *respectable* scholars—the decent, well-dressed, pleasing boys—and are tempted to think slightly of a boy, however well he may attend, who is evidently *very poor*. You cannot avoid making a distinction between good and bad.

It is but right that such a feeling *should* be shown; but the following extract will serve to show how *unfair*, how *unjust* is any conduct which makes a distinction between the poor and ill-taught boy in a Sunday School, and one whose circumstances happen to be better. The distinction is made soon enough in the world—cold, selfish, and interested as it will ever be. We mark it at the School, at the College, in Society the World over. It has pressed down *many* a noble heart, and extinguished fond hopes, once buoyant and strong. It has trampled upon and thwarted the tenderest and sweetest of earthly affections. Let it not penetrate even to the Sabbath School, and cause your heart to beat *less warmly* towards one whose lot, though now a poor and lonely one, may one day—when this earth, with all its interests, shall have for ever passed away—prove a glorious one in a new and eternal sphere!

A LANCASHIRE STORY.—A POOR BOY.

NOTE.—It is believed that this anecdote by the late Mr. John Ashworth, is a truthful account of *his own* early life.

"One hot summer's day a poor woman was toiling up the hill called 'Fletcher's Round' with a flannel 'piece' on her back. A little boy was walking by her side. On reaching the 'Milkstone' she laid down her heavy burden, and, leaning the 'piece' against it for support, she wiped her face with her apron. With a look of affection, the boy gazed up into the face of his mother, and said, 'Mother, when I get a little bigger you shall never carry another '*piece*.' On that day the painful truth first flashed upon the mind of that little boy that he was the poor child of poor parents—the young son of a toiling, but kind and affectionate, mother.

"And as he grew stronger he redeemed his promise, and carried 'pieces' up 'Fletcher's Round' on to the warehouse at Sparth, without resting at the 'Milkstone,' for his love to his mother was deep and lasting."

Speaking of his after-life, this boy describes his first going to Sunday School. His "poor Mother did all she could to help her children, but she could not procure sufficient clothes for her boy, for her Husband was a drunken, helpless man;

they had by degrees become *very, very* poor, and my clothes were not fit to be seen.

"My little heart sank within me in bitter sorrow. I looked in my Mother's face, but when I saw the tears in her eyes, I checked myself, and said, 'Don't mind, mother; we shall be better off some day!' I took my place in the third Bible-class, among boys much better dressed than myself, who did not like to sit by me on that account. I well remember the place where I sat that day—how I put my bare feet under the form to prevent my proud class-mates from treading on them! But the feeling that I was so poor came upon me very sadly! As I saw, however, my mother afterwards in the gallery smile at me, and seem pleased to see her boy with the rest, I smiled in return, and hoped for better days. Our Teacher was young, but gentle in manner, and took pains to teach us.

"It was the custom of our Sunday School to give the boy who was first in the class a ticket. These tickets were collected each year, and the boy having the largest number had the most valuable prize presented to him. At the distribution of prizes, the Teachers, Scholars, Parents, and Members of the Congregation and their friends, would come to witness it. This year I had just one more ticket than any other boy in the school, and, in consequence, I was entitled to the highest prize! But I was very unhappy, because I had no shoes, for I was not old enough to gain much through the week. I think my Teacher would have helped me, but I did not like to ask him. However, I said to Mother the evening before, as gently as I could, 'Do you think you could get me some shoes, Mother, for to-morrow? I shall have to go up to the platform for the Prize, and I shall be ashamed to go with bare feet.' My Mother was mending my Father's clothes when I spoke to her. She made no answer for a moment, but put her hand to her breast for a moment as if in pain!"

Note.—Oh! Reader! that Cursed Drink traffic! It meets us everywhere! It has broken many a loving heart! Do your little to oppose it whenever you can!

A DRUNKARD FOR A FATHER.

"I had struck upon the train of her thoughts at the moment. She was taken unawares, for she said, 'I know it, my child;' and as I saw the sad tears trickling down her cheek, how I repented having spoken.

"Nothing as I grew older astonished me more than her quiet, steady, Christian conduct; yet a hundredth part of

the trials and temptations she had constantly to endure would have caused thousands to sit down in helpless sorrow ; but she was often in prayer, and God fulfilled His promise in helping her to bear her troubles.

" ' I know it, my child,' she said, at length, ' I was out all day trying to borrow a trifle ; I have done all I could to send you there decent. I have tried to borrow two or three shillings from the Publican's wife, where your Father takes much of his earnings ; but she scorned me, and refused to lend it me ! I have been to several of our neighbours to ask them to lend it me, but our well-known poverty seems to stop all help ! God *knows* it is a *hard* lot in this world to be a Drunkard's wife, or a Drunkard's child,—a *hard* lot to what I once thought would be mine ; ' and for some time the poor thing said not a word,—silently brushing away her tears. ' I do not wish, my child, to say one word against your Father,' she continued. ' I believe you have never heard me speak of it before this, and I hope none of my children ever will do so, for he is your father. I often pray that God will keep me from murmuring, and that we may have His guardian care. And I trust that God will yet bless us, John, and that we shall see happier days.'

" Dear Mother, I well remember one of her prayers. It being the Wake at Rochdale, I had risen early to have a long play-day. I thought no one had risen, but heard a slight noise in her room ! I sat down on the step as I passed the door, and listened. My mother was praying in a low voice, and I overheard her say, ' Lord, bless John, and keep him from bad company, and make him a good and useful man ! ' Her words went to my young heart ! I never forgot them !

" That evening I tried all I could to borrow a shilling or two ; I went two miles to a kind relative of ours, and stood long in the cold, wet night, till he returned. He only said when he heard my request, ' Tell your Mother, boy, that when the money is paid I lent your Father some time ago I will talk about lending more ! ' My Mother saw by my face that I had got no money ; our looks met, but little was said, and I went quietly to bed. The following day I washed myself very clean, again and again, for I resolved that my feet should be at least perfectly clean. I sat in a corner. Books and Penknives, Inkstands, &c., and a small Writing Desk were on the table. At length, my name was called out for the First Prize, and I was invited to the Platform amidst a loud clapping of hands ! I rose from my corner, and threading my way through the people, I walked blushing on to the Platform and received

the Prize, with kind words from the Chairman, amidst repeated clapping of the audience. But I felt very sad, because I thought some of the boys sneered at my poverty ; and when I got back to my corner, I sat down and cried like a child, because I was such a poor, poor boy."

Note.—And did the Faithful God answer those prayers ? Certainly He did ! The Boy was Mr. John Ashworth, whom God greatly blessed as an Evangelist in the Lancashire District.

The boy never left the Sunday School,—it proved a blessing to him in every way ; he rose at length even to be Superintendent.

He mentions that the twelve boys who composed his class at the Sunday School had agreed together never to leave, promising each other that they would, as they grew up, work conjointly in the School as long as they lived. Only two out of the twelve kept their resolve, and only these two have prospered in life. Five of the others have now died the Drunkard's death !

I give the anecdote to show how many are the difficulties a poor boy meets with. Surrounded by friends desiring your best interests ; placed from boyhood far above want, with every wish supplied almost before felt, *you* have reason (as a Sunday School teacher) to guard against feeling partiality towards the most respectable and well-clad scholars. Would you not, in the case described, be willing for once to overcome all such feelings ; and, instead of coldness and indifference, surely you would prevent the others from annoying him, by seating him by yourself, and, by your kindness, show to the poor boy that POVERTY IS NOT A CRIME which is to bring on him the dislike of all, and that he may always count upon your love ?

BOOKS, PICTURES, FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The Library of the Sunday School, if well-selected, is a powerful means of increasing the intelligence of your scholars. You should have a few Catalogues printed, which may be sold to the lads, or exchanged for their reward tickets, that they may place on the library tickets the numbers of any books they may wish for. You should also *mark* for them on their catalogues the Books which you know by experience *will interest* and be *useful to them*. The routine differs in different Schools. In some, the library tickets are only given to boys who have come at least eight Sundays during the quarter. Several numbers should be given on the back, in case the book wanted should be in use.

In many a proud Youth or Man a verbal reproof,—however gentle,—for a besetting sin too often causes a wounded vanity and pride; but when the pages of a *good book* speak, this pride is not aroused, and the *Conscience* can speak because the *Passions* are not aroused to drown its voice.

A boy looks forward with pleasure to receiving a new book; the prospect of gratification to be derived from reading something new is cheering, and curiosity is awakened as to the book which he will receive. Pity that it is doomed so often to be disappointed; for, though the Library I had some experience in is probably fairly good as a Library for a large Sunday School, it was too much, as usual, composed of the odd books of old libraries and institutes, and contained books quite useless for such a School. You should do your part in seeing that books are yearly added to the library, if possible. Why expect *others* to be able to read Books you cannot read *yourself*!

If you like the present Book, write for one, if you will, and see it placed in your School Library. It was to the Sunday School that this Book owes its existence, and it is right that it should be thus placed.

MAKE BIBLE READING PLEASANT.

Above all else,—if you are a wise Sunday School Teacher of a Junior Class, commence, at once, making a collection of all good illustrations of Bible Scenes,—Eastern Customs, &c.,—you can meet with. Never miss a good Picture. They are most difficult to obtain. Buy the Periodical, or Book, you notice it in, and cut them boldly out. Do not begrudge God and Christ's service anything. Never *hesitate for a moment*: having decided for Christ, do what you can do *well*! All will come back to you! Ah! *full measure*, and *pressed down*!

Then you can select from your collection any Pictures which bear upon the morning's Lesson or Reading,—and let the Boy next you have it quietly to look at, and then pass on to the next, till it has gone the round. The Reading goes on undisturbed, while the attention is attracted by the picture to the subject.

The quick eye takes in,—in a moment,—from a good Picture,—what the stubborn, or careless, ear may refuse to listen to in an hour!

Perhaps in no department of art have more feeble efforts been made than in attempting to portray Bible Scenes in a rational and attractive manner; never, therefore, miss a good picture. All this adds to the interest and pleasure in

attending a Sunday School class, disarming a Boy's prejudice against Religion, and giving a liking for the Bible, which may influence his entire after life.

Years after leaving the Sunday School a Man, who had attended the Class as a Youth, has said to the Writer, " Ah ! Sir ! those were the best hours we ever spent in our lives ! "

In addition to the usual lessons of the Class, you may afford much interest by giving those boys who are equal to the task a few questions written on cheap, common paper, under which they may write out the texts which will answer them. Some Scripture questions will be found in another chapter, but, as they were hurriedly written down, you will doubtless be able to improve upon them. Such occupation serves for employment during a vacant hour on the Sunday, and insensibly overcomes the *dislike to the Bible* so often formed by those who have never found out the interest there is to be derived from its careful perusal.

In regard to the portions of Scripture selected to form the lesson for the Sunday, although I am aware that difference of opinion may be entertained on this point, I cannot recommend you to read the whole of even the New Testament—or even the whole of a chapter—without *regard* to the understanding and *capacity* of the boys you wish to benefit.

Test, by a few of the simplest questions you can frame, the mental power of the lads who ordinarily attend, and tell me if you candidly think that a single intelligent impression will be made upon their minds by reading in the usual slow and laborious manner the 4th and 9th chapters of Romans, the 14th of Corinthians, the 7th of Hebrews, &c. ? Could any words at your command explain these Chapters so as to render them useful and interesting to these boys ? Very different is it when a well-chosen chapter is perused, such as those in Luke, a portion of the Gospel of John, &c.

AVOID DIFFICULT CHAPTERS.

But even here the same discretion is serviceable in choosing portions of a Chapter : some parts will often apply very beautifully to the youthful hearers, and should be chosen, while the more obscure may be omitted.

It is of the last importance to render the lessons as *clear* and *pleasant* as possible, the time allowed being so limited. In choosing the lesson, you must, however, decide for yourself. I have heard of a teacher who, considering the whole Bible ought to be read, went through the whole Bible, from Genesis to Revelation, including the chapters of genealogical descent,

Leviticus, Deuteronomy, Ezekiel, Solomon's Song, Nahum, Habbakuk—and then began again! I should not have cared to have been in his Class.

After reading some portions of the New Testament, they should be compared with parallel passages in the Old Testament, to shew the connection between the Old and the New Testament, and the authority with which the latter is invested by our Lord Himself. In this way the 41st and 42nd verses of Matthew xii. may be compared with Jonah; the 24th verse of Matthew xi. with Genesis xix.; and, in connection with II. Samuel xi., 25th verse, and II. Samuel xii., 7th verse, the 51st Psalm should be read, otherwise the abrupt and condensed account in the Old Testament does not afford *any idea* of the depth of feeling and sorrow felt and expressed by David. You will be able to find many other instances.

After reading the portion in the New Testament, choose one also in the Old Testament, passing the remainder of the allotted time in reading a well-chosen portion of its beautiful Stories. This adds variety to the Sunday School routine. The plan of one fixed lesson for the whole school prevents individuality on the part of good teachers—such are best left to their own plans.

YOU SHOULD VISIT THEIR HOMES.

On the subject of Visiting the Scholars I will say but little; its effect is evident, for a time, at least, in improved attendance.

Where great neglect has to be acknowledged in this particular, you will do well to recollect that—although it is not a point I would care to overstrain—it is, nevertheless, possible that amongst the number of boys who attend the School, here one, and there another, may be called away in their early years, by Death. When a Scholar has been absent several Sundays, this thought should incite you to occasional visits; or, if you prefer it, appoint some of the boys to visit and report to you. You can, I think, feel what it would be if, on introducing yourself to the Mother of one of your Boys as his Teacher, you were to hear from her the reason of his absence for many Sundays past, and listen to her sorrowful account of his Death; how he became worse, and was very much alarmed at the thought of dying; talked, as he naturally would do, of the Sunday School, and longed for the Teacher *he used to have* to come to see him, and perhaps to pray with him; then how he had got her to read the Bible to him—no small task to the poor woman—then how he became very ill, and at length seemed

resigned to die. Do not let such an one have reason to say—“The former Teacher took a great deal of interest in me, and was at great pains to make us understand everything, and after the lesson, or during it, he would sometimes speak so earnestly to us as to how we ought to live and to pray to God; I am sorry now I ever gave him trouble, and so were the others when he was gone. The Sunday School teacher we have *now* has never been to see me, and would hardly know me after this illness; and he might not like to come, for he used just to hear the lessons, appeared cold and distant, and seemed to have little interest in us.”

The above is only an *imaginary case*. The Mother would not reveal all so candidly to the Teacher; but the thought that such a thing *might* happen should incite you to do your utmost to be faithful to Him whom you desire to serve. Surely in the Sabbath School class pride and indifference may for once be dropped; do not fear the moistened eye and trembling tone which you cannot at all times prevent in speaking of God's love to those who seek Him. Who can be so out of place in the *class*, or in the *pulpit*, as a cold and indifferent Teacher?

Occasional tea parties provided for your class will prove useful, and well worth the trifling expense and trouble, on account of the increased familiarity which they afford, not only amongst the scholars towards each other, but also towards you; and they will, in consequence, feel more interest in the class. But do not lower the Sabbath School by offering Prizes, free Tea Parties, &c., more than you can possibly avoid. It is a poor affair to have recourse to bribery. It is not needed.

Meetings for Conversation, Reading, Quiet Games, &c., once a Month, are of great service; the boys will attend if they are made interesting.

If you would, however, know the true secret of success in a Sunday School Teacher, it is this,—a loving, earnest, and prayerful spirit; you feel yourself that all must at last depend upon this. No words of mine are needful to remind you how very dependent these boys are upon you for their best and eternal interests; how little there is often done for them at home.

Will you not try to be faithful to the trust committed to you? Your prayers in their behalf, and your own, will never be forgotten or go unrewarded by Him who once appealed to the Disciple who loved Him, perhaps more ardently than any other, and made the proof of that love lie in the fulfilment of the command—“Feed My Lambs!”

"SIMON, SON OF JONAS, LOVEST THOU ME?"

"He saith unto him the third time, 'Simon, Son of Jonas, lovest thou Me?'"

And Peter was *grieved* because He said unto him the *third* time, Lovest thou Me? And he said unto Him, 'Lord! Thou knowest *all things*,—Thou *knowest* that I love Thee!' Jesus saith unto him, 'Feed my lambs!'"

Dear Reader, the Blessed God, may see in you Intellect, Power, Time, Opportunity, which, properly cultivated, and devoted to the Saviour's cause, may, with His aid, lead many a Soul to his Saviour and his God! And your Lord comes to you, in your position as a Teacher, with the self-same words, "Lovest thou Me?" "Around you is a sinful,—and a *dying* World,—and precious souls whom you,—with My aid,—may influence, are passing into Eternity unsaved,—Will you be Mine?" Try then to be faithful to His call!

These boys come to you, in many cases, with much of the early innocence and gentle docility of boyhood, before they are exposed to those temptations they must experience when a few years older; you have now an opportunity of leading them to a nobler and better life, which may enable them to resist the temptations which must shortly be theirs. You can make the Sabbath School of infinite use to them; you can encourage them to acquire the habit of placing savings in the school fund, which would otherwise be often spent worse than uselessly. You can expand and improve their minds, by providing them with the best books the library affords, and the influence of a good and clever book is frequently felt through a life-time.

Much that is foolish, and much that is vulgar, in the intercourse between children, arises from *vacuity of the mind*. They have *no ideas*—nothing to *talk about*. Not so when such Books are taken Home; the conversation amongst boys is soon perceived to be more refined, *more intelligent*; and the intercourse between the Parents and Children is gradually softened, becomes more gentle; *coarse language* is felt to be more repulsive, and love for debasing amusements is greatly lessened. Do not let them lose these advantages of the Sabbath School through apathy or neglect. Be above feeling hurt at the conduct of any poor, untaught lad; you may soon prove to him that you will be master, and yet not forget that he and the others must often look for all their good impressions from you.

If you fail in this, can we wonder at the boys losing interest or liking for the Sunday School?

Make a collection, also, of all suitable stories you meet with, writing them out in a book, and read one after the Scripture lesson.

It will be also found a good plan (if writing is permitted in your Sunday School), instead of setting the frequently meaningless copies of the writing-master, to choose for copies some of the many very beautiful texts contained in the Bible. When they are too long for a single page, the text may be carried on for a further copy until completed. By writing such texts slowly they become familiar to the mind, and may be recalled some day, when far away, and perhaps have more influence for good than a long sermon possesses. Even one hour after one of the latter has been delivered, *how few*,—adults as well as the young,—can give even a tolerably correct or intelligent account of what it conveyed; whereas a text is not often forgotten when once impressed on the mind.

(1.) If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a Father, will he give him a stone; or if he ask a fish, will he give him a scorpion? If ye, then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, *how much more* shall your Heavenly Father give good gifts to them that ask Him?

(2.) I love them that love Me, and they that seek Me early shall find Me.

(3.) The very hairs of your head are all numbered.

(4.) If God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you?

(5.) Can any hide himself in secret places that I shall not see him? Do not I fill Heaven and Earth? saith the Lord.

(6.) Know ye not that ye are the temple of God? He that defileth the temple of God, him shall God destroy.

(7.) Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God? Fear not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows.

(8.) Jesus said unto her, "He that drinketh of this water shall thirst again? But he that drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst."

(9.) But He answered and said unto them, "Who is My mother, or My brethren? For whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is My brother, and My sister, and mother."

(10.) And one asked Him, saying, "Lord, are there few that be saved?" And He answered, "Strive to enter in at the strait gate, for few there be that find it."

(11.) For wide is the gate, and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat.

(12.) Watch ye, therefore, and pray always that ye may

be accounted worthy to escape all those things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of Man.

(13.) For what is a man advantaged though he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul ?

(14.) We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can take nothing out.

(15.) Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

(16.) Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.

(17.) Know ye not that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey, whether it be of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness ?

(18.) I am the resurrection and the life : he that believeth on Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.

(19.) Neither is there any creature that is not manifest in His sight ; for all things are naked and open in the eyes of Him with whom we have to do.

(20.) He that formed the eye, shall He not see ?

(21.) Ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time, an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth ; but I say unto you, bless them that curse you.

(22.) If ye forgive men their trespasses, your Heavenly Father will also forgive your trespasses ; but if ye forgive not, &c.

(23.) As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the Wicked, but rather that he should turn from his ways and live.

(24.) Come now ! and let us reason together ! saith the Lord, though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as snow ; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool !

(25.) He that gave His only Son to die for us, shall He not with Him freely give us all things ?

(26.) Even the Youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall ; but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength, &c.

(27.) If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear ?

(28.) For God so loved the World that He gave His only Son to die for us, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

(29.) In Thy presence there is fulness of joy, and at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

PASSING THE SABBATH. BIBLE STUDY.

Instead of regarding reading the Bible as a distasteful task, fix upon some character in the Old Testament, as Joseph, David, &c., and write out all you can find about his life. Follow his various fortunes; picture to yourself his age at the different periods spoken of; the manners and customs of the people; and study the geography of the country in which the different events occurred, finding the places on the best map you can get. Large single sheets of such maps may now be obtained at very trifling cost. Amongst Commentaries of the Bible, that of Albert Barnes, of Philadelphia, is an admirable one, Adam Clarke's is another,—you will need also a "Concordance."

ANSWERS TO WRITE OUT.

In reading the New Testament, read with reverence, and prayer, a few sentences of Him who "spake as never man spake;" often if you will do so, one Sweet sentence of Christ will attract your attention and regard, whereas, if read with careless indifference, whole chapters will be meaningless to you. Ask your Teacher at the Sunday School to write down a Question or two, giving you the places where the answers may be found in texts from the Bible itself. As an example, I give you a few questions, hurriedly formed in as simple language as I could employ, for the use of my own Class at the Sabbath School. Do not think that places being given makes the task too easy; write down each question, and underneath write out in full the text given; you will observe how one portion of the Bible answers another, and that in its own words. The Boys used to bring the Answers written out to the School the following Sunday.

(1) Which was the longest day ever known?—Joshua x. 13, 14.

(2) Which were the darkest days ever known?—Exodus x. 21, 22, 23.

(3) Which was perhaps the driest time ever known?—1 Kings xvii. 1, 7.

(4) Which were the days when most rain fell in the memory of man?—Genesis vii. 11, 17, 18, 19.

(5) Who was the oldest man that ever lived?—Genesis v. 26, 27.

(6) Who was the largest man we read of in the Bible?—1 Samuel xvii. 4, 5, 7.

(7) Who was the strongest man, and how did he show it?—Judges xxi. 27, 29, 30.

(8) Who amongst men ever walked upon the sea?—Matthew xiv. 28, 29.

(9) What man ever lived who never died?—2 Kings ii. 11.

(10) Give some verses to show how thoughtful was the goodness of God even in the olden and dark time before our Saviour came?—Deuteronomy xxv. 4; Exodus xxiii. 4; Deuteronomy xxiv. 15, 19.

(11) But how strictly was obedience to God pressed upon man even then?—Deuteronomy xxviii. 15, 17; 1 Samuel xv. 22; 1 Chronicles xxviii. 9.

(12) Why are we sure that God wishes us all to gain eternal happiness?—1 Timothy ii. 4; 1 Thessalonians v. 9; Ezekiel xviii. 25; Isaiah i. 18; Isaiah lv. 7; 1 John i. 9.

(13) But how do we know that after all it depends upon how we act towards God?—Proverbs i. 24, 26; Ezekiel xviii. 24; Revelation xxi. 27; Hebrews x. 31.

(14) At what time might God have been almost seen by men?—Exodus xix. 20, 21.

(15) And how may we approach nearest to God though He cannot be seen?—1 Epistle of John iv. 7, 12, 20.

(16) What do we gain by love to God and obedience to Him?—Deuteronomy xxviii. 2, 3, 6; Luke xviii. 29, 30; Proverbs viii. 17; Revelation iii. 10; Isaiah xlix. 15; Matthew xxv. 21, 46.

(17) What tempts anyone to sin?—James i. 13, 14.

(18) And why should we dread sin above all things?—James i. 15; Revelation xxi. 27; Revelation xx. 12, 15.

(19) And how may we obtain good even from temptation?—James i. 12; Revelation xxi. 7; Revelation iii. 5.

(20) What miracle shows best God's power to help those who trust and love Him?—Daniel iii. 23, 25.

(21) And where does God promise His care over such?—Psalm xci. 1, 4, 14.

(22) What description does the Bible give us of heaven?—Isaiah xxxiii. 21; Revelation xxi. 3, 4, 27; 1 Cor. ii. 9.

(23) Why need we not be anxious if we cannot lay up much treasure, if we do not get as much money as we could wish for?—Matthew vi. 19, 20, 21; Luke xii. 6, 7.

(24) And how can we lay up true riches for ourselves?—Matthew vi. 33; Matthew vii. 7, 9, 11.

(25) Which is the door and way into eternal life?—

(27) And how can we do this?—John xiv. 21; Matthew xii. 50; 2 Peter i. 5, 7, 11.

(28) Whence did Jesus come?—John viii. 42; John xvi. 28; John i. 18.

(29) And why did He come into the world?—John iii. 16, 17; Luke ix. 56.

(30) What is all that we know of our Saviour's infancy and youth,—all that we are told about it in the Bible?—Luke ii. 16, 31, 42, 43, 48, 49, 51, 52.

(31) How could forgiveness of sins be obtained before our Saviour came?—Leviticus xvi. 14.

(32) And when He came how do we know that these sacrifices were useless?—Hebrews x. 5, 6; Hebrews iv. 13, 14.

(33) Then how can we escape from sin and God's anger?—John iii. 16; Hebrews ix. 27, 28.

(34) What power had our Saviour, and possesses still?—John xvi. 15; John iii. 25; John v. 22; Matthew xxvi. 53.

(35) Then why did He give Himself up to die as He did?—1 Peter iii. 18; Philippians ii. 8, 9.

(36) What was the "New Commandment" Jesus brought to us?—Matthew v. 38, 43, 44; John xiii. 34.

(37) What was the "Old Commandment"?—Exodus xxi. 24; Leviticus xxiv. 13, 20.

(38) How many persons did our Saviour raise from the dead?—Mark v. 35, 41, 43; Luke viii. 12, 41; John xi. 39, 48.

(39) And where does He assure us that He has power over life and death?—John xi. 25.

(40) Why should we be earnest in learning to love and pray to our Saviour?—John xi. 25; John xvii. 3.

(41) And what lesson did He press upon us most which we can all obey?—John xiii. 12, 13, 14; Ephesians v. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6; John xiii. 35.

(42) Where does our Saviour tell us how precious we are in God's sight?—Luke xii. 6, 7; 1 Corinthians iii. 23.

(43) But where does He warn us against debasing ourselves with sin?—1 Corinthians iii. 17; Luke xiii. 7; Mark xiii. 35, 37.

Far better read a few sentences prayerfully, and obtain by means of such questions intelligent ideas of Religion drawn from the Bible itself, than to read whole Chapters of the New Testament, until you get so familiar with the Gospel history,—so familiar with the deep and precious words of Christ Himself,—that, slightly attended to, and imperfectly understood, the whole at length falls on dull and listless ears, as a twice-told tale, with no reality, and with no more personal application to yourself than a history of ages long pass.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WHAT ARE THEY *REALLY* WORTH?

A SINGULAR PAIR OF SCALES.

THE following Fable appeared many years ago in the "Contributions of Q.Q." It illustrates the value certain things have in the sight of our Creator which are not greatly esteemed by men, whilst others, which we think highly of, are in reality comparatively worthless.

After many years of thought, toil, and research, we are told that an Ancient Philosopher invented a pair of very singular scales, by which he could test the true, real worth of everything, no matter what !

You will presently see

That these Scales were not made to weigh sugar or tea !

Oh, no ! for such properties marvellous had they

That qualities, feelings, and thoughts they could weigh !

Nought was there so bulky but there it must lay,

And nought so ethereal but there it must stay !

The first thing he tried was the head of Voltaire,

Which contained all the wit that had ever been there.

As a weight, he threw in a torn scrap of a leaf,

Containing the Prayer of the Penitent Thief !

When the skull rose aloft with so sudden a spell

As to bound like a ball to the roof of the cell !

Next time he put in Alexander the Great,

With a garment that Dorcas* had made for a weight ;

And, though clad in armour from sandals to crown,

The Warrior went up, and the Garment went down !

A long row of Alms-Houses, amply endowed

By a self-righteous Pharisee busy and proud,

Now loaded one scale, while the other was pressed

By the two Mites the Widow dropped into the Chest !

Up flew his endowments, not weighing an ounce,

And down came the Widow's two mites with a bounce !

By further experiments—no matter how—

He found ten War Chariots weighed less than one Plough !

A Sword and a Cannon flew up in the scales,

Though balanced by only some tenpenny nails !

My Lord and My Lady went up in full sail,

When a Bee chanced to light on the opposite scale !

* See the account at the end of the verses.

An Attorney, ten Lawyers, two Courtiers, one Earl,
 Three Councillors, with wigs full of powder and curl,
 All heaped in one Scale, and, swinging from thence,
 Weighed less than one atom of candour and sense !
 A sackful of Diamonds weighed less by one pound
 Than one good Potato just washed from the ground !
 Yet not mountains of silver or gold would suffice
 One Pearl to outweigh—'twas the " pearl of great price." (Matt. xiii. 45-46.)

At length the *whole world* was bowled in at the grate,
 With the Soul of a Beggar to serve for a weight,
 When the former sprang up with so strong a rebuff,
 That it made a vast hole, and escaped from the roof !
 Whilst the scale with the Soul in so mightily fell
 That it banged our Philosopher out of his cell !

PARABLE OF OUR LORD.—THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.



" Again,—the Kingdom of Heaven is like unto a Merchant man, seeking goodly Pearls ; who,—when he hath found one Pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it."—*Matt. xiii. 45-46.*

Let us lose everything rather than Christ.

DORCAS RAISED FROM THE DEAD.

" Now there was at Joppa a disciple named Tabitha, which by interpretation is called Dorcas : this woman was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did.

" And it came to pass that she was sick, and died ; whom when they had washed, they laid *her* in an upper chamber.

" And the disciples heard that Peter was there, they sent

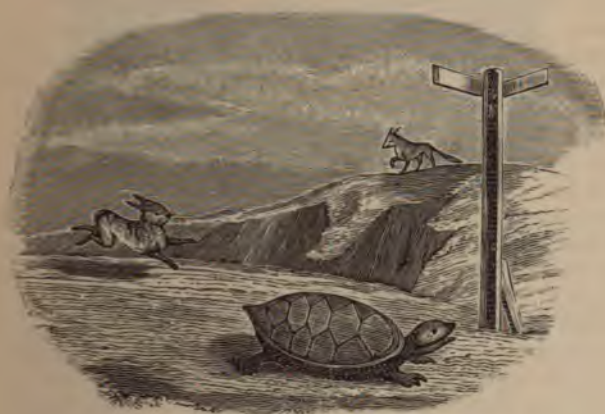
unto him, desiring him that he would not delay to come to them.

"When he was come, they brought him into the upper chamber : and all the widows stood by him weeping, and shewing the coats and garments which Dorcas made, while she was with them.

"But Peter put them all forth, and kneeled down, and prayed ; and turning him to the body, said, Tabitha, arise. and she opened her eyes : and when she saw Peter she sat up.

"And he gave her his hand, and lifted her up, and when he had called the saints and widows, presented her alive.

"And it was known throughout all Joppa ; and many believed in the Lord."



A FABLE.

Said a Hare to a Tortoise,—“ Good Sir, what a while you have been only crossing the way ! Why I really believe that to go half a mile, would take you two nights and a day !”

“ I’m very contented,”—the Tortoise replied,—“ though I go but a Tortoise’s pace, But if you think proper the point to decide, let us run a short way in a race.”

“ Very good,”—said the Hare,—“ Pray proceed,—and the Fox shall decide who has won.” Then the Hare started off at incredible speed,—but the Tortoise walked leisurely on.

“ Come, Tortoise, my Friend, walk on,” laughed the Hare.—“ Well ! I shall stop here for my dinner.

It will take you two months at that rate, to get there,—so how can you hope to be winner ?” But the Tortoise heard not a word that she said,—he was so far distant behind.

So the Hare felt secure, while she leisurely fed, and took a long nap when she’d dined.

So, at length, the slow walker came up with the Hare,—and there, fast asleep, he did spy her. But he cautiously crept,—with such caution and care,—that she woke not, although he passed by her.

“ Well now,” said the Hare,—when she opened her eyes,—“ for this Race,—and I soon shall have done it !”

But who could depict her dismay and surprise,—to find that the Tortoise had Won it !

Thus glib, industrious people we find, oft leave hasty,—and confident,—people behind !

ER XXV.

JESTER.

sh History—when the Nobles
nded by their Retainers—the
ary enough times. With the
ne the Troubadours, with their
; and the pursuits of the Chase
it must have been dull work
f any kind, in those dark days
families of the Great, to have a
on, or Jester, generally with a
ests, and to make merry on all
the Court Jester,—during his
man. "I knew him, Horatio!
st excellent fancy! How often
in a roar." It is evident that
tensions to wit and intelligence
these days, should think of a

cept a Fool, or Jester, *one day*
with his friends, and laughing
ster with a handsome staff, at
with gold, telling him to keep
ter fool than himself." Some
o had lived a very indifferent
approaching. He therefore took
amongst the others, came the
gloomy and disconsolate. He
faithfulness, and although he
as greatly respected for his
ilities. In fact he had been a

said the Nobleman, "I am
to leave us!" said the Jester
to, Uncle?" "Into another
"Well! when do you return
n a month?" "No! indeed,
Baron, with a sigh; "I shall
these things—I shall never
repeated the Jester,—"Good
provision have you made for
going to?" "Why, alas!"

HE HAD MAI

—exclaimed the dying
not been a good one;
to tell the truth, that
"None at all!" repea
ivory staff—"Oh! U
You must take it bac
have not been guilty o

PARABLE OF OUR



"And ye yourselves like
he shall come in the second
hood). Blessed are those ser
shall find watching."—*Luke*
We see others taken,—at
Tombs of our Cemeteries;
ing an habitual Life of Pra
when God sends the Solemn

Men think a

"Watch therefore; for y
Therefore, be ye also read
Son of Man cometh."

We do no
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One must
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"When,—and under a

CHAPTER XXVI.

PRIDE.—THE YOUNG TUTOR.

ANY years ago, in the old coaching days, a young gentleman took the remaining inside place of the North Day Mail Coach. As the scenery, towards the end of their journey was fine, and as it was the Summer season, one would have thought that an outside seat would have answered his purpose as well. The fact was, however, that the young man had a great idea of his consequence, and the importance of keeping up appearances. He was quite young—indeed had only recently left one of the great Public Schools—but had distinguished himself so greatly during his stay there, and a few months spent at College, that he had been offered a situation as Tutor to the sons of a wealthy Nobleman in the North; and was now on his way there. One of a large family, and in poor circumstances, he was greatly elated at having, with great difficulty, secured this position in an Earl's family; and being a good-looking youth, and brought up, as is too often the case at our public schools, with great ideas of the distinction to be maintained between the Richer and Poorer classes of Society, his natural consequence and conceit was not a little increased by the idea of entering a Nobleman's Family. At about Noon the Coach reached the inn where dinner was provided for the passengers, and a little time given them to rest before resuming their Journey. As the youth alighted, an elderly, respectable looking, man descended from the top of the coach, and followed him into the room.

The vain young gentleman thought this a good opportunity to show his importance, and to impress the other passengers with a proper idea of the Society he had been accustomed to, and therefore, while taking off his stylish wrapper, bran new kid gloves, &c., our elegant young gentleman, addressing the Waiter, remarked,—“I thought that a separate room was provided for the outside passengers?”

The Stranger immediately rose, and, with the air of a perfect Gentleman, observed—“I beg your pardon, I can go into another room!”—and immediately retired.

The Coach soon after resumed its course, the young gentleman being highly pleased with himself at having shown proper pride and becoming spirit.

At length the Coach stopped at the lodge gates of an evidently grand Mansion, surrounded by a noble Park and Grounds, and

he was informed by the guard that this was the Nobleman's residence. A small pony carriage stood waiting, also a handsome Mail Phaeton.

"We will attend to you in a moment, sir," said the servant in charge of the pony carriage, in a whisper, coming up to the coach door—"As soon as his Lordship's things are ready!"

The next moment, the Phaeton door was opened; the *elderly gentleman* descended from the top of the Coach; obsequious Footmen handed him in; the Coachman, Guard, &c., all touched their hats; the door was slammed to; the footmen swung themselves into the rumble, and the Carriage dashed off down the Drive! "Why, that was the Earl of ——— himself!" said the Guard to the Coachman,—pocketing the guinea he had just received,—and handing the Coachman the other. "He must have gone outside *to see the view!*"

Good heavens! The outside Passenger was the *very* Nobleman of whose family the youth hoped to become an inmate!

No sooner had he been shown his room,—to dress for Dinner,—than the poor young man sent down a message that "He felt very unwell, and begged to be excused an interview that evening."

But the Nobleman was a wise, and considerate, Christian man, who knew well the importance of "not letting the sun go down upon one's wrath." One in his position might well overlook the foolish pride of a young Tutor! "We must not allow the evening to pass thus," he observed to the Countess (to whom he had related the incident, to their mutual amusement); "I like the appearance of the young gentleman, he very good-naturedly assisted a poor old lady out of the coach; I think he might suit us; you must send for him, and we will talk with him upon his conduct." Accordingly one of the boys,—a pretty little fellow,—soon came with "Mamma's compliments" to the young man's room, and the latter, seeing an interview was inevitable, descended,—with the little fellow holding his hand,—to the Dining-room. The good Nobleman, and Countess, had not to reason long with him on the wrong feeling which had induced him to act as he had done in a way calculated to hurt the feelings of another, nor to assure them that *nothing* would induce *them* to allow any children of theirs to be taught such unkind notions, and actions, towards, perhaps, more worthy people in God's sight than themselves,—though not placed by His Providence in possession of the same Wealth,—for the young man at once confessed the folly he had been guilty of—pleaded his youth and inexperience, and the way youths are brought up at Public Schools; and being, in other respects, an amiable, accomplished,

and agreeable Youth, he made so good an impression that the Earl resolved to forget the unfortunate commencement of their acquaintance, and to engage him as Tutor. He had no cause ever to regret his clemency, for the latter proved himself well-adapted for the position, and remained many years in their family.

By this Story we may learn,—first, never to *despise* or *hurt* the *feelings* of those whom God's Providence has *not* placed in an equal *social position* with ourselves,—and, secondly, we see the advantage of forbearance and forgiveness at the momentary folly and conceit of another, who may, in spite of it possess an amiable character, and who had no real desire to injure or offend us. Had the Earl given way to resentment, and treated the Youth with coldness, and contempt, he would have lost the services of one who proved a valued, and faithful, attendant in after years, and would have inflicted an injury upon the young man much greater than his act of boyish conceit and pride merited.

"The Lord resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble."

Mother Birds pretend to be lame,—or wing broken,—to lead away from her young ones in the nest somewhere near.



"For he ne'er can be true," she averr'd,
 "Who can rob a poor bird of its young;"—
 And I loved her the more when I heard,
 Such tenderness fall from her tongue.



CHAPTER XXVII.

"He saith unto him the third time, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me?"

THE "CALL" OF GOD TO THE YOUNG.—PIETY IN YOUTH.

"And Samuel ministered before the Lord, being a Boy girded with a linen ephod.

"Moreover, his Mother made him a little coat, and brought it to him from year to year, when she came up with her Husband to offer the yearly sacrifice.

"And ere the Lamp of God went out in the Temple of the Lord, and Samuel was laid down to sleep, the Lord called Samuel, and he answered 'Here am I.'"—I. *Samuel* ii. and iii.

"Cheat not yourselves, as those who do prepare for Death when life is almost turned to fume! One Thief was saved—that no man might despair;—and only one,—that no man might presume!"—HENRY DELAUNE, 1657.

THE affection of earthly relatives and friends, and the goodwill and love of your Comrades, you feel to be needful to your happiness; but I would remind you that there is one infinitely greater Friend, whose approbation is of more consequence than that of all earthly friends united. God deigns to regard piety in youth as peculiarly acceptable to Himself; if, therefore, you would secure His love here, and be happy for ever hereafter—useful and honoured on earth and glorious in Heaven—I would, with all affection, urge you to make this blessing of youthful piety yours.

The esteem and love of friends, if obtained in youth and enjoyed through following years, if unaccompanied with the love and favour of God, will sink into insignificance when death separates your soul from its earthly abode, and Eternity receives you to its endless existence; but to possess that early acquaintance with Christ,—that youthful piety which is so pleasing to God,—will most concern you, long after not a trace of you or yours remains on earth,—long after the graves have given up their dead, and the Judge has fixed their eternal doom! You are now, probably, vigorous and cheerful and well; but you know that it will not always be so. You know that if you weather a thousand accidents and perils, that the end must come at length,—the day, the hour will come, when it is your turn to stand before the Judgment Seat of Christ. Will it, think you, be a light thing in that dread hour to possess His affection and regard—to know that in His faithful bosom reposes, never forgotten or effaced, that youthful love you felt for Him and His—those acts of self-denial, of forgiveness done for His sake—that earnest resolution you one day made in secret to honour and serve Him for ever? Sweet indeed will you find it then, when passing, like Christian and Hopeful, through the waters of the shadow of death, to know that He is near—to feel that “He is with you.” You will remember that in that wonderful book, “The Pilgrim’s Progress,” when poor Fearing, after his fears and troubles, had to pass (as all must) over the River of Death, Greatheart says that “The Water of the River was at that time *lower* than I had ever known it!” What a beautiful idea does it give us of that faithful, tender love, and goodness, shown by God to the weak and trembling soul as it passes for ever from this earth,—to one who, in life and health, has secured His regard and approbation! God can smooth your passage to the Tomb till it is as easy as to fall asleep!

Can you tell me of any Worldly concern which will be of any importance to you when the year 2,000 comes? It is not possible; you cannot. The World, then, as now, may be gay and thoughtless; but to you—long, long ere that period comes—there will not remain one worldly sorrow or one pleasing worldly joy! The Sun may shine as brightly then for others, the Earth be as gaily dressed for them, as now for you; but, long ere that year arrives, those who are now in vigorous youth or decrepit age will be mixed alike in the same dust! The Clod of the Valley, almost for generations, will have covered both alike—forgetful of a busy or a pleasurable World. “The Wind passeth over us,” and we are gone, and the place that once knew us shall know us again no more!

The Grass of the Field,—for years and years,—will have flourished and died about the spot where you and I shall lie! The wild flower,—for years and years,—will have blossomed and faded on our forgotten Graves!

THE FORGOTTEN GRAVE.



"As for Man his days are as grass, like the Flower of the Field so he flourisheth, but the Wind passeth over it, and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more!"

Seek, then, dear Youth, who may read these words, a better portion than this World with its pleasures, or its riches, or its honours can bestow. Pursue His favour, Whose favour is better than life, when the world's gains and losses will have ceased to affect us, and the world will have passed away! The World's scenes of business, and pleasure, and sorrow, will fade from our sight, but not the gratitude or the patience, the kindness or the resignation they draw from our hearts; the noise of its restless pursuits will never more fall upon our ear when we pass to meet our God; but not one unselfish thought, not one kind and gentle word or deed, not one act of self-sacrificing love done for Jesus' sake, in the midst of our daily work, but will have left an indelible impression on the soul, which will go out with it to its eternal destiny! Our life here is but an education to fit us for the life to come!

HOW FEW OF THE YOUNG "CHOOSE CHRIST" AND A LIFE OF PRAYER!

While piety in any situation or age is pleasing to the Most High, yet youthful piety has His especial approbation. There can be no sight on this earth more lovely than that of a youth

who is rich towards his God, devoting himself to his Saviour—Who died for Him—and ornamenting Religion by giving it his best years !

Religion may be accepted, at times, in God's mercy, in the aged, but it is honoured by the young—by those who are religious in the prime of their days. Youthful piety is especially pleasing to Jesus ! “ I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find Me ; ” and again, “ Whosoever shall offend ”—[that is, in any way turn them aside from religion and piety]—“ one of these little ones which believe in Me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea ; ” and one of His last commands, three times repeated, was the one He gave to Peter, “ Feed My Lambs.” The Apostle John was His young disciple, but it was he who leant upon Jesus' breast at supper, and was the “ disciple whom Jesus loved.”

As the young peculiarly honour God by youthful piety, He condescends, in return, especially to honour them. “ He that honoureth Me, I will honour.” Run over the list of names which God has honourably distinguished in His Word, and you will observe how many of them had early given their hearts and affections to Him.

It has been so in later times ; it was so in olden days with the boys Joseph and Samuel, David and Josiah, and Daniel ; and in our times it was no less so with Baxter and Owen, Doddridge, Watts, Wesley, the great, and good, Spurgeon, John Angel James, Whitfield, Chalmers, Hervey, Martyn, John Williams, and Carey, the early Missionaries, and very many others, who, in their day, led thousands to their God and Heavenly Home.

Since God, dear young Reader, has thus distinguished youthful piety—since He has set such honour upon it—will you entirely neglect it ? Will you delay to seek, now that it is in your power to obtain it with a little effort, that blessing for yourself ?

You may easily see various reasons why the Saviour should have a peculiar fondness for his young disciples, and why the Most High should take early piety as a mark of regard to Himself, which He will distinguish with particular approbation at another day—on that day when all the pleasing delusions and vanities of this world will appear small indeed ! You suppose that he loves you most who appears to care most about you, and is ready to do most for you ; and depend upon it Jesus judges by a similar rule. Those who are most willing early to honour and please Him, and give Him most, show most *affection* for Him.

If, in God's strength, you resolve that you will give to Him those early years which others spend in sin and folly, this will show a most decided preference for Him and His cause. "I love my Saviour much" may be said by the aged convert; but "I have humbly *proved* that I love him" is a declaration that must be left to those who were pious in their youth. They do not give to the Lord merely the evening of a day, whose early and best hours have been devoted to folly and sin; they present him a better offering than it would ever again be in their power to make!

While your mind is yet unoccupied with the cares of life, and your affections unchilled with age,—while health, and strength, and cheerfulness, and all the freshness and vigour of life is yours,—this is the Season in which to make the decision of God, before your soul is loaded with the dark consciousness of long years of ingratitude and sin, gone past beyond recall. You are happy in having it yet within your power; in a few years, which will soon have passed away, you will have it no longer. As we grow older, new things, new pursuits, crowd upon us, and engross our attention. We may think more wisely, we may learn far more of worldly concerns, it is true; but there *never comes again* that freedom from care, of boyhood, when the heart and affections might turn with an earnestness, and innocence, and a disinterestedness, to the service and love of the Saviour, which we cannot look for at a more advanced age. You have it yet within your power; with some pains you may now acquire habits of piety; and your faults—not yet long confirmed—would soon yield before the sweet communion with Him you will enjoy in prayer.

That some effort is needful at any period of life—that it is no slight thing to change the naturally evil heart to holiness and purity—it were false and wrong to deny; but the commencement, at the easiest time for beginning the work, is in your power; you can begin the needful work any day.

God, we are told, "loveth a cheerful giver." The Lord loves the cheerful docility and the affection the Young offer to Him in the bloom and vigour of their days better than the offerings of a few sad dregs of life, which are wrung, as it were, from the aged!

The affection and love of the young is commonly more fervent than that of the aged; they resign their hearts to the impressions of Divine love when most capable of loving in return!

These love God soonest, and are we to wonder if He loves them best? Some, like Manasseh, after long years of rebellion, are driven home at last by the heavy rod of affliction, brought

perhaps, by illness, misfortune, or worse to bear than all, shame!

In some way or other, mark me,—*if He has any love for you*.—He will yet drive you home by such means to your Father's House, and you will be welcome; but where is the penitence of Manasseh celebrated as equally acceptable to God as the early piety of Abijah, Daniel, Josiah, Timothy, John?

After a slothful, selfish life, a lifetime spent, it may be too late, and the acquisition of the things of this World, how can such a one,—*even if saved*,—bear to hear the gracious words (a sarcasm upon his life),—“*Well done! good, and faithful servant, thou has been faithful*,” &c. Why, it would be bitter sarcasm upon the life of thousands. What! join the harvest Home, and *bring no sheaf*? What! meet the Father's will, and done no work for Him? What! meet the Saviour's calling, and bring no jewel for His crown?

God loves all who humbly love Him: nay, more—He loves us even while we are far from loving Him, abusing, it may be, His long-suffering and goodness by repeated sins. He loves us in spite of all; but He loves those best who, beginning soonest, merit His favour most; it is to such He says, “*Son, thou art ever with Me, and all that I have is thine!*”

Again, a person setting out on a journey at Daybreak will travel further by Noon than he who sets out by Noon could be able to reach by night-time; so in religion, those who yield their hearts to Christ in youth will be much forwarder on their way to Heaven by middle life than they could by extreme old age, if they neglected to do so till later years.

What, then, is to be the commencement of your course? Has not God done more for you than words can express? Are we not indebted to Him for life, breath, being, and all things? Through his fostering care in childhood and infancy you have now reached the vigour and bloom of youth; His mercies have, for years, ministered to your support and pleasure. What shall be your first action in return? It has been said that “*He who is ungrateful has no other sin*,” meaning that it is so great a one that it causes all others to sink into insignificance! Shall your first return be to neglect God and religion, and thus act towards your best and dearest friend with ingratitude?

There is probably a work for God and Christ which you, alone can do! “*Simon, Son of Jonas,—lovest thou Me?*”

THE GIFT OF A SAVIOUR.

In the estimation of God the Father, Christ was infinitely

precious. Christ dwelt in the bosom of the Father from eternity. The bosom is the place of honour. To dwell in one's bosom means to be a sharer in a person's intimate affections and in his secret counsels. Of Christ, we read, "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

What a proof of the love of God, the Father, to us, His fallen, sinful children, that He should bear the loss of Christ when He left the bosom of His Father to come to redeem the world! Still more, that He spared not Christ, whom He so tenderly loved, but consented to His suffering and dreadful death for our sakes—the death of a *malefactor*!—though, to the eye of faith, there is a surpassing glory upon that cross! He was never so kingly as when girt about with that crown of thorns! There was never so much of royalty upon that brow as when He said, "It is finished!" and died!

Do not let the death of Christ be to you "a hundred-times told tale"—which, though you heard it a thousand times, possesses no interest to you,—that great and wonderful sacrifice, and what it procured for us. Is it not true that you have formed a vague idea of our Saviour appeasing the fierce anger of God against sin, and satisfying, by His death, the wrath of God, which we should otherwise have felt?

It is an unworthy idea to entertain of God's infinite goodness and love to us. No wonder that the young are at times unable to appreciate or understand the truths of our religion, when they are generally presented to them in a vague and uncertain manner. There are, it is true, difficulties; you must not expect to understand the Being of God, and of His Son, and Christ's Holy Spirit. We might as well expect to take up the great sea in the hollow of our hand as to embrace God—the whole mystery of His Being—in our minds! The finite to embrace the Infinite! The child of time to comprehend Him that is "from everlasting!" It is impossible! Still, we should endeavour to obtain some true idea of God's infinite goodness, and our Saviour's love to us.

CHRIST'S SACRIFICE WAS A WILLING ONE.

You must ever remember that the sacrifice of Christ was a willing one. In many places in the Scriptures you see this, especially in the garden, when betrayed, His words to Peter were, "Put up thy sword into its place: thinkest thou that I cannot now pray to My Father, and He shall presently give Me more than twelve legions of Angels?" But He would not. He had come to redeem us from sin; the Sun of Righteousness had dawned upon a dead and fallen

world ; and, having loved us, He loved us to the end, and conquered sin and Satan !

But was it Just that the Righteous should suffer for the sinful ?

THE OLD, OLD DIFFICULTY OF THE "NEW THEOLOGY" OF 1907.

IT WAS BETTER THAN RIGHTEOUS !

How many an act of heroic self-forgetfulness, self-sacrifice, which it would be most unjust to *demand* from, or *force* on one reluctant, is yet most glorious in one who has freely offered himself : it is only not righteous because it is *much better* than righteous—because it moves in that higher region where law is no more known, because it has been changed into Love !

The idea of the satisfaction God had in the sufferings and death of the Saviour is an unjust one. How could God be well pleased with the sufferings and death of the innocent and the holy, and that innocent and Holy One, His own Son ?

"THE CHIEFEST OF TEN THOUSAND AND THE ALTOGETHER LOVELY."

Assuredly He could have none ; but He must, from the moral necessities of His being, have pleasure,—nay, the highest joy, satisfaction, and delight,—in the perfect goodness, obedience, and patience those sufferings gave Christ the opportunity of displaying. It was joy such as alone the mind and heart of God could contain, that in His Son this perfect obedience and perfect pattern of self-forgetting goodness and love was shown. Christ satisfied not the Divine anger, but God's yearning and desire after perfect holiness, righteousness, and obedience in us,—His chosen creatures—the first fruits of His creation, the last and highest work of His hands. You know how we are fallen ; you know that no man ever had satisfied,—how all had disappointed,—God's desires. Everyone, instead of repairing the evil sin had brought into the world from Adam's disobedience, had left the evil only worse than he had found it ! But here, at length, was a Son of Man, yet "fairer than all the Children of Men," one on whom the Father's love could rest with perfect complacency, and whose obedience was proved by the greatest proof possible—that he was "obedient unto death." It was thus by that life of His, crowned and perfected by His death for us, that Christ satisfied to the uttermost every desire of God, every demand *which all the other children of men had not satisfied for them-*

selves. The debt of sin was contracted in the currency of earth ; Christ paid it in the currency of Heaven ! “ *I and My Father are One.* ” What mystery is here ! What if Eternity discloses the solemn fact that it was *God Himself* Who died for our sins ; that the Blessed God Himself died that we might live ?

There was a real and intrinsic value in the offering of Christ, which enabled Him, in behalf of mankind,—of whom He became thus the representative,—to claim as a right—(which the Father as joyfully conceded as the Son demanded)—the Redemption, under certain conditions, of us all, from the power and effects of Satan and sin, and opened to us all the door of eternal life. And God consented to all this because through Christ alone, the deep, eternal love that is in the bosom of the Father to His sinful, erring creatures, could ever have found a way to reach and redeem us.

Amazing love to us, His poor, fallen Creatures,—unparalleled except by the love of Christ !

Thus Jesus Christ, the brightness of His Father's glory, has suffered and died to redeem our souls from eternal death. Oh ! learn the worth, then, of your immortal Spirit from what passed on Calvary in its behalf !

The great and blessed God resigning His best-beloved to the shameful Cross, to stripes, to insult, and to death ! The patient Saviour accomplished what none but He could perform, and bearing a load of human guilt and sorrow more vast and dreadful than any tongue can tell ! And will you allow it, as far as *you* are concerned, *all* to have taken place *in vain* ? Will you still choose your own way, or cling still to the loved sin, while refusing to listen to the gentle voice which strives to lead you into the path of peace ? For us, in the most affecting manner, God the Father and God the Son have declared the value of the Soul. So also learn the same from all which His Blessed Spirit does for the salvation of our souls. Has He not exerted His gentle influence in your heart ? Have you never felt the convictions of sin and folly, those sincere and loving desires which can only come from above ? Has not His still, quiet voice, as it were, said to you at times, “ Turn in affection and love to God and to the Saviour ? You will not find Him a hard Master. Forsake worldliness, and folly, and sinful pleasures ; they cannot but lead to misery : follow religion, and you will be happy for ever.” Have there not been times when you have slighted the warnings and the holy thoughts and desires given you thus from above ? Yet has God left you to yourself ? Has not your conscience been alarmed, and these holy impressions repeated again and again ?

Why does the Saviour, and His Holy Spirit, thus strive

with you? Why as it caused your heart almost to melt? You did not seek it. Oh! believe me it is because God "seeth not as man seeth." His eye alone can look into Eternity. He alone knows what Eternity means! It is because God knows the prospect before you is, indeed, a LONG one, that He would not have you, or any, perish!

Shall God the Father, our Saviour, and His Holy Spirit, all express such concern for the welfare of your soul, and will you slight and neglect that soul yourself?

PRACTICAL PIETY.

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you:

For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.

Do not let your piety be as transient as the morning cloud—as quickly passing away as a watch in the night. Do not draw near at one time of your life to the Saviour, and then pass on again once more into greater alienation from Him than ever!

Acquire by earnest, daily prayer in Jesus' name, and by quiet reading and thought, fixed habits of piety, a true and lasting turning of the mind and affections towards God. If difficulties meet you in religion, or anything which you fail to understand, never neglect to seek the aid of those whom you have reason to believe wish you well; and do not fancy by their manner that they fail to feel these things earnestly. Only mention your wants, and you will meet with earnest and ready sympathy. We are only standing on the shore of the boundless ocean of eternal life, and are daily acquiring habits both for bad and for good which the stroke of death will rivet beyond the power of an eternity—endless though it is—to loosen! Do not fear then to determine upon the acquirement of any good habit; remember it *can* be obtained by you; contemplate the desirableness of it; and begin at once its formation; let *some* effort, however slight, be made every day; go on in spite of defeat—by repetition it will become a *habit*. Let us take one or two.

(1) Be worthy of trust: once begin the fatal habit of "small thefts"—"Stamps,"—Money, &c.,—*where* is its end? Never attempt to deceive or impose on another; when found out in anything wrong, despise prevarication! half the truth told to satisfy conscience, the other half kept back, to falsify the whole; but speak the truth boldly out at once—to steer dexterously between the two is impossible, for the desire to *deceive*, or make another believe what is not true, constitutes

a lie as much as an open falsehood. When Washington was a boy his father possessed a particularly fine young fruit tree, of which he was very fond. Young Washington thoughtlessly tried his axe against it so vigorously as to reduce it to a sad condition; his father, on his return, enquired of each who had been guilty of its destruction, for the tree was ruined; all protested their innocence until it came to Washington's turn, when after a pause, he burst into tears, saying, "I did it, father—I cannot tell a lie!" His father took him in his arms exclaiming with delight—that he "would sooner lose a dozen such trees than have a son who was a Liar!" And though it may happen that no such approval, but even punishment, may follow confession in your case, permit me to remind you that the approval of One has been gained, more important and precious far than that of any earthly parent—your Heavenly Father, before whose eye it has not passed unnoticed, nor will He, who has all things in His hand in Heaven and in Earth, allow it, or similar actions done to please Him, by any means to pass away forgotten or unrewarded!

THE TIGER.

(2) Check those feelings of resentment for any injury, and the resolve to avenge it either now or at some other time; try to learn that blessed lesson, really to *forgive* an offence.

SLOTH.

(3) Remember, also, that no habit is more easily learned, or more difficult to break, than idleness; the first time a youth refuses to try to do anything on account of its trouble, he has begun this fatal habit, and its effects will be bitterly felt when you come into actual contact with the world.

IMMORALITY.

He that is unjust, let him be unjust still: and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still.

(4) Above all, shun, as you value your eternal happiness, and your health, and vigour of mind and body while living, those ideas, those books, that company, which tend—indeed, whose very object it is—to ruin and pollute! They are the most awful scourges with which our world has ever been visited! They dig graves so deep that they reach to hell. Bright prospects of future promise lost irrevocably; the haze of indistinctness thrown over the acquirements, and the pure feelings, of earlier and better days; the gradual benumbing and palsy of the intellectual faculties, and *for what?*

Unquestionably, the time of life you have arrived at is a dangerous one, when the appetites are keen, and the moral

strength to resist them extremely small ; later, you will indeed be exposed to even greater temptation, but you will have gained more experience and more strength of mind. Remember your only safety is in flight : Sermons, Prayers, even, will otherwise avail nothing, for if you pause, you are lost ! " A heavier curse," Todd observes in his excellent " Manual," " can hardly be imagined for a Youth, than that of a polluted imagination ; on that mind what degrading ideas will be for ever fashioning themselves, defiling that temple where God's Holy Spirit would have dwelt ! Time only increases it ; the unclean spirit is seldom cast out ; much more commonly does he find the abode swept, and garnished for his reception ; much more commonly does he take to himself spirits more wicked than himself to go out no more ! The mind is debilitated, and rendered incapable, in a great degree, of exertion, self-denial, and self-improvement, and the soul is disfigured by stains which it is to be feared tears cannot wholly wash out, and which the power of the Gospel can seldom do more than restrain, without subduing, when the disease is once fixed."

REMEMBER THEN THY CREATOR IN YOUTH.

If,—then,—you would have your piety especially pleasing to God, apply to Him for grace betimes ; let it be the piety, the " kindness of your youth." Would you thank anyone to offer you a purse without the money, the shell without the kernel, or a stalk on which the flower has withered ? And even were it possible, would you be willing to offer to the Lord only the remains of a life spent in the miserable and dreadful service of Satan ? That eye which kindles so brightly at the prospect of earthly pleasure, or at the words of approbation from those whose opinion you value, shall it never brighten at the thought of gaining the approving smile of a gracious Saviour ? Is a Youth to feel interest in everything else, yet the moment His name is mentioned—his best and dearest Friend—is he always to yawn and turn away ? That active step, so light, so tireless now, shall it never take ONE step to please or to serve One who has done so much for you ? And after your health, and strength, and prime have faded, would you willingly tender only the refuse to Christ ? Seek, then, the love and friendship of Christ, in your early days ; then they will indeed be your best days ; every year that departs will bring on a happier one, and the last will be the happiest of all ! Believe me, it is no vain promise of God's—" they that seek Me early shall find Me." He indeed looks *with gracious approval* upon a blameless, pious, dutiful boy-

hood, as it blossoms into a graceful manhood ; and if miracies are not wrought for his reward even in this life, if purer gales do not breathe to preserve his health, nor softer suns arise, nor more timely rains descend to ripen his harvest ; if in this life the tares grow side by side with the wheat, and God allows the good things of this life to fall on the evil and on the good—yet of this we are confident, that God is pleased with him ! In times of distress, of danger, where human aid is vain, comes that gracious whisper, " Because thou hast kept the word of My patience"—believed in My love when there was much to sadden, much to perplex,—" I also will keep thee in the hour of temptation." With Him there is no past ; in His faithful remembrance will still be fresh,—when years have passed,—that early love to Him,—that honest resolution one day made !

At unexpected seasons, in unforeseen ways, and without effort on your part, tokens of God's goodwill will come dropping in upon you—as richly-laden vessels come dropping into a sheltered harbour with the tide !

God's love calls for thankfulness more deep than any imagination can conceive ; but, that by devoting your youth to Him, you may now give the best expression of gratitude in your power ! Soon, very soon—in a few more years—your youth will be gone past, never again to return, and the opportunity will be yours no more ! How happy are you in having it in your power now to say, " Great God, I owe Thee more than it is in my power even to understand, or to express ! I have but one way of showing gratitude equal to my obligations ; help me to make the best returns I can ; the warmest will be cold, the most will be but little ; but such as I am, accept me, and by the offering of my youth, may I show to Thee—and to Thy dear Son—that I am thankful ; it is but little that I can offer, but that little—with Thy help—I will."

CONCLUSION.—HOW FEW CHOOSE CHRIST !

To conclude, one more circumstance may be mentioned, as rendering early piety especially acceptable to God, and that is its *rareness* ! Most who come to Christ at all come to Him in the prime of life ; but how small is their number compared to the multitudes who are strangers to Him !

Among the Great, how many families are there in which the life of a Christian would be considered *insupportable* ! Among the poorer classes the case is the same. Look at youths in the Factories, Works, and Mills, where twenty, fifty, or even hundreds are employed. Is the language commonly heard from these, or the habits of the Workpeople, when

they leave work, worthy of those whom the great and blessed God would fain call His children, and for whom a Saviour died? Among scores, perhaps but one will be found who loves and serves Christ. Whatever changes are made, one thing seems unaltered,—Religion was never in-fashion upon Earth! In Youth, even when free from what the world calls vice, there is often little to be found besides Pride, Vanity, and Folly. That fair morning of life, which a few happily improve for the service of God and their own Eternal welfare, most youths spend as if their Eternal welfare was no concern of theirs—as if they had no interest in the matter—no Heaven to gain, no Hell to shun! Thus the *rareness* of early religion may well make it peculiarly pleasing in the sight of Jesus. He sees the greater part of the young utterly careless of His dying love, and treating Religion as a thing unsuitable to youthful gaiety; but here and there we behold a few youths who are offering to Him their best years. He beholds them with pleasure, and will remember the “kindness of their youth.” He (who will remember even a cup of cold water given with love to Himself) will never forget the humble resolutions of that Youth who says to Him, “I would be more Thy friend because Thou hast so few that are Thy friends at all! Few youths can be found to offer Thee any of their time, so I would offer Thee all the best of mine! Few show any gratitude for Thy many mercies, Thy loving kindness, or Thy dying love; take, therefore, O Thou compassionate Saviour, my youngest and best years, that Thou mayest have all my life, since Thou hast none of theirs!”

THE SAVIOUR NEGLECTED.

“Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head!”

Birds have their silent nests—

Foxes their holes—and man his peaceful bed,
All have their rest from care,
 But *Jesus* had not where to lay His head!

The wild deer hath his lair,

The homeward flocks the shelter of their shed,
All have their rest from care,
 But *Jesus* had not where to lay His head!

Why then should *we* have rest?

Why doth He stand and knock with ceaseless love?
 That cannot—*will*—not cease,
 Until He makes us heirs of joy above!

Let the Birds seek their nests,
 On Earth thou loved'st to dwell,
 In contrite hearts that sorrowed for their sin,
 Oh ! deign to take Thy rest,
 Our humbled, contrite, loving hearts, within !

" Remember death may find you,
 While you're young !
 For friends are often weeping,
 And the stars their watch are keeping
 O'er their graves, where, sleeping,
 Lie the young !

" Oh ! seek the path to glory
 While you're young !
 And Jesus will befriend you,
 And peace Divine will send you,
 And from danger will defend you
 While you're young ! "



The Pious, good Youth,—respected by all, taking leave of his school-fellows.

" I love them that love Me, and they that seek Me early shall find Me. "

" His Ways are ways of Pleasantness, and all His Paths are Peace ! "

" They that honour Me,—I will honour ; they that despise Me shall be lightly esteemed. "

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE SPIDER AND THE TOAD.

THE FIGHT AND THE ANTIDOTE.

HERE is in India a small animal called the Ichneumon, noted for the courage and extraordinary audacity with which it attacks the most venomous serpent. It will spring, without the slightest hesitation, upon the back of even the dreaded Cobra,—whose bite is death,—and, fixing its teeth in the back of the serpent's neck, seldom, if ever, relinquishes the contest till the latter is killed!

When wounded, the Ichneumon invariably *goes aside*—retires for a short time; *what it does* naturalists have never been able satisfactorily to decide. The general belief is that the Ichneumon sucks the leaf of a plant which it knows to be an antidote for the serpent's poison. Certain it is that the Ichneumon shortly returns,—with renewed vigour, to the encounter,—the poison, apparently, having had no effect. The Toad was formerly said to have also an antidote in case of poison, to which it resorted when wounded.

THE FIGHT.

Some author—no great matter who,
 Provided what he says is true—
 Relates he saw, in hostile rage,
 A *spider* and a *toad* engage :
 For though with poison both are stored,
 Each by the other is abhorred.
 It seems as if the common venom
 Provoked an enmity between 'em !
 Implacable, malicious, cruel—
 Like modern hero in a duel !
 The spider darted on his foe,
 In-fixing death at every blow !
 The toad, by ready instinct taught,
 An *antidote*, when wounded, sought
 From the herb plantain growing near,
 Well-known to toads, its virtues rare
 The spider's poison to repel—
 It cropped a leaf and soon was well !
 This remedy is often tried,
 And all the spider's rage defied !
 The person who the contest viewed,
 While yet the battle doubtful stood,
 Removed the healing plant away—
 And thus the spider gained the day.

For when the toad returned once more,
Wounded as it had been before,
To seek relief and found it not,
It swelled and died upon the spot !

SATAN.

The Toad's an emblem of our heart,
And Satan acts the spider's part,
But He who died upon the tree,
From guilt and woe to set us free,
Is like the plantain's leaf to me !
To Him our wounded souls repair,
He knows our wants and hears our prayer !
From Him fresh life and strength we gain,
And Satan spends his rage in vain !

THE ANTIDOTE.

A thoughtful youth will sometimes ask the question, "How am I to know that I am a Christian youth? What test is there by which I may decide whether I have an interest in Christ, and the good things of God, and have some hopes of a happy Eternity?" There is *one* infallible sign by which a Christian youth may always be distinguished; namely, what he does when he *sins*! All youths sin; Satan and temptation prove too much, at times, for them all; but it is what he does after he has sinned which distinguishes the Christian youth from others! No sooner has a Christian youth committed a sin, than he wishes to *go aside* to ask God's forgiveness, in the Saviour's name. He feels instinctively that he has been bitten by that monster sin, which has caused every curse and evil which has come upon our race, from the Creation downwards! The Christian youth knows an antidote for the poison he has inhaled; he knows also that there is *but one*;—application, in Jesus' name, for renewed reconciliation with God. He therefore goes aside as soon as possible—avails himself of the antidote,—obtains forgiveness, and fresh resolution and strength, and then returns;—to sin afresh? God forbid! No! to re-commence, with fresh vigour and watchfulness, that great fight against Satan and sin, which every Christian youth makes it the chief business of his early life to wage!

Conquer our sins, in this great, life-long, fight, *we must*, or they conquer us for ever.

The Antidote will never fail us, no matter how frequently we apply it, so that we choose to avail ourselves of it! It is, therefore, what he does after he has sinned that proves whether a youth is a Christian or not! If he is one, he applies at once to the antidote; whereas the Godless, worldly, man, and the Christless youth, never do *anything of the kind*!

" FALLS " INTO " SIN."

No doubt a young Christian feels these falls into sin,—after all his prayers, and resolutions,—very keenly! Some sins especially seem to shock and dismay the Soul! But, depend upon it dear Reader, these trials of our faith in God are needed. How gratifying it would be if we were able to be, as it were, our own Saviour! But it *cannot be!* "Thou shalt call His name Jesus"—(Saviour, in the Hebrew)—"for He shall save His people from their sins."—*Matt. i., 21.*

These falls are permitted—who can doubt it?—in many cases,—to drive us to the only true Saviour! "Blessed God"—a Christian Youth prays,—"I have fallen again! But I shall *return at once* to Thee! Nothing shall ever prevent me from doing so!

I distrust myself entirely, but I will never distrust Thee! I turn once more to the all-availing Antidote, and I shall do so to my last breath! Forgive,—therefore,—Blessed God,—once more, for Christ's sake,—not only this sin but all my sins up to *this very hour!* I know that Thou can'st do this,—if approached in Thy own appointed way,—in Jesus' name.

Thus I *start anew*,—craving, for Christ's sake, more of the precious influence of God the Holy Spirit,—in my future Christian course, that these falls may occur less and less frequently, until that happy day, when the very desire after, and love for, any sin may die away,—fade completely away from my thoughts and life! Hasten that day, Blessed God, when I may love only what Thou lovest, and may hate what Thou hatest!"

This,—dear Reader,—appears to be the true Christian Life,—returning again, and again, to God,—through Christ the Antidote,—all our lives long,—and drawing fresh supplies of grace, fresh pardon, forgiveness, reconciliation, and blessing from Him! Only let such a Christian Life be steadily continued, and salvation, and ultimate sanctification, *must* follow! *Why?* Because God's promises never fail! It is merely a question of time! "Just, and true, are all Thy ways!"

JESUS, THE ANTIDOTE.

"Verily I say unto you, He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life."

"And this is the will of Him that sent Me, that everyone which seeketh the Son, and believeth on Him, may have everlasting life; and I will raise him up at the last day."

"I am the resurrection, and the life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

"And whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die."

"Thou shalt call His name *Jesus*: for He shall save His people from their sins."—*Matt. i., 21.*

"*What* but Thy Grace can foil the Tempter's Power?"

"The Son of Man shall send forth His angels, and they shall gather out of His kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity."

"And shall cast them into a furnace of fire : there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth."

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.

AN ADDRESS TO YOUTHS AND YOUNG MEN.

"Seek ye the Lord while He may be found ; call ye upon Him while He is near."

"Strive to enter in at the strait (difficult) gate ; for many shall seek to enter in, and shall not be able."

[Those who still remember the sermons delivered many years ago to the Boys at Rugby School, will recognise, in portions of this address, the teachings and the master hand of that great and good man, Dr. Arnold, who died 12th June, 1842.]

IN order to understand the full meaning of these and similar words of our Lord, we must remember that our besetting fault, especially in youth, is in thinking very lightly of sin ; and even when we feel conscious that we are not seeking, nor caring for God's approval, we satisfy ourselves with the prospect of having such abundance of time for all these things still before us.

AFFLUENCE OF TIME.

We are in Youth,—in health,—looking forward, it may be, to many years of health, and pleasure, and advancement. God has brought us into this world ; His kind providence has brought us through the dangers, the helplessness of childhood and infancy ; a hundred circumstances have procured for us our present position and comfort, and our future prospects. He has spared us through illness. His creatures have days, and months, and years supported and nourished us ; we have probably twenty or even forty years to remain here ; our influence over others must be felt ; our words, our lives during all these years will either honour Him, and lead others to do so also, or will encourage others, by our example, to neglect and dishonour our Heavenly Father.

But though we feel the duty, and see the reasons for commencing a prayerful and Christian life, and intend to commence it some day, there comes the thought of the great time yet before us ; we fancy—and Satan is ever ready to whisper

—"Time enough yet," and that there are things in this world more sure to satisfy us and to give us pleasure than a life of piety, and affection, and love to God. We even may wrongly think that such a life is of itself enough to damp all gaiety and pleasure; but is it *really* so? Are those, then, alone happy who live without God in the world, neither thinking nor caring for Him in Whom they live, and move, and have their being, and from whom, repulsed again and again, His Holy Spirit has silently withdrawn, to trouble them again no more? As that great and good man, Dr. Arnold, remarks in one of his admirable sermons to the boys at Rugby:—

"Surely when He, the source of life and happiness, has at length departed, must there not rather come over that soul something of the deadness, the silence, the loneliness of the tomb?"

Our Saviour tells us that "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living," and that "He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." He would teach us that those who are not yet banished entirely from God must feel the virtue of His gracious presence penetrating their whole nature; and because He lives, they must live also.

LIFE AND DEATH.

If, then, to be dead,—(in the language of Scripture),—and to be living without God, are but the same thing, then even now we must be either alive unto God or dead to Him. For, let me ask those who think least of God,—who live, year after year, most separate from Him,—whether there is not now actually perceptible in their state something of the loneliness, the fearfulness of death? It is not that they fear God's anger, for those who fear God are not dead to Him. The thought of God gives them no disquiet at all; every transient fear on this score is soon got over in the pleasures and pursuits of the world. But are not these conscious that, in all these pursuits and pleasures, there is something wanting, that they have to go from one pleasure to another, or from vice to vice, to prevent themselves becoming unhappy? If in times of sorrow, such as all must have, or misfortune, or danger,—I care not what,—if in these times they have never known what it is to feel God's hand is over them,—if, in sickness or danger, we have never known what it is to feel that His Almighty hand is near, and that He is with us, and will be with us to the end, or again, in seasons of pleasure, and happiness, and success, and enjoyment, such as we all so often share,—if, in all these, there has

never been any voice to answer us, no one to care whether we had them or not, no one to thank for our prosperity, no one to call upon in distress,—if, in God's world, we are thus left to enjoy as we can, to bear as we can,—if we have never known that we are even here tasting the kindness, the goodness of our Heavenly Father, and that these things are but an infinitely small foretaste of His love,—surely, then, there is in all this—in this life without God in His world, let us stifle it as we may by friendly intercourse with others, by the pursuits and interests of a worldly life—already something of the coldness, and loneliness of the Grave!

And this coldness and loneliness will be felt, more and more, with advancing years; with every loss of a friend of our early days; with every feeling of loss of that strength and vigour and health we once had, the deathlike feeling will be felt more and more! The misery, the loneliness, the despair of that state when God and Christ are for ever gone, is not to be conceived of, nor understood; greatly indeed do we deceive ourselves, if we think, we can comprehend the heights and depths contained in those little words *Life* and *Death*! They are far higher, far deeper, than ever thought or fancy of man ever reached; but at the confines,—the commencement,—of that never-ending descent from God,—that being for evermore banished from His presence,—we can gain a faint gleam from His absence in our present lives! Why then in early life do we not unite the thought of our Heavenly Father with our pleasures and pursuits and learn to ask His presence and blessing upon them all; enjoying them, not as stolen, but as His free gift; and, instead of a life of piety and loving services to Him being a dull and dreary one, find the pleasure—the greatest this earth can afford—of having His approving smile upon all that we do?

“TIME ENOUGH YET.”

But, alas! we think differently, and as we grow older new pursuits and occupations crowd upon us! We may gain more skill and more knowledge in the things of this life, as years pass by, but there never comes again that freedom from care, that freshness of early days, when the ability to choose our course of life, the opportunity of giving our youth to God, is ours, and which, when once passed away, comes again no more! Weeks and months glide past, we feel that we are as far as ever from holiness and from God; but we have formed, it may be, acquaintance with companions, who either know nothing, or care nothing, about Religion.

We feel it unpleasant to appear to care so much about these things before them ; we think, as we get older, we shall be able to take our stand, and begin anew, and thus avoid the awkwardness of a change ; and as all around us seems just the same, we do not notice the gradual, ever-advancing, change which is taking place in OURSELVES ! We are not the same ! The Spring, the Summer, and the Winter come again and again ; the same sights and sounds come back once more ; the Primrose, the Blue-bell, and the Rose, come back again ; even the very same shadows are cast around us by the rising or the setting Sun—but *we* are not the same ! We are not in the same position we once were ; we hold a different position in the eye of God to what we once did ; we are not the same by possibility ; it is not in vain that a Year passes over any of us ; we are either better or worse, softer or harder towards God ! We can now see more clearly the meaning of those words of our Saviour : “ Strive to enter in at the Strait Gate, for many shall seek to enter in, and shall not be able ; when once the Master of the House has shut to the Door.”

THE DOOR CLOSING.

It may be shut, not suddenly, but gradually ; Sin, and a life without God, becoming more and more habitual to us, and long habits of prayerlessness stealing upon us more and more ! It is not that God is not able and ready to save, and to change the hearts of *all* men ; it is because Sin,—owing to repeated, wilful, acts of known sin or carelessness,—has, at length, come to seem not so *very dreadful* a thing to them ! It is because they have at last got to think very lightly, very slightly, of Sin,—of Sin, which ruined a World made by God, and required a Saviour's death to counteract ! This is the reason why God's promise that “ They that seek Me early shall find Me ” is only distinctly given to those in comparatively early life. Christ calls upon all alike to repent, His gentle voice may still try to draw our hearts to Him ; He is still ready to receive us with forgiveness and love ; but indeed, those who have long heard Christ's call, should make haste to obey it ! Indeed we should strive earnestly to enter into His presence, before the Door is shut to *us* ! You may think lightly of my words now, *see if you will do so* when your hairs are grey ! For I am not speaking of the uncertainty of life ; for in youth, especially, we ever think the chances of a long life are in our favour. In that sense the Door may be open to us for many years ; yet indeed there is a danger, and a great one *too, that to those who delay for the present to answer Christ's*

call, that *strait* (that is at any time narrow, difficult) gate,—the door of eternal life,—may be to them for ever closed; as year after year sin gets a more confirmed hold on us, and the many enjoyments and pursuits we meet with engross more and more our affections and thoughts! The longer we postpone commencing a life of piety, the harder it seems to make a stand for ourselves regardless of what others may think; and the more we are ourselves becoming used to the idea of living without God.

CHRIST'S FORBEARANCE.

How gently does Christ bear with us! He is full of long-suffering! For days, and weeks, and years, we slight and grieve Him, still He endures and spares, still He entreats us to be His, still He gives us Sabbath after Sabbath; He gives us teachers and His Holy Bible, and is ever ready to teach us to love Him! There are some who may go on thus grieving Him for as many as fifty or even seventy years, and Christ will bear with them all that time! Day by day will His sun shine upon them; day by day will His creatures administer to their support and pleasure! He Himself will but entreat us to watch over our lives, to see if we have done well or ill the day, or the week past, whether we think Christ loves us better or worse, or whether we are more or less hard towards Him! Christ may still spare us; but oh! remember that as these months and years pass on, His voice of entreaty will be less, and less often heard, the distance between Him and us will be consciously widened! There were periods while we were young, when sometimes, at least, we felt inclined to pray; when our hearts were tender towards God, and we felt really disposed to love, and do our little for that Saviour who had done so much for us; but those times do not come to us now! From *one* place after another, where we used sometimes to think of Him, and where, had we but sought Him, He would have been found, He will have departed! One spot after another which used *once* to catch the light of Heaven—felt once the sweet influence of His presence,—will now lie constantly in gloom! If sorrow, or any softening feelings turn our hearts towards Christ, we shall be startled at perceiving that we do not feel towards Him as we once did, that there is something which keeps us back from Him!

When we speak of loving Him, our hearts, which have so long loved earthly things, feel the words are but mockery! What words are "Redemption" and "Salvation" to one whose life has passed away, while he is left unredeemed,

and unchanged, whom carelessness and sin have ruined, whose heart has lost all taste for heavenly things, and even the disposition to seek them ?

MISSING THE TIDE.

Not "past feeling" in the sense that, with increasing age, religious impressions are less felt, and the tear flows less readily at the Gospel message, but "past feeling," that now, to all the expostulations of Christ's Ministers, the invitations and solemn warnings of Almighty God, the ear may still listen with listless attention, but the heart feel them no more than if it were a stone !

Such know already all that the Christian Minister can say to them ; they believe it all ; it has been presented to them a hundred times, in all conceivable forms, and urged upon them by all conceivable arguments and considerations ; but it now no longer produces any impression !

You may remember that a faithful and earnest Minister tells us of a conversation he had with a respectable, decent, man, who, at an advanced age, bore a good character, and was never absent from church. While on a call at his house, the earnest Minister took an opportunity of addressing him, and his family, on the importance of piety, and the need of gaining the love and approbation of God, by heartily accepting the Salvation He offers through His Son Jesus Christ. After affectionately urging them to a consideration of the Eternity before each of us, and the importance of applying in earnest prayer, to Christ betimes, he finished what he had to say, and left the house, this man following him ; when they were alone together, the latter said something like this— " I would have you spend your strength upon the *young* : labour to bring them to Jesus, for, to tell the truth, I fear it is too late for such as me ! " " I have known, for many years," he continued, " that I have never been a Christian ; I have slighted *many* convictions ; I fully believe that when I die I shall go to perdition ; yet somehow, though I know all this, and try to think seriously of it, of late years *I do not seem to care* : I know perfectly well all that you will say, I can tell the very texts you will repeat, I have listened to them for a hundred times ; but the truth is, for some years past, I have felt them no more than if *I were a stone* ! " And this man died, we are told, with similar words on his lips ! We do not know *how* many a time he had slighted, and rejected, Divine love and goodness, but there was doubtless, here, a *long, sad tale of warnings* in youth neglected ; amusements, and pursuit of

earthly things, taking the Saviour's place in the heart, just at the "accepted time," when his heart should have melted, and yearned after a Saviour's love and favour; a *long, sad tale* of pride in outward appearance of godliness, inducing him (and how many are there like him?) to keep up a life-long, weary, disguise of love, never really felt, a Religion never heartily embraced! He had lost the Spring-time of his life; he had *missed the tide* that would have borne him to the Heavenly Home!

That Tide is flowing now, for you, dear Young Reader, as it flowed once for him! Let it bear you to the Heavenly Shore!

RIDICULE.—RESOLVE TO GO YOUR WAY.

Will you allow the rude jests, or the quiet sneers of a companion, make you feel ashamed of showing your concern after a noble and godly life? May not the calm recklessness, the cool indifference you observe in him and others like him—in those who know perfectly well that there is but a step between them and death, and that Death to them means Eternal misery, and yet who live on quite quietly and comfortably, attending to their business, enjoying their comforts, and *do not care*—be the sign that God's Holy Spirit has ceased attempting to find an entrance into that cold, proud, unyielding, unloving heart?

Do we not see in that cool, composed, polite indifference, or that rude sneer, one who is utterly heedless, because God's Spirit has left him as he wished,—alone.—and will strive with him *no more*? O *very* lonely is that Portal! *Keen* blows the Wind! Rustle the *dead leaves* on that Deserted Portal, to which the Faithful God,—and Precious Saviour *will come no more*! But you, dear young Reader, are yet young, with a heart not yet hardened to a Saviour's love. His loving Presence may now, at times, in spite of your coldness and unworthiness, reach your heart, and is not entirely unwelcome there! Oh! cherish such moments while they are yet your own; indeed, they are not at our command! There is much in you now that He may love; for the temper of the mind in youth is soft and tender, and prone to love. It is a period of docility and good-humoured acquiescence; do not, then, let pride hinder you from opening your heart to God, and learning, in spite of all who may try to hinder you, to pray to him in Jesus' name. If the past years of your life cause you to look back with sorrow and regret,—if, young as you are, there are sins you would not willingly have known

to another, let us take heed that it is not so with us when our life is drawing towards a close ; for the despair which would be sinful now will be only too natural, and too certain, then ! But it would be sinful now, for it is the Morning of Life with you ; you may still be His Who died for you on Calvary's mount ; your eyes may yet behold " that land which is very far off ! " You have much to do—it would be false to deny it ; it is no light thing to have our sinful natures changed by God's blessed Spirit to what He would have us to be ! It is the work of many an effort, of many a prayer ; but you may begin this needful work any day ! True, the path may not at first seem so inviting as that of careless ease and selfish pleasure ; but there is no true, lasting pleasure and happiness it will not secure for you ; and, above all, that pleasure God alone can bestow—the pleasure of having the approving smile of the Almighty rest upon your souls !

Surely everyone knows, upon a very little thought, what are his most besetting faults and sins ; and do we not all feel in our hearts that if we are ever to be with God and our Saviour, these *must* be forsaken and overcome ? And in what way can we forsake them but by fixing upon them, and naming them to God in our prayers ?—asking Him, for Christ's sake, for the strength and faith we need to overcome them, and being watchful and resolute when the time of actual trial comes !

We must ever remember, dear Youths, who read this Book, that we are but passing through an education and trial, designed, if we do our part manfully, to fit us for the real and endless life to come. We are in life and being—never, no, never to go out of it again ; there is no going back !

If any of us were, however, thus to pray, and, by being careful, were to go through our work and amusements as Christ's servants,—if Conscience said to us, " I have tried to act this day as in God's sight ; I have tried to do my work honestly and cheerfully ; I have tried to keep myself free from profane and impure thoughts and words, from ill temper, from selfishness,"—suppose, I say, that conscience said this to us at night, should we *then* be unwilling to present ourselves before Christ ?—should we still look upon prayer with weariness ?—should we still feel reluctant to be grateful to God when successful and happy, or to turn to Him when in sorrow and misfortune, or even when falling into sin, as to our best and dearest Friend ?

Surely we should rather pray at night that Christ would be present with us also on the morrow ! You shall feel, if *you continue* to do this, that the great God who made Heaven

and Earth, and the host of Worlds we see around us every starlight night, will love even *me*, will grant His blessing to follow me through all the changes of my life here ; and when it comes to my turn to leave this world, the Saviour will welcome *me* with those words (precious words to us when that time really has come)—“ Well done, good and faithful servant ; thou hast been faithful over a very little—enter thou into the joy of thy Lord ! ”

THE “ WICKET GATE.”—AN AMAZING PROMISE.

The commencement of a Young Christian's Life of Prayer.

“ He that hath My commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth Me ; and he that loveth Me shall be loved of My Father, and *We will come unto him, and make our abode with him.* ”

Christian at the Wicket Gate.



The “ Strait Gate ” at the Commencement of a Christian's Life.

“ Strive to enter in at the strait (difficult) gate ; for many shall seek to enter in, and shall not be able when once the Master of the House has shut the Door.”



Summer Time.



"I Can," in the Class Room of his Night Institute.

CHAPTER XXX.

"I CAN,"—AND "I CAN'T."
WHICH WILL YOU BE?

A GOOD YOUTH.—SELF-IMPROVEMENT.—THE INSTITUTE.—
THE FIRST-CLASS CAR.—THE "UP-GRADE."

"Heaven grant, the Manly Heart, that, timely, ere,
Youth fly, with Life's real 'Battle' would be coping,
The Fruit of dreary 'hoping,'
Is,—waking,—Blank *Despair*."

CLOUGH.

"I CAN."

THERE are two young fellows,—whom we all know well,—for you can meet with them any day,—and some of us have not got to go very far to do so,—the name of *one of these youths* is "I can,"—whom you see in this

Picture,—in his Night Institute,—and the name of the other is “I can’t.” Where shall we find *him*? Probably listening to low songs at the Concert Hall, or watching scenes of Murder and Bloodshed of a “Sensational Drama” in the Gallery of a second-rate Theatre.

What age are these youths? Oh! just, *your* age, young Reader!

What sort of looking lads are they? Well,—in one sense,—they are,—as the saying goes,—“like one another to a T,”—for you see there is really only a T between “I can” and “I can’t.” But that little T makes all the difference in the World! For you can hardly fancy how very different these Boys really are to each other, and what very different young Men they will become! “I can,”—is as nice a looking Youth as you would wish to see! Bright,—clean, cheerful, lively, good-natured,—everybody seems to like “I can.” His comrades and young companions like “I can,”—always have a smile for him, when “I can” enters. His employers like “I can.” “We can trust him with anything:—best lad we ever had,”—they say,—“we hope to keep him with us when he’s out of his time.” His Parents, Brothers, and Sisters, all love “I can,”—can’t do without him. Why? Because “I can” said,—“Instead of being disrespectful, selfish, cold, and unkind to my parents, I can obey God by obedience, and dutiful respect to my Father and Mother, and I will act good-naturedly to all around me.” It required many efforts, and self-denial, at first, a good many struggles with temper, but he said, “I can,” and he did it!

“I can” is always a pattern of cleanliness. He has a good deal of dirty work to do at times. “The more need for a scrub whenever I get the chance,” says “I can.” So he buys a twopenny nail brush, and sets to work! His teeth by constant brushing, night and morning, are now, at last,—for it took time,—so fair and white,—that it is a pleasure to look at them; and if you saw Master “I can” in his Sunday clothes, you would not know him from a young gentleman. “I can” has had his temptations to injure his health by drinking,—smoking,—bad company, and sin; but “I can” would have nothing to do with them. “It’s not good enough,”—he says,—“I want a happy, healthy, and long life!” “Oh! everybody smokes!” say they,—“and drinks too!” “No, not *everybody*,” says “I can,”—else all the cars on the Railways would be ‘smokers’; I’m better without it, and I want all my money for the Cricket club, and the Penny Night Classes.”—For you must know, “I can” is thought much of in his cricket club. He didn’t get on well at first, but he said, I

know "I can" if I try; and by degrees he became a sure Batsman. It was long too before "I can,"—as a Bowler,—could send down the Balls true on the wicket, but "I can" kept "pegging away" till he did it. "Wanted a good man to play *that* ball!"—remarks the Umpire,—putting the leg stump up again;—and away goes the best Bat on the other side, with only half a dozen runs!

All this goes towards making "I can" so healthy and cheerful. "I don't like your "Religious," non-drinking;—non-smoking, non-swearing,—lads, they are all "Molly coddles!" *Are* they? You should see "I can" in the Gymnasium,—his jolly round shoulders, good arms and legs, having a turn with "the Gloves" with a youth half a head taller than himself,—not much of a "Molly coddle" there! Why, "I can" can stand up to any youth his own weight,—not a professional—and would knock your poor pale-faced,—thin,—shipwrecked-about-the-knees,—"*fast*,"—drinking,—vicious youths, into a "cocked hat" in five minutes! Then, while "I can't" and other "*fast*" youths are wasting their hard-earned wages in tobacco, and drink, and low company,—listening in a stifling Concert Hall to the "*Great*" —?" "*Cad!*" shall we say?—or the "*Shoreditch Idol*,"—men and women, making their £200 a week by singing vulgar,—often vile,—songs to those who are foolish enough to pay to hear such rubbish, all this time, "I can,"—with other decent youths,—is at his evening classes, at Mr. Hogg's "*Polytechnic*,"—or Sir Edmund Hay Currie's splendid "*People's Palace*,"—if in London;—or the "*Midland Institute*" in Birmingham,—the splendid "*Athenæum*," Manchester,—and the "*Y.M.C.A.'s*" in our cities.

That is why "I can" is so intelligent, he "*pegs away*" at his French, and Shorthand, and Music, and Science, and Art Classes,—just as he "*pegged away*" at the Leg Stump! Then,—before he leaves the Institute,—he has a turn at the Gymnasium,—visits the Chess, and Reading Rooms, and, perhaps, the Swimming Bath; and thus spends his evenings happily, and well, and feels that he is "*getting on!*"

His Employers notice it too,—when their self-interest is concerned you may trust them for that,—and "I can" becomes the Foreman, Head Clerk, or Traveller of the Firm, before many years pass. He will then be drawing a good salary, and will probably marry the pretty daughter of one of the Partners, whom you see in the picture asking good-natured "I can" when a lad,—to give up his cricket and join them at Tennis.

Then,—in the Institute,—as "*birds of a feather flock together*,"—the better class of his companions ask "I can"



to join them in the Sunday School Work,—attending their Bible Meetings,—helping them in the Evening School for poor Boys,—visiting the poor, and other good, Christian work. Then,—best of all,—without which all would be useless,—God's "call" comes to "I can" in early life; God sends "I can" convictions,—and though, at first, it was difficult,—he said "I can, with God's aid,—chose the narrow Path of Prayer and Piety,"—and becomes a young Christian,—honoured by God in a life of usefulness and is able to say, "I can do all things through Christ strengthening me!"

Well! dear Reader! How do you like the Lad, "I can"? Then why should you not attempt to be "I can" yourself? "Ah! it's all very fine talking,"—a boy in very poor circum-

stances may say. “Your Book goes amongst the Ragged Schools; I have seen it,—but you do not know how miserably I have been brought up,—how wretchedly poor,—how neglected I am! What chance have I in life? How can I attend Institutes,—get a good Situation, or say ‘I can’ to anything?” Well! but you have the Sunday Schools, open free to the poorest,—we all feel for you, and are glad to do all we can. Cannot you, as you grow older, avoid evil companions, choose the better class,—give up the Drink and bad habits,—and save the little money you do get for self-improvement, as “I can” did? Surely a cake of soap,—a twopenny nail-brush,—and that cheapest of all luxury,—cleanliness,—is in your power? Depend upon it, “where there is a will there is a way.”—“Try,”—and you will, one day, find *yourself* to be “I can.”

Well! Now tell us something about “I can’t.”

“I CAN’T.”

The less we tell about “I can’t” perhaps, the better; for “I can’t” is a very disagreeable Youth to even describe,—much less to copy! Always dirty, miserable looking, and untidy. “I can’t” is too lazy to wash himself;—he says to everything that is for his good,—“Oh! I can’t bother,—what’s the use?” So it is with everything! Always “I can’t” to everything that is *good*;—always “I can,”—and quick, too,—to all that is *bad*; “I hate Books and Reading,—I can’t work heartily,—it’s *so hard*! I can’t associate with good and worthy young fellows, I don’t like Religion. Give me the Gallery of a Theatre,—a dirty pipe,—and a drink,—that’s the life for ‘I can’t!’

“I don’t like your Churches and Chapels, it’s such dull work: give me a ‘free and easy,’ in company where, if one does whip out an oath now and then,—what’s the harm? They only laugh! I’m not one of your Methodists, not I!” No! dear Reader! “I can’t” is certainly *not* a “Methodist.” There is neither method, nor sense,—nor hope in the life young “I can’t” commences as a youth. The worst of it is “I can’t” the Youth,—becomes, “*I shan’t*” the Man! The worthless Youth, “I can’t,” only too often becomes the depraved, wicked, drunken, hopeless, grown-up man!

Poor, Selfish, Ignorant, Conceited, Lazy, Dirty, Wicked,—“I can’t.” Dear Reader, have nothing to do with that miserable “I can’t.” Have at him at once! Say “I can.” Begin at once; adopt the good habits urged in this *Book*. You are still young,—Nature is kind,—one Year

of steady good habits will prove to you the change, which will come to you, if her laws are obeyed. When tempted to evil, as we all are,—and all must be,—don't say, "I can't help it." Say "Nonsense! I can resist if I like!" When temptation comes and Conscience,—which is the voice of the faithful God,—calls out, "Resist! Flee!"—don't whine out, "I can't," with that miserable fellow,—and resign yourself to sin and the Devil! Always say "I can,—God helping me;" and have a try! Choose "I can," for your life. "I will, with God's aid,—try to do better! I will try to improve myself, and to get on in life, and I will begin *at once!*" Anything is better than lying down with that wretched "I can't," in his dirt, selfishness, ignorance, and sin! Try the upward Path,—the "upward Grade,"—and you will not follow it long before finding that it brings with it all blessings, "having



"Third Class."—Going Out, First Voyage.

the promise of the Life that now is, and of that which is to come." A dutiful, patient, industrious, Youth of self-respect and good habits,—blossoms, naturally,—into a worthy, excellent useful, Manhood,—and ripens into a good, cheerful, and honoured old age! How many Boys,—in humble circumstances,—by patience, application, and good habits, have raised themselves to affluence, and usefulness? Like the Boy in the Picture,—they started the Voyage of Life in a "Third Class" car, but, in time, returned in a "First!" We may conjecture



"First Class."—Promotion. Homeward Bound.

that the Young Officer has interested not only the well-to-do Merchant,—but also the Young Lady,—his Daughter,—in the dress of fifty years ago. He is asked to visit them;—the young people fall in love;—the Father consents,—and the Youth's fortune is made! "Romance!"—you will say! Well! Do your part by self-improvement,—so that when the turn of fortune comes to you, you may not lose all by neglect and inefficiency.

HIDING OUR TALENT.



Then he which had received the one talent came and said, Lord, I knew thee that thou art an hard man, reaping where thou hast not sown, and gathering where thou hast not strawed :

And I was afraid, and went and hid thy talent in the earth : lo, there thou hast that is thine.—*Matt. xxv., 24-5.*

"I CAN,"—AND "I CAN'T."

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

THE SECRET OF VICTORY.—"THE UP-GRADE," GOOD HABITS.

"I can,"—with God's aid,—"I will try."



THE SECRET OF DEFEAT.—"THE DOWN GRADE," BAD HABITS.

"I can't," there is no God,—and "I won't."

"God,—the Faithful God,—listens to them who listen to Him."

"You are old, Father William,"—the young man cried,
 "The few hairs that are left you are grey;
 You are hale,—Father William, a hearty old man,
 Now tell me the reason, I pray!"

"In the days of my youth,"—Father William replied,
 "I remembered that youth would fly fast,
 And abused not my health, and my vigour at first,
 That I never might need them at last!"

"You are old, Father William,"—the young man cried,
 "Your life is fast hastening away;
 You are cheerful,—and even converse about death,
 Now tell me the reason, I pray!"

" I am cheerful, young man," Father William replied,
 " Let the cause your attention engage :
 In the days of my youth I *remembered* my God,
 And He has not *deserted* my age ! "

A FABLE.—(2,500 years old).

An obstinate Ass, was making for a dangerous precipice, when his worthy master, in great alarm, seized his tail, exclaiming,—*" Stop ! —you stupid creature, or you will be killed ! "*

But the obstinate beast *would* have his own way, and the man,—feeling his own strength going,—and in fear of going over the cliff himself,—at last let go his hold,—saying,—*" Well ! Jack, I have done my best ! If you will go over —over, I suppose, you must go ! "* " A wilful man must have his way ! " Though written now two thousand five hundred years ago, by that wonderful man, *Æsop*,—do we not see his Fable illustrated only too often in our own day ?

" I can't " too often becomes " I shan't,"



and " I won't " comes to a bad end !



Not a Sparrow falls to the ground without your Father.

CHAPTER XXXI.

GEORGE THE THIRD AND THE YOUNG MASON.

WE have, in England, been favoured in our later History, with, as a rule, Christian Monarchs. What that means,—and what a curse to any modern Country it would be to have a Godless and corrupt Court—only those who possess a strong imagination can picture.

Compare for a moment, the noble life,—too soon cut short,—of that splendid man, Prince Albert,—whom the Nation never fully appreciated until he was taken from us,—and the Court of Charles the Second,—Philip II., Louis XIV.;—or Louis XV. of France, &c. Fancy the amazing contrast in the *influence* exercised upon the times, and the *people at large*, by a good or bad Ruler! Probably the world will be spared ever again seeing in power such Rulers, who were, in the dark days of this World's History, too often, unhappily, on the Throne!

The advance in tone and enlightenment of Society would now render the rule of such Wretches impossible!

Before the terrible affliction which eventually deprived him of his reason,—George the Third,—during his long reign, well deserved the respect of his subjects as a just, well-meaning, and God-fearing King. Not possessed, it is true, of great talents, still his influence was ever on the side of the good. He took great interest in everything that tended to the welfare of England,—especially in Agriculture and Farming,—then considered,—as one day it will be again,—of the very first importance to the greatness and well-being of every Country. So well-known was the King's interest in these matters that he gained the name of "Farmer George." Simple, homely and thoroughly English, were the days "When George the Third was King,"—though as to their being the "good old times,"—no sensible Reader,—living in 1907,—surrounded by comforts and advantages common to rich and poor alike, then unknown,—would ever desire to see those so-called "good old times" again!

A most simple and unassuming King,—“Farmer George” went amongst his Subjects in a truly patriarchal manner, with always a pleasant word, and enquiry, showing his interest in “all sorts and conditions of men.”

On one occasion while the Palace at Kew was being repaired, one of the Masons,—a young man,—was cutting some work

in the stone in a very skilful and rapid manner. His ability attracted the King's attention,—who paused to watch him,—making some remark,—at the same time,—to his attendants. A week or so after the King came again to notice the progress of the work. Owing to the expected arrival of Royal visitors from abroad it was important that the work should be completed by a certain date. George the Third had then a good memory, and quick eye, and not seeing the young Mason at work he had before seen, inquired the reason of his absence. No one could say. The King desired them to make enquiries. In great haste, and in evident trepidation,—down came the foreman, and architect, and from them the King learned that the young man in question, though an able workman, was a pious young man, attached, they thought, "to the Methodists." As it was important to conclude the Contract in the time, all the other workmen had agreed to come quietly, and work privately, on the Sunday. This the young man had refused to agree to, and he had been dismissed.

"*Dismissed!*"—exclaimed the King, "Then I *beg* that he may be again employed! This will *never* do! The man, —gentlemen, who resolves to please his God, rather than to please his King,—*that* is the man for me!" The young man was at once reinstated, and the King, ever after, showed the worthy Mason particular favour.

NOTE.—The "Methodists." The followers of that saintly man,—John Wesley,—who appears,—with Whitfield,—to have been sent by God to save this Country, and true religion, from almost dying out under a sleeping, indifferent, and corrupt church. This Heavenly-gifted man, evidently inspired, was born in 1703, and was spared,—in God's mercy,—for he was sorely needed,—till 1791,—thus living in the reigns of Queen Anne,—George I.,—George II.,—and during twenty years of the reign of George the Third! What a dark and Godless age,—a State Religion, and a State Church utterly corrupt,—had reduced true Religion to in England at that period, we,—in these days of toleration in religion and enlightenment,—can never know!

"The World is *my* Parish!" said the great revivalist,—John Wesley. It was indeed! And like the other great Reformer in Religion,—Martin Luther,—"He shook the World!"

Though unconnected, in any way, with their Denomination, the Writer, in common with thousands of their fellow Christians, has ever felt for the followers of that man of God,—John Wesley,—the utmost respect and esteem.

It is impossible to overrate what "Methodism" has done for the true Religion of Jesus Christ!

Utterly unable to comprehend the difference between the "Wesleyan," the "Methodist," the "Primitive," the "United," &c., &c.,—these remarks apply to all their sub-divisions, as they are no doubt at one, as regards the main, fundamental points, and, in *Essentials*, are all followers of the saintly man who first brought "Methodism" to light.

GEORGE THE THIRD AND THE SERMON.

On another occasion His Majesty attended Divine Service at a certain Church, and the Minister took occasion to allude, at some length, to the virtues, and goodness of the Royal Visitor, and to the blessings and advantages the Nation had derived from his long and illustrious reign. If the young Reader will turn to that fulsome "dedication" to James at the commencement of his Bible, he will obtain some idea of the affected, unreal flattery and adulation in vogue in former times. He will notice that King James,—in reality, a pompous and mediocre man,—is approached, as "Dread Sovereign,"—capital letters are employed as if he had been Divine; he is alluded to as "the Sun in his strength;" while that worldly old body Queen Elizabeth, with her 3,000 or more dresses, is alluded to as "the setting of that bright occidental Star." It would be a boon if this fulsome nonsense could be altered,—or the dedication removed altogether from our Bibles. The old doctrine of the "Divine right of Kings" has been happily now long exploded, and they have been found on examination to be pretty much like other men, too often,—worse.

During the Sermon,—stiff and bolt upright in his pew sat old King George,—till,—the Service being over,—the Court prepared to leave, and all stood respectfully up to see the King go by. But good old George the Third,—ever anxious for the glory of God,—was *not* going to leave that Church without teaching all present a lesson. For just as he had reached the middle of the aisle,—amidst profound silence,—George the Third,—"Farmer George,"—suddenly stopped, and bringing down his thick, oak stick, with a *great bang*, upon the floor of the Church,—called out in his big voice,—*"Friends! I came here like yourselves,—a humble worshipper to this House of Prayer, to join in the praises of Almighty God, and not to listen to those of one of the weakest and most unworthy of His creatures!"*—So saying the King signed to his attendants to proceed, and amidst breathless silence, slowly left the Church.

"They that honour Me, I will honour, but they that despise Me shall be lightly esteemed."



CHAPTER XXXII.

THE BOY KING. EDWARD THE SIXTH OF ENGLAND.

It is very seldom, whilst studying History,—its scenes of war, outrage, and wrong,—that amidst the groans, the sins, the imprecations which have marked, too generally, the History of Mankind for thousands of years, one comes to a Royal Life so delightful to contemplate, as the engaging character of the Boy King, Edward

the Sixth, of England. His short reign of six years—coming as it did after that of King Henry the Eighth, and before that of the bigoted and bloody Mary—must have seemed in that dark age a gleam of sunshine amidst the prevailing darkness and sin. What that boy performed during his few years of life,—he died when a youth of sixteen,—must be looked for in the noble endowments which, ever since his time, have spread a blessing over our country! In the Chapter “Incentives to Piety in Youth,” it was remarked how Almighty God chooses to peculiarly honour and bless the work of a young disciple; certainly this was the case with the young King Edward. The noble Institutions of King Edward Schools (the means of educating thousands),—the noble foundation of Christ’s Church Schools,—the Prayer-Book of our English Church,—our form of worship in the Church of England as opposed to the blighting mummeries of the Church of Rome, in those dark days,—all bear witness to the amazing influence for good this young boy’s short life has had upon this Country.

A handsome delicate boy, tall for his years, graceful and winning in his deportment—Edward was placed on the throne of England at the age of nine years. So extraordinary were the boy’s talents and precocity—his intelligence and goodness—that, amidst the cares and splendours of the Court, surrounded by intriguing courtiers, “the excellent graces and singular goodness wrought in the boy by the grace of God, enabled him (says a contemporary historian) to maintain over the Court, even then, the conduct of a youthful Christian, and to set an example to all around him in a way, which at times, moved even Godless men to tears.”

The ardent youth, from his earliest days, bent his whole mind to study. In those days of intense darkness and ignorance, the young King’s acquirements were considered to be little short of marvellous, for he acquired an accurate knowledge of French and Latin, to which he added the Greek, Spanish, and Italian languages; to form some idea of Edward’s gifts in acquiring knowledge, we must remember the disadvantages he laboured under; we must remember that *books* in those early times, were practically unknown. Enormously expensive manuscripts, copied by hand, were alone to be found in the great families. Even the nobles of the land seldom knew anything—could not write—could not read—whilst the lower classes were plunged in the grossest ignorance. Thus Foxe—the Historian—informs us as a marvellous fact, that the boy—Edward the Sixth—actually knew the names of the Ports, Havens, and Towns of England, Scotland, and France—together with the time of the ebb and flow of the sea.

upon their shores! Edward's attainments seem the more extraordinary when we consider how much of his time was occupied in affairs of the Court, the Government of the country, public business, and reception of Ambassadors from other countries, all of which duties the Boy performed with remarkable grace and dignity.

As another proof of the tender, Christian, conscience of this wonderful boy, so greatly in advance of those dark times, may be mentioned his extreme reluctance to sign a death warrant.

In those days no criminal could be publicly executed without the King signing the "death warrant."

Soon after his accession, Edward had to perform this duty. He earnestly implored Bishop Cranmer to spare the prisoner's life—a woman—saying, "Will you have me send her to Satan in her sins?" But the wise and Christian youth could not prevail. Young as he was, he saw the responsibility of sending a hardened sinner into Eternity.

NOTE.—A friendly critic reminds the Writer that this anecdote has long been challenged as not an historical fact. It is therefore merely given as formerly stated. The Writer himself is strongly adverse to abolishing Capital Punishment. It ever has, and ever will be, a safeguard to Society. Few brutal Murderers like being hung *themselves*!

"For Rulers are not a terror to good works, but to the evil. But if thou do that which is evil, be afraid; for he beareth not the Sword in vain; for he is a Minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil."—*Romans* xiii., 2-4.

"Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed; for in the image of God made He man."

"They that take the Sword shall perish with the Sword."—*Matthew* xxvi., 52.

To the Writer, the *only thing* to lament is, that when there is Money and Influence, so many convicted Murderers in this day are allowed to escape hanging, especially when their means and station enable them to be "ably defended,"—a "Sensational Trial" secured, the Public worked upon by the Press,—Petitions got up,—letters written, &c.,—all with a view of getting the "interesting" Murderer or *Murderess* off,—whereas the *poor*, obscure criminal is tried, convicted, and hung, at times undefended,—no interest, of any kind, shown by the public, and only a paragraph of six lines in the paper to tell us that the execution took place! Abolish hanging, by all means, *if you can do it safely*, but until you *do* do so, at least do not let there be one law for the rich, well-connected, but sly, cruel murderers, and another law for the "uninteresting," unknown Poor!

We have only to turn to America to see the deplorable effects of the public exasperation at the miscarriage of justice. They rise in Tumults, and valuable Citizens' lives,—(worth dozens of brutal and cunning Murderers)—are sacrificed in the effort to carry out the proper execution of the Law by those who were responsible, and whose duty to the Public it was to see that the Law was duly, and impartially, carried out!

The anecdote of Edward is pleasing,—exhibiting the tenderness of a young Christian Ruler in that dark, cruel age,—but *as a King*, when the *equivalent* for the "Judge and Jury" of our day had found no cause for

mercy, *it was his duty* to have signed the Warrant without demur. Opinions will, of course, differ, but all will allow that there should not be one law for the Wealthy,—ably “defended,”—criminal,—with money and notoriety, and another for the Poor. The former will get a ten days’ Trial,—Petitions sent up, &c., &c.,—the latter is hung, without a word!

The boy used to tell Cranmer, when the latter urged him thus to carry out the law of the Country, that the blame must rest upon him. But the excellent young Protestant King set a still more important example—(an example to the half-hearted, temporising Protestants of our own time, in these days of Ritualistic mummeries)—in the firmness with which he resisted all attempts to induce him to allow the Mass to be performed, even in the chapel of his sister Mary the Catholic.

Edward knew that the Mass was idolatrous, and he resolved, at whatever cost, not to be guilty before God by consenting to the commission of such acts. So that when the powerful nobles, and the great Councillors of the Court, represented the displeasure of the Emperor of Germany (a relative of the Lady Mary) at his refusal, and, being all against him, did all they could to overpower his judgment, the poor boy burst into tears, but exclaimed that “He would suffer the loss of all he had; nay! the Crown of England itself, rather than allow such a sin to be committed against God!”

Affected by the firmness and piety of their youthful Monarch, some of the Council could not restrain their tears, and forbore to urge him further; and Bishop Cranmer, turning to Edward’s preceptor, under whom he studied, said, in a whisper, “You may rejoice, indeed, to have such a scholar, for he has more divinity in his little finger than some of us Bishops have in our whole bodies!” In 1548, Edward issued an edict that the burning of candles, and other superstitious rites of Popery should be given up. Unremitting in his studies, Edward excelled in music, logic, and philosophy: but his constitution had always been weakly; he was seized with a fever, and it was evident that his death was approaching.

Surrounded by scheming, grasping, Nobles, seeking their own aims, and the ruin of their rivals; constantly harassed by Bonner, and the Roman Catholic party,—the poor young King’s health sank before he had completed his sixteenth year. There were some *dark rumours of poison* being administered to the boy King; but of those dark, cruel times, little is now known. If the Duke of Northumberland was guilty of such an atrocity, a speedy retribution soon came upon him.

“He was taken from us,”—says an old chronicler,—“no

doubt as a judgment for our sins,—whom, had it pleased the goodwill of the Lord to spare to us, this Realm of England had become such that, as it was said of Cæsar, ‘ he found the Empire of brick, and he left it of fine marble.’ ”

But the hour was come when the spirit of the gentle and pious boy was to be released from a World of strife ; and, as the Royal youth lay, with closed eyes,—not knowing that any heard him,—he breathed forth a sweet and simple petition,—“ that his Father might now take him Home, if it was His will, and that He would be pleased to bless the Kingdom, and defend the English realm from Papacy, and maintain the true religion ”—and, in a few minutes after saying, “ I am faint—Lord have mercy, and receive my Spirit,”—Edward the Sixth quietly and peacefully passed away.

It might be said, with truth, in the words of the old chronicler, “ He pleased God, and was beloved of Him, so that from living amongst sinners, the Lord hastened to take him from amongst the wicked ! ”

Every youth who reads this account should remember, however poor and obscure his position may appear to himself, that the same grace which God bestowed upon this pious youth is to be obtained equally by him ;—our Creator, (unlike ourselves) being *no respecter of persons*. His love to a peasant’s son, who remembers and honours his God, is the same as it is to the Prince. The Lord of Heaven and Earth, when in this World, worked as a youth in a Carpenter’s shop ;—washed the feet of the poor fishermen, His disciples ; and spent most of his short life amongst the Poor. How can the Creator, and only *real* Possessor, of *all things*, make any distinction between a poor boy and a Prince, when He knows that all the wealth—in which so many pride themselves, is His alone ?

“ The world is *Mine*, and the fulness thereof, and the cattle upon a thousand hills ! ”

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

How different to Edward’s death was that of the Tyrant, *William the Conqueror*,—who, upon one occasion, merely to secure a convenient hunting ground for himself, laid waste an entire district in Hampshire (the New Forest), driving the wretched people out of their houses, and seizing the lands upon which they depended for their subsistence !

It was doubtless, in God’s judgment upon this sin, that his son, William Rufus, was afterwards slain in this Forest.

William the Conqueror, on his death bed, became *exceedingly alarmed* ; and entreated *the clergy to intercede* for him ;

exclaiming—" Being laden with very many, and most grievous sins, oh! Christ! I tremble! And being now shortly to be taken into the terrible examination of God, I know not what to do! I have been brought up in feats of arms even from my childhood, and I am greatly polluted by shedding of much blood! I can by no means number the evils which I have done for the 64 years wherein I have lived in this troublous world, for all which, I fear I shall be now constrained to render an account before a Just Judge."

The Lion's Den.



Her Husband bringing in Supplies.



"Love me—Love my Dog."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE ETERNAL HOPE DELUSION.

MODERN UNBELIEF.

HE WAS A LIAR FROM THE BEGINNING.—UNBELIEF IN THE PULPIT.—THE FRENCH LADY.—THE PRAYING WHEEL.—TOUCHING THE SACRED ARK.—TRUE WORSHIP.—CHRIST'S WORDS.—FALSE TEACHERS.—BEECHER, PARKER, AND DEAN FARRAR'S DELUDED FOLLOWERS.

"YE SHALL NOT SURELY DIE!"

There is an increasing complaint on the part of Congregations both of the Church of England and Dissenters, that the Gospel,—too often, is not now preached; that Ministers,—too often,—openly teach that there is no Hell to shun,—no Last and Final Judgment of the Impenitent Wicked,—no Wrath to Come, from which to flee, in short,—that Unbelief in Christ's Teachings has now made its appearance in many Pulpits. They complain that their Congregations will not listen to the true Gospel.

The "Larger Hope" doctrine of our day is but a modern phase of old Unbelief. It is the old, old falsehood,—“God is too merciful!” “And the serpent said unto the woman,—ye shall not surely die.”—Gen. iii., 4. God merely said it to frighten you; it was intended, merely, as a wholesome deterrent; not that He intends really to do it; there is no real danger. God's warning to you is merely to be understood as an instructive Parable.

Jesus tells us of the Devil,—“He was a Liar from the beginning.”

Dear Reader! Surely the Tears,—the Groans,—the Deaths,—of countless Millions of human beings, for thousands of years,—since that day,—have proved to Mankind that God's warnings are something more than “Instructive Parables!” “Thou shalt not eat of it,—for in the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt *surely die!*”—Gen. ii., 17. And we all die!

THE OLD FALSEHOOD REPRODUCED.

In our day,—once more,—for History repeats itself,—*lying voices* have gone out into the World,—the “New

Theology,"—persuading to the old, old Unbelief; teaching that Sin,—after all,—is not so deadly,—a *misfortune* rather than a fault;—lulling the Conscience to sleep with the false hope that God does not really *mean* what He says, We are now told that the "old, narrow, terrible, Gospel creed" must give way before "Modern Thought;" that we may now freely indulge in a "larger hope."

It is true that Christ tells us that the way into life is "narrow,"—that the gate is "strait" (difficult), "and few there be that find it." But we now know better! Christ did not really mean what He said! We now know God to be too merciful,—a God of love. In these days of cultivation and advanced thought, we can take broader views. We may now hope for the ultimate salvation of all Mankind, through Christ's atonement,—after,—it may be,—a certain refining Purgatory for very evil characters.

You will find,—we are told,—in the "last day, that our view is right, and Christ was wrong, and you Christians will have to be contented with merely receiving your own salvation."

Yet Christ says, "I tell you, Nay: For except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."—Luke xiii., 3. "Woe unto that man by whom the Son of God is betrayed; it had been good for that man if he had not been born!"—Matt. xxvi., 24. "Ye will not come unto Me that ye might have life. Ye shall die in your sins, and whither I go ye cannot come."—John v., 40; viii., 21.

Ultimate salvation for all Mankind? Then why would it have been "good for that man if he had not been born?" Universal salvation? And some "die in their sins," and where Jesus is they "cannot come?" What does it mean? Dear Reader! You have God's word constantly placed in your hands. He has given you common sense to guide you. What does Christ mean if there is ultimate, universal, salvation for all men?

If there is,—then our Saviour's teachings,—all through His Ministry, and all His words upon this dread subject selected in this, and other Chapters of this Book, are not merely unintelligible, and meaningless,—they are *worse*,—they are designedly *false*! What about the Judgment Day? "The Books being opened? The dead judged?" *Why* a Judgment Day at all? *What* Books? *Who* is going to be "judged?" You see, dear Reader, if there is to be universal salvation for all, the "Last Judgment" becomes an absurdity!

The shallow, sentimental, religious teachers of our day seem incapable of intelligent reasoning upon this subject.

Nothing is more amazing to the thoughtful Christian than that men who presume to teach Religion to others, cannot, —or *will* not,—see the destructive consequences that follow their “larger hope” delusions.

BELIEF IN THE BIBLE IS DESTROYED.

The sneer that the Christian Believer “will have at last to be content at receiving his own salvation,” is an unworthy one. The Believer is the last person in the World to feel disappointed in finding that all men are to be finally saved, but he is the *first* to see that this false hope, and modern delusion, strikes at the root of all *belief* in the *truth* of God’s Holy Word! For if the Last day will prove that there is ultimate salvation for all men, then that Terrible Day will also prove that there *was not one word of truth*, in all the solemn texts selected at the end of this chapter from the Word of God; and that God and Christ wilfully deceived Mankind upon this subject for nigh two thousand years! Are you prepared to commence Eternity upon *that discovery*? Prove God and Christ to be untruthful in *one* Subject, *why not in others*? If the *Warnings* of God and Christ are false, why may not their *Promises* be equally so? Either the Bible, or the “larger hope” must go! They are irreconcilable! They mutually destroy each other!

UNBELIEF IN THE PULPIT.

One more fatal consequence of this new phase of old Unbelief in God’s warnings, we must all have noticed already, namely; its *effect* upon the *Pulpit*! Dear Reader! You must have noticed it yourself! In our churches and chapels we find excellent Music,—tasteful interiors,—altars,—surplices,—Anthems,—genuflexions,—interminable repetitions of the old old responses, ejaculations, collects, and prayers, gabbled over by well-dressed audiences, for the thousandth time,—about equivalent to the “Praying Wheel.” But what is there in all this to awaken the sinner, or urge to a new life? How seldom do we now hear earnest, awakening, Gospel sermons,—urging the speechless importance of obtaining an interest in Christ’s atonement, while the opportunity is ours,—the absolute necessity of the great change from a Christless to a pious Life? That “without holiness, no man shall see the Lord?” How should we? How “warn men to flee from the wrath to come.” —(Matt. iii., 7), when the Minister does not believe that there is *any* “wrath” from which to “flee?”

"We admit that the Sermons are poor; but in our Church, we come for the Service, and not for the Sermon." No doubt! When the Minister has instituted his "Eternal Hope" Delusion, for the teachings of Jesus Christ, how expect him to preach as if to dying men? Holding that all men will be saved, what is there left for him to say?

UNBELIEF IN THE PULPIT.

"I thought," candidly confessed an elderly Rector to the Writer, "that certain difficulties I felt, when at College,—in the doctrines of the Church, would disappear as I grew older. Many young men,—intended—like myself,—for the Church,—I know had the same hope. But as years have passed, instead of disappearing, those difficulties have become more pronounced. I candidly admit that I do not believe what I am expected to preach to others; I do not believe in the doctrine of the Eternal Punishment of the Wicked,—and I am sorry to say that my unbelief does not end *there*. I have my own views upon Inspiration,—the Doctrine of the Atonement,—and the truth of many portions of the Bible. As an honest man, I know that I ought to have resigned my position long ago, but I am a poor man, there is my family and livelihood to consider. I decline to preach for others whenever I can, and in my own Sermons and teaching I keep as much as possible to Morality." He died soon after.

Dear Reader! What a state of things! *Unbelief* in the *Pulpit*! How many totally unregenerate persons might attend the "Religious Performances" at such a church for years, with nothing to rouse them from a sleep of spiritual death? Is this the man to call in on the occasion of death?

What possible edification can be expected from listening to an Unbelieving,—or Christless,—Ministry?

"What part hath he that believeth with an Infidel?" "Be ye not unequally yoked together with Unbelievers, for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness?"—2 Cor. vi. 14.

It is remarkable to notice, when Christ is not preached, and the Gospel is absent, how Vestments, Intonations, Processions, and (probably soon) Wax Candles, Incense, etc., come in. The more worthless the Ministry, the greater the anxiety to hide deficiencies by External, the outward Symbols, or Shell of Religion. The more *empty* the Priest or Minister, the greater importance he seems to assume in virtue of his sacred office, in order to disguise the deficiency!

The true Christian soon finds such a Minister out, and,—if he be wise,—withdraws his Family to another church or Chapel.

Nothing can be more deadening to Spiritual life than to listen to an evidently Christless,—Unbelieving,—person pretending to be a Religious Teacher of others. Under such a Minister the audience return,—like the French Lady,—from the weekly performance,—with a sense of hearty relief,—unroused by any Religious exhortation, to their *real life*,—where their *heart* is fixed,—the life of money-getting,—frivolous amusement,—the Theatre,—Concerts,—Dress,—Dances,—Comic Operas,—Cards,—endless chatter, and small talk,—Trashy Novels (in which immorality, murder, and Religion are mixed up to suit the times),—in a word, as Christless a life,—that is as unlike Christ,—and as opposed to His commands,—as if they had never heard of Christ at all! Busy about *everything* but God, Christ, and their own salvation.

Yet venture a remonstrance,—express a doubt,—whether such a life can be a safe one,—and it is like touching an ulcer,—or open sore!—"Safe? What do you mean? There is no danger whatever! Oh! you are evidently one of the obsolete believers in the old creed. Our Minister teaches the new doctrine! We do not recognize those old, narrow, dogmas now, we have,—you know,—the 'larger hope' to trust in."

THE FRENCH LADY.

Like the old French lady,—who,—having lived a gay, frivolous,—not to say, immoral,—life, and was now fading into age,—on being expostulated with,—exclaimed,—in a tone of astonished contempt, "What *Religion*? Oh! *my Priest* sees to all that!"

It was no business of *hers*! Never had been! It was not *her* department! She had paid her fees,—she attended Mass,—she threw all responsibility—(and how many are there like her?)—upon the *System*,—"the Church." She declined all responsibility in the matter; her spiritual advisers and religious teachers must "see to all that!"

THE PRAYING WHEEL.

The "Praying Wheels," or "Praying Machines," met with in the Bhuddist Idol houses or temples of Thibet and India, are surely but an *expansion* of the French lady's idea.

Having paid the fee to the Priests,—which will be found essential in all Countries and without which nothing can be done,—you write your prayers on slips of paper,—and go about your daily affairs. These Praying Wheels work upright on a pivot, and have wooden projecting cross-bars to work *them* by, not unlike the movement of a Ship's Capstan. Water-

power is sometimes employed, at others they are turned by the wind. It is, however, the Priests' duty to keep the wheel going,—not yours,—“*they see to all that.*”

What a relief to be able to see to other things,—go about your Business,—and yet to know that your *prayers* are at *work*,—satisfactorily spinning round in a brisk Wind,—at so many revolutions to the minute!

Is not the religion of many modern so-called Christians, and the heathen Buddhists, pretty much on a par? The melancholy,—deplorable,—thing,—noticeable in both cases, is the *dense* stupidity such worshippers *must attribute* to their Gods, to suppose the latter capable of being “bamboozled” in this childish manner!

THE GOSPEL NOT REACHING THOUSANDS.

Our English Churches and Chapels seem quite ineffectual in carrying Religious Teaching amongst the Masses. Take all the sittings of EVERY CHURCH OR CHAPEL in any one of our large Towns you like,—then obtain the Population! TENS OF THOUSANDS could not be got in, any Sunday, even if they desired. But they do not desire. Fancy, dear Reader, a party of Bricklayers' Labourers entering and taking good seats in one of our modern, fashionable Churches or Chapels, filled with stylishly-dressed worshippers! You know, dear Reader, that such *cannot come*! Then where do hundreds of thousands of our Labouring Population go every Sunday? Why the majority go *nowhere*,—never hear the Bible, or the Gospel; whole streets never attend any Place of Worship! “I deny it!” *Do you!* Then go amongst them *next Sunday!*

“Canvas” one Back Street; it will be enough! “The Church” of our day fails to reach them; they are filled with too well-dressed folks to permit the Poor to venture in. The Services are infinitely too long for an uneducated person to stand,—much less to follow. It needs an education to go through the Service of the Church of England, Sunday after Sunday, and it has proved too much for the poorer and uneducated classes. Come in their Masses, the Working Classes *never have done*, and, unless some vast change is made, they *never will!*

RESPONSIBILITY OF MINISTERS.

May not one cause be the Universal Unbelief that is falling, like a blight, upon our Religious Teachers? There must be some reason for the unbelief, on the part of our Ministers,

in the truth of God's distinct warnings to Mankind, in regard to Eternal punishment. It seems to argue a secret enmity against God as the Eternal Punisher,—not only of the outwardly wicked,—but of outwardly respectable, but Christless, and Unbelieving persons. It would appear to need *very* little to induce many of the Ministers of our day openly to reject the authority of the New Testament, and Christ's words altogether ! They have evidently no conception what *Sin really is*, and what the unholy and Christless soul, which *loves*, and harbours it,—deserves.

THE "NEW THEOLOGY," 1907.

They preach a God of their *own creation*, certainly not the God of the Bible ! The Christian is spoken of with gentle sarcasm, as to his coming disappointment at finding at the last, all men saved. His reply is, what rather will be the disappointment,—nay, the agony, of self-deluded Teachers of a false hope, and their victims,—when,—too late,—they find that Christ's words, and the Bible, are *after all, true* ! What will it be for some, who have forced themselves into the position of Ministers,—uncalled by God,—who, in the end, find themselves utterly rejected by Him ?

"Depart from Me ! I never knew you !"

What ! reject us ! We who have been consecrated by Bishops,—have written popular books upon Theology,—have taught such large audiences,—and in Thy name done so "many wonderful works !" (Matt. vii., 22).

FALSE TEACHERS.

"I never knew you ! I never called you ! You wrote your 'Eternal Hope' and 'wonderful works,' and preached your dangerous Sermons, not at the dictate of God the Holy Spirit, but in your own pride of reason, and self-conceit. My 'Life' and teachings were written already in the New Testament. Pretending to know more about Me than others, you taught a false hope to the People, in direct opposition to My express words and teaching."

"You employed your time, talents, and influence, in throwing doubt upon the Inspiration of My Holy Book—and My sacrifice for Mankind. I placed you in a position in which, had you preached My Gospel earnestly, and faithfully,—instead of being lulled to sleep by your false teaching,—multitudes might have been roused, convicted, alarmed, and fled to Me, their Saviour !" Depart from Me ! You are none of Mine !"

Disappointment? Let but these sentimental teachers of a false hope,—who now talk so glibly of a “God of Love,”—clearly understand that *they* and their life’s work,—not being of Christ,—are alike rejected of God; and how,—in a moment will they be filled with *speechless rage* and *hatred* against both God, and Christ,—throughout Eternity!

Reader! If you do not believe in the Divinity of Jesus Christ,—and in His teachings in regard to His Atonement,—His precious Blood,—and the Eternal loss of a Christless, and unbelieving, unregenerate soul,—leave Religious teaching alone! Why pretend to teach others, when you are an Unbeliever yourself? Do not touch the sacred ark; it is ill playing with Divine things!

TOUCHING THE SACRED ARK.



“Uzzah put forth his hand to the Ark of God, and took hold of it; for the Oxen shook it. And the anger of the Lord was kindled against Uzzah, and God smote him there for his error: and there he died by the Ark of God.” (Severity to the disobedient.)

“And the Ark of the Lord continued in the house of Obededom, the Gittite, three months; and the Lord blessed Obededom,—his house, and all that pertained unto him, because of the Ark of God.” (Blessing and comfort to the obedient.)—2 Samuel vi., 6-11.

If you are not a Believer in the Divinity of Jesus Christ, why “touch the Sacred Ark” at all? Why attempt to teach Religion to others?—“What hast thou to do to declare My Statutes, or that thou shouldest take My Covenant in thy mouth; seeing that thou castest My words behind thee?”

And, dear Reader, why so ready to bow down to the opinions of others,—and follow them in any new error, why not study the “Life of Christ,”—in His *own* Holy Book *for yourself*?

There are Ministers of our day who are no longer to be

trusted; many of them do not preach the Gospel, and are totally unsuited for the sacred office. Our Saviour's "Life" was one long protest against the assumptions of false Priests, who, pretending to be the Religious Teachers of the people, were themselves hateful to,—and utterly rejected by God. "Ye have taken away the key of knowledge; ye entered not in yourselves, and them that were entering in ye hindered."—Luke xii., 52.

TRUE WORSHIP.

Instead of,—“My priest sees to all that,”—study His Word, and come to Christ for *yourself*! One hour's quiet communion with God in the “pathless wood,” or the “lonely shore,” is more to the mind of “Him with Whom we have to do,”—than all the Gothic windows,—Organs, Music, Priests, and “Praying Machines,” in the World! “Man looketh at the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the *heart*!”

Those who read the advice to Youths in this Book, upon the importance of attending regularly a Place of Worship, will not understand the above as intended to dissuade them from hearing the Gospel faithfully preached in Church or Chapel. But the truth still remains that,—

“The Most High dwelleth not in Temples made with hands; Heaven is My throne, and earth is My footstool; what House will ye build Me, saith the Lord?”—*Acts vii.*, 48-49.

“But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship Him. God is a Spirit; and they that worship Him must worship Him in Spirit and in Truth.”—*John iv.*, 23-24.

MODERN TEACHERS AVOID CHRIST'S WORDS.

Our Lord assures us that,—

“The Son of Man shall send forth His Angels, and they shall gather out of His Kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity, and shall cast them into a furnace of fire; there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth. Then shall the Righteous shine forth as the sun in the Kingdom of their Father. Who hath *ears to hear* let him hear.”—*Matt. xiii.*, 41-43.

There are teachers in our day, who have “ears to hear” Christ's word, but they *resolutely close* them.

The followers of the “Larger Hope” delusion, as did Farrar,—*resolutely avoid* every text in the New Testament by which our Lord *emphatically* teaches the Eternal Punishment of Unbelievers. The Author of the “Larger Hope,”—Mr. W. J. Accomb—quotes George Macdonald, Socrates, Carlyle, J. S. Mill, Martin Tupper, H. W. Beecher, George Dawson, Charles Dickens,

Buddha, Mother Shipton, and Virgil ! But he does *not* quote the sayings and warnings of *Jesus Christ*. In not one of the above authorities—quoted by Mr. Accomb,—has the Christian Believer the *slightest* confidence, but he has the greatest confidence in the words and distinct warnings of Jesus Christ. In not one single instance throughout the 276 pages of his Book, does Mr. Accomb venture to quote,—or attempt to explain,—one Text of our Blessed Lord,—out of a score,—warning Mankind of the inevitable “Wrath to come.” In a similar evasive manner does the “Universalist,” Rev. T. Allin, in his Bristol Tracts, studiously avoid giving one single text of our Saviour’s solemn warnings, or attempting any explanation of them. They *know well* the *weak point* ; they know that they cannot *assail* the *truthfulness* and *authority* of our Lord’s teachings, therefore they studiously *avoid* them !

Print a collection of the distinct warnings of Christ, on this Subject, in bold type, place them in his hands, and the follower of this “Larger Hope” delusion, must proceed thus,—either he must decline to discuss, or listen to them, or he asserts that they are not correctly translated ; or he maintains that Jesus does not mean His words to be taken as true, but as Metaphor or,—that they are now obsolete, and must give way before “Modern Thought.”

If he be driven from all these evasions, and it comes to accepting Christ’s words on the subject, or rejecting them, he will choose the latter resource ; and rather than believe in the Eternal Punishment of the Impenitent he will throw Christ and His words behind him. “I do not choose to believe it !” Thus *ending*,—where it *began* in “Unbelief.”

No advancement of “Modern Thought” will ever render Christ’s words “obsolete,” for he assures us that “Heaven and Earth shall pass away, but *My words* shall not pass away.”

CHRIST’S WORDS.

Once uttered, they stand for Eternity.

“The Son of Man shall send forth His angels, and they shall gather out of His kingdom all things that offend,—and them which do iniquity ; and shall cast them into a furnace of fire ; there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth.”—*Matt. xiii.*, 41-42.

“And I say unto you, Be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do. But fear Him, who after He hath killed hath power to cast into hell : yea, I say unto you, Fear Him.”

“He that is unjust let him be unjust still ; and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still.”

“And death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them ; and they were judged every man according to their works. And death and hell were cast into the lake of fire. This is the second death. And

whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire."—*Rev.* xx., 14-15.

"But the unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and idolators, and all liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death."—*Rev.* xxi., 8.

"And these shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal."—*Matt.* xxv., 46. (The same word *Aionios* "eternal" in the Greek is used *alike* for both states.)

"It is better for thee to enter into the kingdom of God with one eye, than having two eyes to be cast into hell fire: where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."—*Mark* ix., 47-48. (Repeated three times.)

"For what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"—*Mark* viii., 36.

"Depart from Me ye cursed into everlasting fire prepared for the Devil and his angels."—*Matt.* xxvi., 41.

"And the Devil that deceived them was cast into the lake of fire, and shall be tormented day and night, for ever and ever."—*Rev.* xx., 10.

"For the hour is coming in the which all that are in the graves shall hear His voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation."—*John* v., 28-29.

"For we must all stand before the judgment seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in the body according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad. Knowing therefore the terror of the Lord, we persuade men."—*2 Cor.* v., 10.

"Know ye not that the unrighteous shall not enter the Kingdom of God? Be not deceived! God is not mocked! Neither fornicators, nor adulterers, nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, shall inherit the Kingdom of God."—*1 Cor.* vi., 9-10.

"Then one saith unto Him, Lord, are there few that be saved? And He saith unto them, Strive to enter in at the strait (difficult) gate; ("agonize"—to enter,—in the Greek) for many, I say unto you will seek to enter in, and shall not be able, when once the Master of the house is risen up and shut to the door."—*Luke* xiii., 23.

"Wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat. Because strait is the gate and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."—*Matt.* vii., 13.

"If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?"—*1 Peter* iv., 18.

"But the heavens and the earth which are now are reserved unto fire against the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men."

"For we know Him that hath said Vengeance is Mine, I will recompense, saith the Lord, and again the Lord shall judge His people. It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God."—*Heb.* x., 30.

Dear Reader! Accept Christ's warnings, and come to Him while time and opportunity are yours.

THE CONTINENT UNDER THE FRENCH.



Father drawn in the Conscription, and killed.



Farm horses " requisitioned " for the Army, and the Young Men all taken.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE HORRORS OF WAR.

WAR OF CONQUEST AND SPOLIATION.—BURNING VILLAGES.—
EVERYTHING TO BE DESTROYED.—MOSCOW AND SMOLENSKO,
1812.

IN favoured England,—Generations have come and gone, without her inhabitants having seen a Battlefield or sustained an Invasion. The English therefore, as a

Nation, know nothing,—personally,—of the Horrors of War brought home to their doors. Far otherwise has it been on the Continent. Up to the year 1812,—no European Army,—save that of Great Britain,—appeared able to stand,—in open field,—against the French,—led by that extraordinary General, Napoleon the First. We must, however, remember, that,—at the commencement of the present Century,—France was the most populous Country in Europe, now she is only fifth, and in proportion to other Countries,—is still,—proportionately—decreasing.

Note.—Increase of Population the past five years :—

	Increase.
Great Britain	5,000,000
Germany	2,285,000
Austrian Hungary	2,250,000
Italy (including Emigration) ...	1,500,000
France	1,000,000
Russia	10,000,000

It is believed that the Population of India (285,000,000, 1891) has increased under English rule, the last ten years,—30,000,000.

It is estimated that by the year 2,000,—1,700,000,000 People will be speaking the English Language, against 500,000,000 speaking other European Tongues. Germany, and other Empires are now also well able to take care of themselves, so that the existence of such a Despotism as that of the French under Napoleon will never again be possible.

Napoleon was not a Frenchman, he was a Corsican. He cared little for losing thousands of Lives to place his brothers and Family on Thrones.

We must also remember that Napoleon claimed all able-bodied Frenchmen, between twenty and sixty years of age, for Soldiers. Indeed,—towards the close of his terrible career, he took them all,—even mere Boys from the Schools and Colleges. The French Nation seemed to be infatuated,—to be under a strong delusion. Was it a dream of universal Empire, and pillage, and spoliation, all over the Continent ? If so, the dream was indeed dispelled, when after twenty years of War, and losing the flower of their Nation, they found themselves precisely the same France, with the very same Territory as they were before, having gained nothing whatever ! Still, whilst it lasted the terrible " Conscriptions " gave Napoleon an Army of some 850,000 men. It is estimated that, during Napoleon's rule, two Millions of Frenchmen,—in the prime of life,—perished ! To us,—now that eighty years have elapsed,—this frightful sacrifice of human life,—fully shared by the other Continental nations,—seems to have taken place, absolutely in vain. France, in the end, never gained an inch of Territory, and will never recover the blow those twenty years

inflicted upon its Population, other Nations having naturally increased immensely in proportion, so that it is impossible for France ever again to retake them, or to regain her position.

The Bloodshed was frightful. At the Battle of Eylau,—fought in a Snow Storm,—8th February, 1807, by Napoleon against the Russians,—from Twenty to Fifty Thousand were killed and as many wounded.

The losses were never acknowledged in the Bulletins, but it was allowed to be the most terrible Battle fought during the Empire. It was an indecisive conflict.

Even Napoleon,—accustomed to such scenes,—as shown by his letters,—felt the horrors of that Night, for a long period after. The frozen tree trunks shattered by balls, stood in the dull moonlight, amongst heaps of dead, and dying : half covered with snow, wretched creatures were dragging themselves,—with a bloody trail,—to any little shelter from the cold. Such was the number of wounded that eight and forty hours after the battle, 5,000 wounded Russians still lay on the ground ! Bread and spirits only could be carried to them.

Turn, dear Reader, to our List of “One Regiment,” and fancy *five times* that number,—5,000 poor creatures,—shattered and bleeding,—lying exposed in a severe frost, for forty-eight hours, before they could be taken into the rough shelter of the improvised hospitals !



Napoleon found the first army placed under him, by “The Directory,” impoverished, unpaid, and destitute. His very first speech to them was an appeal to their cupidity ! In his

first Italian Campaign he promised them Pillage, Property, all that they needed! And for years the "Brigand System" was systematically, and mercilessly, carried out!

Some idea of the Plunder obtained from virtually defenceless countries,—and at *what a cost it was obtained*,—came to light when that amazing "Convention of Cintra," (10th August, 1808) was entered into by that blundering General Hew Dalrymple, who was unfortunately placed in Command, and, like others, thwarted, for a time, the splendid successes and genius of Wellington. Our Newspapers surrounded the announcement of this amazing Blunder with black lines, as in Mourning! 25,000 French,—cut off by Wellington, from all help,—on the very point of unconditional surrender,—were to be safely transported by our Ships to France with their Arms and Equipments. "Personal Baggage," was also to be included. Junot, the French General, only a common soldier by birth,—as indeed were almost all the "Princes," "Dukes," and "Marshals," of Napoleon (who, was himself, only an artilleryman a few years before)—demanded *five ships* to transport his "personal baggage" alone! He had entered Portugal with hardly a change of linen! Amongst his "personal luggage" were 53 Boxes of Indigo! Treasuries, Libraries, Museums, Churches, Convents, had been stripped of everything! The very Court of litigated Monies, awaiting decision, were robbed of £22,000 (1808). Their Military Chests were taken off with three Months' pay in them! One Regiment alone took away 100,000 crowns! And *how had it been obtained?* A horrible picture of the Desolation caused by the French cruelties was clearly confirmed by the Commissioners who distributed the money English benevolence, as usual, sent over to the Sufferers (1813). "In the District of Leyria, the population was cut down by Famine, (all their food and property taken), from 48,000 to 16,000! In the division of Pombal, the 7,000 *before* the retreat of Massena was 1,800 *after* it! Before the invasion 200 Families at Pombal itself derived a fair subsistence from husbandry, the Commissioners only found a few starving survivors of 36 families left." In the main street only one dismantled building remained; all around were ruins, amongst which swarms of dogs, and wolves, boldly attacked the Commissioners! The wretched people were found *boiling grass* to check the cravings of hunger!

And this was French "Glory!" The Field of Vittoria, June 21st, 1813, was strewn, for Miles, with Pillage torn from all parts of Spain and Portugal. The French lost everything! There lay the wreck of a mighty army! Plunder accumulated for years with unsparing rapacity. 5½ million

dollars were in the Military chests, verified by the French accounts. In Joseph Buonaparte's travelling carriage Paintings of inestimable value (one "Murillo" was sold for £50,000 (?) in 1884 (?) to our Government)—were found stuffed into the imperials in canvas rolls, cut from their frames from the Palaces, &c., of Spain! They were *all alike* from the Private to the Marshal! It was indeed about time for Europe to put down a Race of Brigands!

SACK. PILLAGE.

Massena's final retreat from Spain, before Wellington,—was one dreadful track of Villages wantonly burnt,—the inhabitants killed,—the whole country ravaged, and swept of everything! Yet "Glory" has ever been claimed! What "glory?" Glory in what?

Surely there exists no Nation which has been subjected to such complete defeats and humiliations as the French! No Nation whose "glory" has been of a more temporary, and doubtful character! After all this useless bloodshed *what has France gained?* Nothing!

The wanton setting on fire, and destruction of a Village or Town by Soldiers,—or by an officer's orders,—should be made a criminal offence, especially when it serves no purpose of the War.



The poorer inhabitants,—their little possessions, in this world, all destroyed,—the aged poor,—defenceless children,—and the sick, were driven out before the storm of War,—which the French carried over Europe,—to perish as they might!



The frightful cruelties practised upon the Spanish Nation during the Invasion of that virtually defenceless country, by the trained legions of Napoleon, from 1808 till the decisive victory of Vittoria, 21st June, 1813, by Wellington, ended their reign of terror,—will never be fully known. Towns and villages burnt,—massacres "*en-masse*,"—the wretched peasantry stripped of everything;—"a system of organised rapine and plunder, enabling their armies to subsist, at the expense of the total ruin of the country in which they operated." On one occasion, the French General Dupont, for certain offences committed by the small, but heroic Spanish town of Jaen,—(18th July, 1808) "Despatched a battalion of Infantry and one of Cavalry to punish it. These soldiers stealing on their prey by night, like a herd of wild beasts, committed atrocities on the wretched inhabitants, at the bare idea of which humanity shudders!"

Dear Reader! This was not "War!" It was cowardly Murder!

The Spanish, though heroic in their resistance, could not oppose untrained mobs of Peasants against Napoleon's veterans. They were ruthlessly shot and cut down by thousands. There is a tendency in our day,—now 80 years have elapsed,—to detract from the influence of Wellington's campaigns in Spain and Portugal. Had we lived in those days we should understand better how his victories first proved to *Europe* that Napoleon's legions were not *invincible*. They inspired the Allies with new life. Had there been no Battle of Vittoria in June, 1813, there would have been no Battle of Leipsic in *October*. The French never got over the Battle of Leipsic.



The French in Spain.

In one case, Savary, describing one of Massena's battles, says,—“The carnage was dreadful,—the town was set on fire;—the wounded were burnt to death,—and lay scorched,—the artillery and cavalry passing over, crushed them into appalling masses of horror! So intolerable a stench came from the mass of corruption, that it became necessary to procure *spades*, such as are used for clearing *mud from the streets*, to remove this foetid mass!”

Still,—while Napoleon's destructive system prevailed,—great temporary results were,—no doubt,—obtained. Jena,—Wigram,—Austerlitz,—Dresden,—crushing defeats of their opponents,—seemed to follow the French efforts,—one after another! It seemed to be one long tale of Armies cut in two just at the critical moment. Empires conquered, and forced to employ their armies for the time to assist the French.

Napoleon's System,—which he adhered to down to the final scene at Waterloo, was, *Concentration*,—*Massing*. Batteries of eighty cannon acting all together;—charges of dense masses of Cavalry;—Infantry sent into the Battle in solid columns. The Duke of Wellington thoroughly understood

British Infantry.



" 1792."

Taken from an old Book of 1792 ; showing the unfortunate British Soldier of that Period with the horrible stiff, choking, " stock " to his collar—the dreadful tight straps (" Pipe Clayed ") across the breast,—and the absurd cocked hat ! How they could March, and exert themselves as they did in the Great Contests of that Period in such a Costume seems now mysterious !

Napoleon's System,—knew,—and exposed its weak points, when firmly met,—and opposed to it the resolute, stubborn, cool, determined character of the Scotch, Irish, and English Infantry,—with invariable success.

Wellington never lost a Battle. Every one of Napoleon's Marshals sent against the Duke were defeated in turn, the last being Marshal Soult, who, issuing a vainglorious proclamation dealing ungenerously with the previous failures of his fellow marshals, announced his intention of surpassing them all. He failed completely,—was driven across the Pyrenees,—never having, during nine days' fighting, made the slightest impression,—and, after years of toil and combats,—which had been rather admired than understood,—the great English General emerging from the chaos of the long Peninsular Struggle,—clearing Spain and Portugal entirely of their cruel and oppressive assailants,—stood on the Summit of the Pyrenees, an acknowledged Conqueror !

Unable to strike at England effectively, owing to our Fleets sweeping all before them at sea,—the Campaign of 1812, had for its avowed object,—the Conquest,—or destruction of Russia ;—a *War of spoliation*.

At one time serious thoughts of the invasion of England were entertained. Fleets of flat-bottomed boats were collected at Boulogne,—and troops exercised in their use. Could he once land 50,000 of his "Veterans," and *take London*,—all our immense National Treasures and Resources would be at Napoleon's disposal. Medals anticipatory of the taking of London were actually struck,—and are still to be seen in collections, bearing the rather premature assertion, "*Frappe à Londres*,"—(Struck at London).

One of them is in the writer's hand ; it represents two gladiators ; one completely vanquishing the other, with the words, "*Descente en Angleterre*." At St. Helena, Napoleon was understood to say that he really, at one time, was in favour of the attempt, but acknowledged that the chances of success were immensely against him.

When we consider the power of broadsides,—delivered alternately,—by our old "Three Deckers,"—firing chain shot, and canister,—amongst a fleet of flat-bottomed boats,—crammed with Men and Horses, the figure they would have cut, in their attempt to reach England, would have been indeed a sorry one ! The entire army would have been blown to pieces ! The idea was abandoned, and when, at last,—Napoleon and Wellington met,—opposed to each other,—for the first,—and the *last*,—time,—the Medal might, perhaps, with a little alteration, have read,—"*Frappe à Waterloo* !"

THE GREAT INVASION FLOTILLA AT BOULOGNE.—From James's history we know exactly the strength and all about the different commands of this enormous fleet, which, in July, 1805, was composed of 1,339 armed and 954 unarmed vessels, intended to carry more than 160,000 men and 9,000 horses, and which was made up of six grand divisions. "Twice," writes the author, "on August 3rd Napoleon by way of experiment caused the entire army to embark. On the second occasion the whole operation was accomplished in ninety minutes." Although the organisation must have been singularly perfect, it was necessary to the success of the scheme that Napoleon should be "master of the sea for six hours," and all other conditions had to be favourable.

The theory of the flotilla being organised to mislead the world into believing that Napoleon proposed to strike at us when he was in fact preparing to deal a blow at Austria, is untenable.

It is absolutely true that Napoleon did intend to cross the Straits of Dover, and that if his plan had not been rendered palpably helpless by Cornwallis, Calder, Villeneuve, and Nelson, he would have actually made the attempt.

STRIKING INSTANCE OF BRITISH PATRIOTISM.—The appeal of the *Matin* for £10,000, for the construction of a submarine boat, has a precedent in this country, the county of Suffolk having subscribed £17,000 in a few days in 1782 for the purchase of a man-of-war. A more striking illustration (the *Daily Chronicle* points out) may be found in 1798, when the war with France and enormous subsidies to Austria had crippled our finances. On that occasion a hustings was raised beneath one of the piazzas of the Royal Exchange, and gifts were received varying from one guinea to £3,000. On the first day the subscriptions exceeded £45,000. Sir Robert Peel's father gave £10,000, the City of London £10,000, and the Bank of England £200,000. In the end these free-will offerings, exclusive of £300,000 which came from India, amounted to no less a sum than two millions sterling !

Moscow, 1812.

The Storm then was to burst upon Russia. After sanguinary engagements, inflicting frightful slaughter on both sides, the French forced their way,—first to Smolensko,—which,—after a terrible struggle was taken. But, adhering to their deeply sagacious system, the Russian army was always retreating,—decoying,—drawing the French onward, leaving them nothing but burning ruins, and fruitless victories. They passed over the smoking and bloody ruins of Smolensko, in martial order, with all the pomp of military music and banners, a triumph over deserted ruins, the solitary witnesses of their own "glory." A spectacle without spectators, a glory steeped in blood, a fruitless victory!

"With gloomy and mute rage," one of the Officers narrates,—*"Napoleon,—bitterly disappointed at the retreat of the Russian Army,—sat down before the Citadel, on a mat of a house door, and then held forth to us for nearly an hour, on the cowardice of the Russian Generals,—the fine chances of a brilliant action he had offered them—their disgrace in thus delivering up Russia, &c., &c.,—he thus continued to sit, venting his passionate disappointment; uttering bitter sarcasms on the Russians."* He was not yet in the secret of their deep policy! One of the Marshals,—who knew Napoleon well,—observed, "If the Russians were so very wrong in refusing that Battle, the Emperor would not have been so long trying to convince us of it." After a dreadful Battle,—Borodino,—Moscow lay before the French! Napoleon confidently expected on entering the conquered Capital, to be received by the usual abject deputations of Mayors, and leading Citizens,—upon whom,—as he was long accustomed to do, he would proceed to levy his cruel and terrible "requisitions." "War must be made to support War,"—was one of his dreadful maxims,—and, throughout the campaigns he led, Plunder was certainly an acknowledged, and important item,—never, for a moment, forgotten. He did not know the Russians! For once no one appeared! Reports came that the City was deserted! Napoleon, at first, absolutely refused to believe it! At length the truth dawned upon him! Drawn into the centre of Russia, far from supplies, and Winter approaching! For once,—they entered a City without a single creature to meet them;—it was a City of empty streets and houses,—which, in a day or two, burst forth, in all directions,—into all-devouring flames,—the work of organised bands of concealed Russian incendiaries. The ancient City,—save its vast Palaces and Churches,—was built largely of wood,—and, for two entire days, burnt

like a furnace,—fanned by a storm. It was known that at least 6,000 wounded and helpless Russians, and probably some French, were lying in the Hospitals after the Fires broke out, and there can be little doubt as to the dreadful fate of these poor creatures. In fact, the sacrifice of life throughout this Invasion of Russia was enormous ;—never fully known. The desertion,—and burning of their Capital by the Russians,—when they found themselves unable to cope with their Invaders, in the open Field,—has,—for its devotion,—no parallel in History ! “ Sire ! ” said the Russian Merchants to their Emperor, Alexander,—“ Ask all ! ” “ It is yours ! Take all ! ” The detestation of the French was universal ; they were resolved to make any sacrifices. At one of their patriotic meetings, the President put down his name for an immense sum ; it was half his fortune ! One of the Russian Princes wrote to the French,—“ I leave you two Palaces in Moscow, which, with their furniture, cost half a million of roubles, but before you enter them they will be in ashes.” Napoleon, at St. Helena, contended that he could be no more expected as a General, to have foreseen,—and provided against—so tremendous an expedient as the desertion and burning of their Capital by the Russians, than he could be expected to have foreseen an earthquake !

THE POORER INHABITANTS DURING WAR.

Doubtless, all the wealthier inhabitants had left Moscow, after the taking of Smolensko,—and had removed their chief valuables which could be carried away. It is known that the Magazines, Public Archives, &c.,—as in the case of Smolensko,—had been safely removed. But the distress caused to the poorer inhabitants left to evacuate the city without any means of subsistence, will never be known. Napoleon calculated (let us hope with some exaggeration), that 100,000 of these poor creatures perished from want and exposure in the Forests and Wilderness round Moscow !

Thus it always is in War,—whoever may be victorious, the wretched poorer inhabitants suffer more than the trained soldiers, who, as a rule, are systematically provided for. Thus, at San Sebastian, when the French soldiers had defended the breaches to the last, dealing fearful destruction upon our troops, *they* retired to the Citadel, leaving the maddened soldiers,—as at Badajoz,—infuriated by their losses, to fall upon the defenceless inhabitants. So many of our corporals, sergeants, &c., had fallen, that Wellington, for once, lost control of the men. When discipline had been resumed, the

French soldiers capitulated, and were allowed to march out unharmed. War is ruin to all, but most of all it is ruin to the poorer classes. The wealthy lose a portion of their goods,—but from the poor it takes their all. The Generals who escape,—and they generally are seen on the hills at a respectful distance from “the front,”—may return to receive honours and emoluments, but the working classes, from whose ranks the common soldiers are drawn,—have to go into the battle and get, for *their* reward, death, or a wooden leg!



Moscow.

The burning of Moscow was then a frightful expedient,—but it proved also the ruin of the French!

Napoleon entered the Kremlin at Moscow, on the 20th September, after the flames had raged for two entire days; it then lulled for want of fuel, the churches and buildings of stone alone remaining.

SPOILIATION. RUIN.

To reach it he passed through the camps of his soldiers forced to remain outside the burning city in the dismal rain and cold mire. Around immense fires, fed by rich mahogany furniture and gilt doors, the soldiers, splashed with mud, were lying in wet straw sheltered by a few planks, and around them, in heaps, lay superb arm chairs, damask silk sofas, costly Cashmere shawls, gold stuffs from Persia, and even dishes of solid silver rescued before the fires broke out. Yet the soldiers, as yet, had nothing to eat but black dough, and half-broiled horseflesh. No doubt the pillage secured during the past two days had been very large, but it is doubtful if any portion of it eventually crossed the Beresina in their flight.

A RUSSIAN WINTER BEGINS.

Up to the middle of October, 1812, the weather remained open, but during an armistice many warnings of what was before them were given by the Cossacks to the French Sentinels. "What does your Emperor mean?" they would say,—“In three weeks your fingers will be dropping off with the cold! Were there not corn, air, and graves enough in your own Country, that you must come to fatten our soil?"

Beguiled by the wily foe,—Napoleon,—hoping from day to day to receive the submission of the Russian Emperor Alexander,—lingered on five weeks in Moscow. But on the 13th of October the *first sudden fall of snow occurred* in Moscow,—and, *from that moment*,—the only thought was of retreat! As in Spain,—it was the old tale,—everything they could not carry away was to be destroyed.

EVERYTHING TO BE DESTROYED AS USUAL.

The splendid Kremlin was blown to pieces, and the massive iron cross carried away as a trophy! It never, however, reached the frontier, being, with everything else, abandoned in the flight. Of course, only a very small portion of Napoleon's immense armies,—occupied as they were in every part of Europe, ever actually entered Russia,—much less reached Moscow. Probably 100,000 effective men marched out of Moscow with 550 cannon, 200 artillery wagons, and followed by an immense train of Camp followers with the sick and wounded, and with carts, carriages, and even wheelbarrows laden with spoil. Many more might have crossed the Beresina the day before the Bridge broke, but, with the instinct of Bandits, they clung to their spoil with desperate tenacity, and refused to abandon it. But fully half perished before they had even reached Smolensko! The scene,—says an eye witness,—resembled a vast horde of Tartars returning from a successful foray. *Were they anything better?* By the 12th of November, the Imperial Guard,—with Napoleon,—after fighting some terrible Battles against the Russians who endeavoured to cut off their retreat,—reached Smolensko. Behind them awful scenes were going on,—for on the 6th of November, the weather had suddenly changed to frightful cold,—in fact, a Russian Winter had begun! Napoleon ordered the wounded in these battles to be taken up by the Camp followers,—and in some cases, stopped to see it done,—but no sooner had Napoleon and the Guard left, than the Camp followers threw out these poor creatures into the ditches to perish miserably. A French

officer relates seeing their dead bodies, lying in rows as they rode up from the rear, the cold being ten to twenty degrees below zero! In fact, it soon became a mad struggle for life and self alone,—the one thought during those terrible days and dreadful nights was to reach Smolensko! Around the drifting snow, and wilderness with gloomy pines,—horses and men dying by hundreds,—the wretched host struggled through the Wilderness of snow,—through these terrible days,—and awful nights of a Russian Winter!

The provisions failed;—the damp forest trees would not burn;—and the packs of starving fierce dogs from the Villages cruelly burnt,—as usual, by the French, as in their retreats from Spain,—followed the host day and night, fiercely disputing with the Soldiers the flesh of the fallen horses. Behind these came the wolves and the Cossacks. It is believed that only some 50,000 of the entire host ever reached Smolensko, to say nothing of the Beresina and the Frontiers! It really reminds us of our Saviour's words, "Pray ye that your flight be not in the Winter, for then shall be great tribulation, &c."

Meanwhile, the Imperial Guard,—with Napoleon,—had fought their way back to Smolensko, where they expected to find the immense stores,—twenty-five days' provisions,—Napoleon had ordered to be stored up there,—for 100,000 men. Instead of this he found a mere nothing! No meat,—only Rice, Flour, and Brandy! Napoleon rarely allowed,—even in the most terrible scenes,—his outward calm to be disturbed,—or to exhibit any outward signs of emotion. Thus, when the Couriers and officers came in bringing the report of the awful scenes going on in the rear, Napoleon cut them short by calmly saying,—“Why do you attempt to rob me of my serenity?” And on their attempting to continue,—repeated, “I ask you, gentlemen,—why do you thus attempt to rob me of my serenity?”

Long accustomed to every detail of the movement of vast armies, he knew,—after his fatal delay in Moscow,—as a General,—what would follow. But this unlooked for collapse at Smolensko,—which he knew must prove fatal,—was too much even for that iron nerve! For once even Napoleon's habitual calmness gave way, and his trembling officers from without, heard the Emperor's voice in frantic tones,—furiously upbraiding the Army Contractors, and Commissariat Agents,—who only saved their lives by piteous appeals,—on their knees,—pleading that what with convoys of provisions cut off by the Cossacks,—the Country, swept clear of cattle and provender, and irregularities and disorder in everything,—*they had really done all that was possible; and they were*



THE RETREAT FROM RUSSIA. THE END OF A WAR OF SPOILATION AND INVASION (1812).
"They that take the sword, shall perish with the sword."—*Matt.* xxvi., 52.

probably right. The Guards,—with Napoleon,—left Smolensko on the 14th November,—the second day after arriving. The Russians,—although it is believed 90,000 strong,—attempted in vain to cut off their retreat ;—in open field they could never stand against Napoleon's "veterans," and after Battles on the 16th, 17th, and 28th, they at length reached the Beresina River, which was to prove so fatal to many.

SMOLENSKO.—A FORGOTTEN HOSPITAL.

Hardly had they quitted Smolensko, than there began to pour into it the survivors from Moscow,—the remaining army ;—they dropped in in detached Bands,—starving,—fierce,—desperate men,—many with limbs frost-bitten (whom nothing but amputation could now save,)—half-dead with exhaustion,—many wounded, and half-naked. Already there were 15 Hospitals in Smolensko,—and one of these had been entirely *forgotten for three days !*

Fancy, dear Reader, in that cold,—many degrees below Zero,—a *hospital forgotten for three days*,—without *food*,—*fire*,—*light*,—or *attendance !* Imagination recoils from the picture the French General,—Rapp,—gives on his accidentally discovering this Hospital ! Into Smolensko,—already thus crowded,—continued to pour the wretched stream of famished, and desperate, survivors from Moscow ! A French officer,—like the one in the picture,—one of their number, says,—“ We were buoyed up, during those dreadful days, and nights, by the one thought to reach Smolensko ! *Once* we lived to reach that city, and the immense stores of provisions we were told had been collected in its Magazines, we should be saved ! Imagine then our feelings,—when still two leagues off,—reports reached us that the provisions had failed ; that the Emperor and the Guards had already left for Beresina, and that the 9th Corps had not even entered Smolensko, but had followed them ! After all our dreadful sufferings there remained nothing for us but another terrible march towards the Frontier ! It was with difficulty that we reached the City ; the Cossacks fell upon us, and the steep rocky roads leading to the city were so covered with ice that numbers already exhausted, fell and died that night from exposure. I was told that the cold that day was 22 degrees below Zero ! *Once* in,—I found the streets filled with haggard, worn-out, despairing men, without food, or shelter. There was no one to see to them and no supplies given out. The Churches and stone buildings which had survived the first terrible Siege,—were crammed with the sick, wounded, and dying. Multitudes died that night by the *fires they had lit* in the wide open exposed streets. During the

night the cry suddenly arose,—“To the Magazines!”—“They have begun to pillage!” Away we went, seizing sacks, baskets,—anything we could, and presently crowds of Soldiers were seen with Flour, Biscuits, and Brandy! There were terrible scenes! We left on the 15th. After all the survivors from Moscow who were thought likely to have survived the march,—were supposed to have come in,—(there was no time for great delay,)—the Emperor’s cruel orders to fire, and blow up Smolensko before they left,—were carried out by the sanguinary Davoust. The wretched inhabitants,—who had not quitted the City before the first Siege of Smolenskso,—had been already treated during its occupation by the French with great tyranny and cruelty. This was before the Retreat from Russia, but the few days of the French occupation, during their retreat, were marked by every outrage, and wanton cruelty, which depraved, disappointed, drunken, revengeful, deeply chagrined Soldiers could suggest,—resolved to ruin, and destroy everything they could before leaving the Country; blood flowed in torrents.

HOW DIFFERENTLY DID THE ALLIES DEAL WITH PARIS.

Eighteen months after (31st March, 1814), the Emperor of Russia, with the Prussians, and English,—entered the conquered city of Paris; had they chosen to retaliate the ruin done in Russia, Paris could have been blown to pieces! Again, a month after Waterloo,—the 7th July, 1815, found the English Army, with the Duke of Wellington, in the Bois de Boulogne, and Blucher, with the Prussian Army, bivouacing in the Churches, Streets, and Quays of conquered Paris, while the Russian Army (a million men in all) surrounded Paris; again, terrible reprisals might have taken place. Yet all that was suggested was the blowing up,—by the Prussians,—that night,—of the “Bridge of Jena,”—across which so many thousands of sightseers have passed during the Great Paris Exhibitions of 1867, 1878, and 1889. The hated name of Jena,—perpetuating the memory of that disastrous Battle, by which Napoleon broke up, *for a time*, the Prussian Monarchy,—and the heart of its fair Queen,—*for ever*! But even here, our good Duke of Wellington,—ever generous to a conquered foe, and always opposed to reprisals,—wrote the admirable letter, at midnight, still extant, calmly asking his admirer, and fellow victor at Waterloo,—to stay his hand, till the morning. It was enough! Blucher, to please the Duke, spared the Bridge, though scarred himself with the wounds received in that terrible Jena campaign.

SMOLENSKO.

No such feelings of moderation influenced the French. Mines were established throughout the already ruined Smolensko,—and filled with 800 immense cases of combustibles,—and, when all who could follow the retreat were *supposed* to have come in; the City was fired! What became of the contents of the 15 Hospitals? Put into open carts to follow the retreat to the Frontier, with the cold at twenty degrees below Zero, to perish miserably, and to be thrown out to the wolves;—or were they left behind?

One of the French officers describes the sight from a distance,—“I had gone a few miles out of the City with my men,”—he narrates,—“when all at once we heard a roar behind us! It seemed to us as if a Volcano had suddenly burst forth! Flames shot up into the air, and burning masses seemed to fall back into the ruined city,”—and thus, from the blazing suburbs the sanguinary Davoust issued with his soldiers,—having executed this last totally needless act of cruelty and revenge, leaving the miserable surviving inhabitants,—provisions, shelter, everything destroyed,—to perish in the midst of a Russian winter, in the Wilderness round Smolensko!

NAPOLEON'S ARMIES WERE “GANGRENED.”

The fact is Napoleon's atrocious system of warfare, had utterly demoralised the French army! He had left them to support themselves by a system of Rapine and Pillage upon the unoffending non-fighting population,—so long,—that his armies had lost all the common feelings of humanity,—and rules of humane and legitimate Warfare! The “Grand Army,” says one of their own officers,—“was *gangrened*;—it was not fit to live!”—and,—as a matter of fact, very little of it *did* live to reach the Frontier! The intense cold was followed by an exceptionally warm Spring (1813), and this unhealthy warmth killed off, by typhus, vast numbers who had reached the Towns and Hospitals.

NAPOLEON'S SKILL IN “TALK.”

Sample of Napoleon's harangues to his troops (September, 1808) before marching 200,000 of his selected Veterans into Spain,—the choicest of his Soldiers,—the Veterans of Jena, Austerlitz, and Friedland, of confirmed hardihood,—chosen from every part of Europe, to complete the Conquest of Spain, and to drive the English out of the Peninsula.

" Soldiers! after having triumphed on the banks of the Danube, and Vistula, you have passed through Germany by forced marches! Soldiers, I have occasion for you! The hideous presence of the Leopard,"—(The Ancient Arms of England represent a Leopard, not a *Lion*)—" contaminates the Continent of Spain!"

(NOTE.—It was our presence that alone *saved* it.)

" Let your aspect terrify and drive him from thence!"

(NOTE.—It did *neither*! Vast numbers of those " Veterans " never saw France again!)

" Let us carry our conquering Eagles even to the Pillars of Hercules, and there also we have an injury to avenge! You have covered yourselves with Glory! You have placed yourselves upon a level with the Roman Legions, which, &c., &c., &c."

(NOTE.—How his Troops, *could*, for years, " take in " all this " clap-trap," like silly children, seems amazing!)

Yet, to show the duplicity of the man, no sooner had he started them off to Spain, than Napoleon hurried off to Germany to meet the Russian Emperor Alexander, at Erfurth, where they both—in a joint letter, dictated by Napoleon,—proposed a general peace to the English Government, who, upon the terms suggested, firmly declined it!

Enraged at a power he could neither delude nor intimidate, Napoleon (December, 1808) followed the Troops into Spain, issuing the following despatch.

" The day wherein we succeed in seeing these English"—(They enjoyed that privilege for 10 years after)—" will be a day of Jubilee for the French Army,"—(It proved a *very serious* day of " Jubilee,"—and a *long* one,—terminating only in *Waterloo*!)

" Oh! that they might dye with their blood this Continent, which they have desolated (!) with their intrigues (!) their monopolies (!) and their frightful selfishness (!) " (No Monster in History was a better judge, or exponent of " frightful selfishness," than *himself*!)

" Oh! that they might be met with to the number of 80,000 or 100,000 instead of 20,000! Then English Mothers would feel the evils of War (!) and the English Government cease to sport with the lives and blood of the Continental Nations (!) All the Plagues which can afflict the Human Race come from London!"

NOTE.—He found the " 20,000 " quite as many as he, and his Marshals, could, conveniently, interview, as it was! Twelve years after the above amiable, and *truthful* (?) Remarks, a Party of English " Red Jackets," were respectfully carrying Napoleon's Coffin to his Grave, at St. Helena, and *all* the Survivors of *his Family* have, more or less, since found a

safe Asylum in England! He purposely chose to surrender to our Nation, knowing our character, and that he *would be safe*, for, after Waterloo, the other "Continental Nations" would have made *short work of him*, as an outlaw!

St. Helena.



English "Red Jackets" carrying Napoleon to his Grave, 5th May, 1821.

He died from Cancer filling the Stomach; the same Disease which killed his Father.

A few days after this Despatch (December, 1808) Napoleon received, by a Courier, the most important Despatch he *ever received* in his life! The news that Austria had, *once more*, decided upon War! From this moment the *tide turned*! From it may be traced every disaster that subsequently befel him! It hurried him back from Spain,—never again to enter it,—it saved the Peninsula, influenced other Nations,—and led, by a remarkable chain of circumstances,—indirectly, but *surely*,—to the Russian War, the fatal Battle of Leipsic, to Elba, Waterloo, and St. Helena!

As a Christian Believer,—the Writer throughout this Book has never disguised for a moment the fact, while allowing perfect "Freewill" to every living creature, and Nation,—the hand of God works,—ever has worked,—and *ever will work* mysteriously through History! Napoleon, like too many of his Countrymen, was an Atheist, totally devoid of all Religion, or Religious Principle! *That* is certainly not the Ruler, *or the Nation*, to whom Almighty God has the slightest intention of permanently allowing supremacy!

Let no one think it! God's will will eventually be done! Those nations only, who obey, and extend, the Kingdom, and the Religion, of Jesus Christ, will in the end prosper!

A CONTRAST.

"NO PILLAGE IF I AM TO COMMAND THE ARMY."

General Orders of the Duke of Wellington upon entering France, as a Conqueror, with an Army, "with which I could go anywhere and do anything!"

"As the Army is now about to enter French Territory, the Troops of the Nations under the command of Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington, are desired to recollect that their respective Sovereigns are not at War with, but are the allies of His Majesty the King of France." (Note.—*After Elba* the allies ignored Buonaparte altogether as an outlaw, and refused to treat with, or recognise him in any way, having broken his Parole, Treaties, and Faith), "And that France, therefore, is to be treated as a friendly Country. It is therefore required that nothing shall be taken,—either by officers, or soldiers, for which payment be not made. It is not permitted either to soldiers or officers to extort Contributions. This order will be strictly enforced, and they will be held personally responsible for whatever they obtain in way of supplies from the inhabitants of France, &c., &c."

What a Contrast to the frightful System pursued for 17 years (to use his own words) by that "frightfully selfish" man,—who, during those terrible years, never "ceased to sport with the Lives and Blood of the Continental Nations!"

It was not the Millions of human beings, whom that extraordinary man Napoleon deluded,—or forced,—to lay down their lives to satisfy his own selfish, and mad ambition; how many more did he *demoralize for life*, by scenes of Pillage, Ruin, and reckless bloodshed with which his terrible rule of fifteen years half ruined Europe? How many Millions of men but for him, might have led useful, honourable lives, dying in happy homes, with children around their beds? He has bequeathed a legacy of hatred to, and want of confidence in French Rule, which still threatens to plunge all Europe, at any time, into War once more. Merely speaking of them as a Nation,—and cheerfully allowing their ingenuity and ability in other directions,—the French,—as a Nation,—are not suited for Conquerors,—or for Colonizing. The "irresistible logic of facts,"—past History,—proves it. How can a Nation which cannot govern itself rule over others? They lack the attributes indispensable to a truly great Nation. They lack generosity as Conquerors,—Wisdom,—Self-command,—Justice,—True Freedom,—Religious toleration, and, above all, true Religion and Principle. Their frightful cruelties, treachery, and war of extermination, towards their best and noblest fellow-citizens, the Huguenôts,—can never be forgotten! The treacherous, and awful Massacre of St. Bartholomew, with its hundred thousand innocent and helpless victims, treacherously taken advantage of, and murdered by Night,—and that still greater atrocity the "Revocation of the

Edict of Nantes," the dying legacy to Mankind of that wretched, worn-out, old Debauchee, Louis XIV.—are National Crimes,—considering the enlightenment and civilisation in defiance of which they were committed,—unparalleled in the History of Mankind ! They were Crimes which, it seems, as if " Heaven cannot pardon." Not only were 400,000 of their worthiest citizens driven from their Country, and Property, but twice that number were *forbidden to fly*, and there is no doubt that 400,000 of these unfortunate,—unoffending,—helpless,—creatures were sabred by the trained army,—executed,—destroyed, in prison, or the Galleys, by dreadful cruelties,—their churches demolished,—their property confiscated,—all merely for their Religion.

A Nation capable of such a past,—capable of permitting such National Crimes,—must not complain of the universal hatred and dread felt for their rule. The great Reformation, bringing with it its speechless blessings to Mankind,—came to France,—and was absolutely rejected. *It passed by*,—and left them a Godless, immoral, frivolous, Nation, without Ballast,—Faith,—or Religious Principle, and, for the sake of Mankind, it is devoutly to be hoped that France may never again regain her former power on the Continent, which she once possessed,—only to abuse.

WAR IN DEFENCE OF FREEDOM.

ARTHUR WELLESLEY,—THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON,—HIS
WAR SYSTEM CONTRASTED WITH NAPOLEON'S.

What an amazing contrast to the above frightful scenes of ruin and spoliation,—did the System of Warfare, carried on by our great Duke,—uniformly present !

Vanquishing,—in turn,—every one of Napoleon's Marshals sent against him ;—never losing a Battle throughout his entire career, Wellington, at length, cleared all Spain and Portugal of their cruel oppressors,—the French ;—and with an Army,—“ with which I could go anywhere,—and do anything,”—the Duke quietly entered and occupied the South of France,—with the entire Country at his mercy. Then followed Burning Villages,—Pillage,—Wretched Peasants, “ Requisitions,”—the Country laid waste ? *Nothing of the kind !* ”

“ NO PILLAGE.”

Some of the Spanish auxiliaries,—after the horrors their own unfortunate country had endured,—for years,—under

the French;—their country laid waste,—their treasures,—priceless Pictures from their Cathedrals, &c.,—all swept away to Paris,—could not restrain a disposition to pillage,—if not destroy,—in return. But Wellington,—the Iron Duke,—firm as a rock,—would allow nothing of the kind for a moment! The offending troops were ordered home to Spain. “Where I command,”—the Duke’s despatch to the Spanish Generals, runs,—“I declare that no one shall plunder. If plunder is commenced then another must command. You have now large armies in Spain, and if it is wished to plunder the French peasantry, you may enter France, but then the Spanish Government must remove me from the command of their armies. While I command there must be no plunder.” (Despatches, Vol. XI., p. 395.) It was against the Duke’s *System of War*. We were not fighting against France, *our duty* was to deliver her from the tyranny of the Despot, Buonaparte. Everything,—as usual, was paid for,—the Country people, gaining courage, brought their produce to the Camp,—mixing unarmed, and socially, with our Soldiers. Indeed,—so completely at home did they all make themselves, that our good Duke, and officers,—followed the hounds, like Country gentlemen,—while we were awaiting news from our Allies,—and the issue of that,—to the French,—terrible and fatal, campaign of Leipsic.

“What is this that I hear?” said Napoleon,—“Wellington settled in France! and they call themselves Frenchmen? War! War to the Knife!” But even the French had had enough of that frightful System: and were getting sick of their Idol!

If we are to have War at all, let it be the *humane, just, civilized*, War ever practised by the Duke of Wellington; a noble exponent of a generous Nation! Actuated by “duty,” never by “glory.” Persistent;—irrepressible, never relinquishing his hold of a country, when once that hold was established;—calm;—ever on the side of moderation, and mercy,—as a Conqueror;—he exhibited every type of a true Englishman.

The Duke was of Irish extraction. Although unhappily estranged from us by miserable politics, how many gallant Irishmen have fought by our side,—for old England,—and mingled their blood with ours upon *many* an heroic and Historic Field! Pity that our Sister Isle,—which has given us such splendid Soldiers,—should not feel proud of the Nation whose greatness they have so greatly assisted in establishing,—and hand and hand with the *English-speaking Race* in America, Australia, and the Colonies—join them in their

Grand Mission in carrying Freedom, true Religion, and Justice, to countries and nations still groaning under Despotism, Superstition, and evil Government !

Waterloo was fought on Sunday, the 18th June, 1815. Napoleon only survived it six years,—dying at St. Helena, 5th May, 1821. He could not,—in any case,—have lived, for his suspicion that he was suffering from the disease, which had killed his father, proved only too true. The interior of the stomach, after death, was found to be almost entirely filled with a cancerous ulcer. He had been warned of the first symptoms as far back as 1803.

The Duke of Wellington lived many a long year after Waterloo, namely, till 14th September, 1852 ;—37 years after the great Battle, which gave the Continent fifty years' repose from War. The Writer, then at a London School, well remembers the Duke's Splendid Funeral, which took place, Thursday, the 18th November, 1852.

It is estimated that the mad ambition of the French, and their frightful system of Warfare, in 17 years, caused the death of Five-and-a-half Millions of Human Beings ; all for absolutely no results ; (for the Napoleon family have now disappeared), except it be the fatal, and hateful, results of an enmity between Nations,—which,—not ending with Sedan,—unfortunately remains to this day.

CONCLUSION.

The Christian Believer,—to whom Christ's commands, and example are final ;—firmly maintains that all War is absolutely opposed to every precept,—and to the entire spirit,—of the Gospel. The only solution of the problem, how the present vast Armies of Europe can avoid inevitable collision, and future terrible War,—seems to be their mutual consent to a partial, general disarmament,—each Country alone retaining an army,—proportionate to its size,—sufficient to suppress internal disorders,—but not, happily,—powerful enough to attack any other Country.

Believing that all War,—(especially a War of Conquest,—and spoliation),—is a monstrous iniquity, still, regarding Arthur Wellesley,—apart from the War System,—as a man, his noble example, in desiring always to lessen the Horrors of War,—his unflinching duty to his Country,—his abhorrence of cruelty and pillage, and his ever being on the side of moderation to the vanquished,—we may be allowed to *lose sight* of the *System*,—for a moment,—in the *noble, calm, and gallant, man*, and may,—without inconsistency,—close with the lines written at the death of the great Duke :—

Mourn for the mighty dead,
 Mourn for the Spirit fled,
 Mourn for the lofty head
 Low in the Grave !

Tears such as *Nations* weep,
 Hallow the Hero's sleep,
Calm be thy rest, and deep,
 ARTHUR the Brave !

THE EXCELLENT FRENCH NATIONAL TRAITS.

Our,—now,—(1907) good Friends. and Neighbours, the French, possess excellent traits, as a Nation. Would that we would follow their example on these points. For instance, our National, and degrading, Sin of Drunkenness, is almost unknown to them.

The French,—as a Nation,—can enjoy themselves thoroughly without incessant Drinking. Again, the Oaths, disgusting language, and vile words, too common amongst our Working Classes, are practically unknown across the Channel. A worthy English Clergyman, living, for years, near one of the great Paris Railway Stations, accustomed to the sight of many thousands leaving every Sunday in Summer, and returning after a day's "outing," in the evening, could hardly recall an instance of Drunkenness, or having heard an oath !

It must be remembered this Book was last issued in 1892. Since then a terrible change seems to have taken place in France. Alcoholism, the *Daily News* Paris correspondent says, was again before the Academy of Medicine on Wednesday. This evil spreads rapidly in France. Dr. Rochard said that the Brandy now sold in France is rank poison. It is made with ethylic alcohol, the sale of which should be restricted. Ten years ago, the average of brandy per adult was three litres 22 centilitres ; it is now exactly double. An effect of ethylic alcohol is to break down rapidly the will. The city of Paris has just built an asylum large enough to contain 800 patients, 300 of whom are to be women. It will be far too small, the correspondent says, for the inebriates of Paris.

Sorrowful news of our now (1907) good Friends, the Gallant French Nation.

Again the French are a thrifty, saving Nation, not given to squandering their hard-earned wages as the English Workmen do. This enables them to retain self-respect, and independence of character, and saves them from the terrible pauperism, and abject Poverty, too often seen in England.

The National Sin is a restless Ambition, and extraordinary love of War, which has never, however, yet given them any substantial return.

With a splendid climate, and a Country immensely rich in its Vineyards, all would be well could they rest contented.

Surely the past 90 years must have stripped aggressive Warfare of its false colours, and shown the Nations the folly of a delusive, false, "Glory," which consists in the attempted Conquest of, and pillage of neighbouring Countries, and the Murder of their Inhabitants!

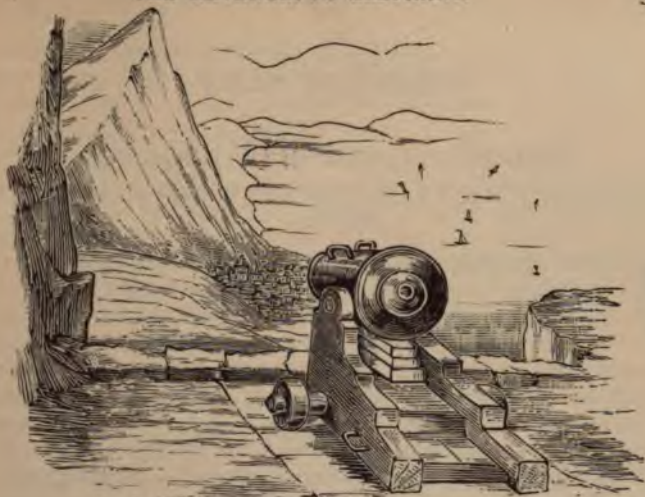
In vain did Napoleon attempt to reproduce the terrible Past;—The "Glory" of the old Heathen Times!

Before the advent of our Lord,—before Christianity dawned upon the World,—Military "Glory" took the place of Religion! The Ancients,—being Heathens,—and the vast majority of them practically Atheists (despising, as well they might, the Deities they pretended to Worship)—knew no other "Hero" but the successful Warrior! Their highest ideal of the heroic then consisted in Conquest, Bloodshed and Plunder! Napoleon came into the World too late! Those Heathen Times are passed for ever! In vain did he "pose" as a second Alexander the Great, and liken his horde of marauding Soldiers to the Legions of Heathen Rome! What could be done in a Heathen World, is now simply impossible after the advent of Jesus Christ! Society, Civilisation, Christianity, were dead against him!

The old false tinsel, and the delusion of the old cuckoo cry "Glory," is worn out! Mankind do not go back! They have a higher Standard now! The Spirit of the Times has changed! The Nations now recognise that Wealth, and Power, have their Duties, as well as their Privileges, and insist upon those Duties being performed! Otherwise they will decline such Rulers, and Rule themselves, by enlightened Republics.

Thanks to CHRISTIANITY, the Future demands of all Nations, Justice to others,—Peace,—Freedom,—and a universal Brotherhood! It takes time,—for the Passion for false "Glory," (so-called) is still strong,—but its Doom is certain!

Through the dark Future,—through long Generations,
The sounds of War grow fainter,—and then cease,
And, like a Bell with solemn, sweet vibrations,—
I hear the voice of CHRIST once more say "PEACE!"
LONGFELLOW.



EDUCATION. CHRIST'S COMMANDS.

*Were half the Power which holds the World in terror,—
Were half the Wealth,—bestowed on Camps and Courts,
Given,—to redeem the Human Mind from error,
There were no need of Arsenals, or Forts !*

LEAVE REVENGE TO WILD ANIMALS.



A sagacious Elephant, in the pursuit of knowledge,—introducing his inquiring trunk into the Window of a Tailor's,—the latter injudiciously pricked the end of it with a needle. The Animal quietly retired,—filled his trunk with dirty water from a puddle outside,—returned to the window,—and calmly discharged the whole over the cruel Tailor, and his valuable cloth. We may hope that this "water cure" taught the Tailor the important lesson,—"to do unto others as you would others should do unto you."

CHAPTER XXXV.

DRINK.—THE CURSE OF ENGLAND.

“ DEACON OF CHRIST’S CHURCH, WHO WAS IT SOLD THEM THE
DRINK ? ”

ON one occasion the Inhabitants of a thriving Borough in Pennsylvania were met to decide whether they should petition the County Courts to issue the usual number of Licences to sell Intoxicating drinks during the coming year. A respectable magistrate of the Borough presided ; and, upon the platform, were seated, amongst others, the Minister of the Village,—one of his Deacons,—(who was a spirit merchant)—and the Physician. A most respectable Citizen rose to propose that the Meeting should petition for the usual number of Licences for the ensuing year. His idea was that it was far better to license a certain number of respectable men, and let them sell, than that people of whom they knew nothing, should open Dram Shops.

This proposition seemed to meet with general favour, and the Chairman was about to put the question to the meeting, when a woman rose in a distant part of the Hall, and all eyes were turned in that direction.

She was an elderly-looking woman, poorly clad, and grey with sorrow, and yet there was something in her manner which showed she had not always been as she now was. Many present seemed to know her, and they whispered to each other, while she addressed the President, and asked his permission to say a few words to the Meeting. “ You know,—many of you,—who I am,” she said. “ You once knew me the mistress of one of the best Farms in the District. I once had a husband and two sons, and woman never had better husband or boys till the Dram Shop opened ten years ago near our home. Doctor——, Deacon——, I see you both on the platform, and I ask you, *where are they now ?* In the Burying Ground, close by, are three graves,—my husband and sons all lie there,—and they are all three drunkards’ graves ! Doctor ! You would come and take a glass with them, and you often said that moderate drinking did no one any harm ! And you, sir,” she said, addressing the Minister, “ when you called, would take a glass with my husband, and when you were gone, the boys would say, ‘ there can’t be anything wrong here, for they say *you* drink.’ You taught them in the Sabbath School ; we attended, at one time,

your church, and they thought that, whatever you did must be right! And, Deacon of Christ's Church, *who was it* that sold them the Rum? You have got on well since you came here; you are said to be a 'successful man!' You have got all our Property, and 'the Property of many another poor Family,—(God help them), about this place, and you got it all by Rum!"

"And now," said the old woman, "I have done my errand! I go back to the Workhouse, for that is my home! You, Rev. Sir, and you, Deacon, I may never meet till I meet you at the bar of God,—where there will be also my ruined husband, and my two sons,—who,—through your example and influence, fill the drunkards' grave."

The lonely old woman hobbled slowly away, wiping her eyes with the corner of her tattered shawl. A complete silence for some time prevailed. The Chairman was evidently greatly embarrassed. At length he rose, and in a nervous voice put the usual question to the meeting: "Shall we petition the Courts to issue the following Licenses to this Borough for the ensuing year?" When one unbroken—indignant—and determined roar of "No!" made the walls re-echo, and showed the results of the old woman's appeal!

If anyone had cut out of our English papers for the past forty years, all the awful scenes,—drunken Crimes and cruelties caused by Drink,—what a mass of Misery, and Ruin, would be placed before the Public!



"*What*, are those French Soldiers going to throw that Train full of German Troops off the Line, and kill as many as they can?"

"*Certainly* they are! 'Everything is fair in War!'"

A mean, wicked, unchristian thing is War when such atrocities are permitted. Fine Young Men trained to kill each other. *And for what?*



CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE BOY DAVID.

1 Samuel xvii. " And there went out a champion out of the camp of the Philistines, named Goliath of Gath, whose height was six cubits and a span, and the staff of his spear was like a weaver's beam.

And David returned to feed his father's sheep at Bethlehem.

And Jesse said unto David his son,— ' Take now for thy brethren in the camp, an ephah of this parched corn,—and these ten cheeses to the Captain of their thousand.' * * * *

And when the Philistine had looked about,—(It is presumed that the giant expected the Israelites to select their most powerful man to meet him)—and saw David, he disdained him, for he was but a youth, and ruddy, and of a fair countenance.

But David said unto the Philistine,— ' Thou comest against *me*, with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield,—but I *come to thee* in the name of the Lord of Hosts,—the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied.'

And David put his hand in his bag, and took thence a stone, and slang it, and smote the Philistine in his forehead, that the stone sank into his forehead, and he fell upon his face to the earth.

And David ran and stood upon the Philistine, and drew the Philistine's sword out of the sheath thereof, and slew him, and cut off his head *therewith*. And when the Philistines saw that their champion was dead, they

fled. And the men of Israel and Judah pursued the Philistines until thou come to the valley of Ekron, and their wounded fell down by the way, even unto Gath."

"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, He leadeth me beside the still waters."—*Psalms* xxiii.

SO wrote the boy David,—in what is thought,—no doubt, correctly,—to have been one of his earliest Psalms. David, as you know, was the youngest of Jesse's sons,—a Shepherd Boy at Bethlehem,—the Birthplace,—a thousand years after,—of our Blessed Lord.

David probably wrote this Twenty-third Psalm when quite young, probably a youth of sixteen or seventeen years old. The allusions are to his daily duties, as a Shepherd Boy in the East. He had to keep a watchful eye on his sheep,—to lead them to suitable, green, pastures,—if possible near the water so precious in those hot Eastern climates.

The sheep in the East get to know their Shepherd and his voice. Our Lord alludes to this in one of His discourses (John x., 27-30)—"My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow Me;—and I give unto them Eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand. My Father is greater than all, and no man is able to pluck them out of My Father's hand. I and My Father are one." "I am the good Shepherd; the good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep."

No doubt, then, David's sheep knew their young Shepherd and followed him. This reminds him of his own condition, as a pious Boy enjoying the love and guidance of God. "The Lord is *my* Shepherd,"—writes this pious youth,—comparing the faithful love of God to him, which he had felt from his boyhood,—to that of a good Shepherd;—"The Lord is *my* Shepherd; I shall not want, He maketh me to lie down in the green pastures,—He leadeth me beside the still waters."

Youths, in reading the Bible, seem to think that there is something mysterious about the Boys in the Old, and New, Testament. They appear to think that they were not just like other boys,—and thus you lose the interest you would otherwise feel in their lives. But, surely, every sensible youth, must, on reflection, admit that the Boys mentioned in the Bible were, after all,—*must* have been,—merely boys like yourself. What else *could* they have been? They had their boyish pursuits,—and fancies,—were as active,—and as fond of adventure as you are. The only thing mysterious about them was that they gave,—as you may do,—their hearts to God in their youth,—and thus attracted,—as you may do,

His love. "They that honour Me *I* will honour."—The Boy David is merely described as a brave, handsome, and vigorous lad,—or as the Bible puts it,—“Now he was ruddy, and withal of a beautiful countenance, and goodly to look to.”

He was a *brave* Boy, we know,—for when the trained Soldiers would not go out to meet,—single-handed,—the Champion of the Heathen army,—who challenged them day by day to do so,—the gallant Boy,—grieved that God's people should be thus insulted for forty days by the Heathen,—resolved,—in God's strength,—to go out alone against the huge Giant,—and, with God's aid,—slew him!

According to how the ancient cubit be taken, Goliath would be between nine and ten feet high (other Giants are mentioned in 2 Samuel xxi., 16-22), covered with armour: the only place where a disabling wound could well have been inflicted was the face. “Disabling,” seems the word, rather than “fatal,” for it is not said that it killed him;—he fell probably merely stunned,—for we read that David then took his sword “and slew him.”

God's providence, doubtless, was *behind that stone*.—Are we quite sure that it is not behind everything?—still, it is equally true that the stone was hurled by a vigorous, athletic,—and probably long-practised,—youth, for we read that the stone sank into the Giant's forehead. As a boy he would be doing something with his sling, we may depend, during those long days while taking care of the sheep;—already, as a young shepherd,—David had successfully defended them against the attacks of wild animals. Doubtless, he knew what he could do with a sling, else why did he only choose “five smooth stones from the Brook,”—as sufficient,—when he might have filled his bag?

The Ancients attached great importance to their Slingers; and that these men were highly trained,—no doubt from their youth,—we learn from Judges xx., 16;—where we read of a body of practised Slingers,—picked men,—left-handed,—“who could sling to a hair's breadth and not miss.” This, of course, is in the figurative,—flowery,—language of all Eastern Nations. The young Christian,—or young Believer,—in reading his Bible must see how unfair it is to expect, after 3,000 years,—to translate the expressive Hebrew language abounding in metaphors,—so as to require it to express the exact equivalent to our matter-of-fact, precise, modern English. The young student of his Bible will allow this difficulty in thus rendering the different modes of expression used by various Nations, even at the present time; still more so, when he considers that even in the last 200 years, many words in our

own English have already quite altered their meaning ! What then is 200 to 3,000 years ago !

The mode of expression used, gives us, however, the impression,—no doubt the true one,—that these ancient Slingers were accurate, and skilful, to a remarkable degree.

In later times the Sling in warfare seems to have given place to the Bow,—which our own English Nation, 2,000 years after David, brought to its highest degree of efficiency,—until it in turn, gave place to the more deadly,—indeed,—frightful,—weapons of Modern Warfare.

God had chosen the boy David to be the Future King,—through whom, indeed, our Blessed Lord Himself,—the “Son of David,”—was to descend. Could any circumstance be conceived more adapted to bring the Boy prominently before the King,—the Army,—or indeed the entire Nation,—than his victory over the dreaded Giant ?

We see the immediate result in the passionate admiration, and love, the noble young Prince Jonathan, at once conceived for their young champion ; David says that Jonathan's love to him “was wonderful, passing the love of women.” We also see it in the Songs of the Singing Women,—which offended the jealous King Saul so deeply,—“Saul has killed his thousands,”—(figurative metaphor you see again)—“but David his tens of thousands.”

That it was the Boy David's piety, which had attracted God's love, and choice,—we see by 1 Samuel xvi., 6 :—for his elder Brothers appear to have possessed still greater advantages of person. Indeed, the Prophet Samuel was so much struck on first seeing the eldest Son, Eliab,—that he at once concluded that he saw before him the future King. “And it came to pass when the sons of Jesse were come, that Samuel looked upon Eliab, and said ‘Surely the Lord's anointed is before Him?’” But then came the memorable words of our Creator,—“Look not at his countenance, or the height of his stature, for I have rejected him ! for the Lord seeth not as man seeth : for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh at the heart.”

They were, no doubt, a good-looking family ;—but although David happened, like his brothers, to be well-favoured outwardly—it is evident that this was not the cause of his being chosen. Eternal blessedness is by no means reserved only for the fair, and well-favoured, either in mind or person,—on the contrary,—to go no farther than David's own lovely, but infamous son,—Absalom,—all history shews that such are, not unfrequently, the “Abhorred of the Lord.”

No youth, therefore, who may read this book,—however

conscious of his inferior character, or outward appearance, should be discouraged in the slightest by it,—or hesitate for a moment in seeking salvation, and God's love, by piety in his early days. God is no respecter of persons ;—if only your heart, like David's, is set upon seeking God's favour, He will soon supply all you need to be pleasing in His sight, however mean you may judge your appearance may seem among men. Your common sense must show you that outward beauty is a mere chance of birth,—that it is but skin deep,—and may,—and, in fact, often does,—hide a detestable character.

A poor Boy, if only he possesses piety towards his God, is loved by Him quite as much as if he possessed all the wealth and grace of a young Prince.

Do you doubt it ? Then look around and say who were the youths most favoured by God :—David, a Shepherd Boy ;—the good youth, Joseph ;—then also a Shepherd Boy, King Josiah ;—all conditions are represented :—then in later times, our pious Boy-King Edward VI. ;—and how many boys of humble origin, in our day, has God chosen to be a blessing to Mankind ?

The saintly Wesley and Whitfield,—Doddridge,—Jay, of Bristol, the Stonemason's boy, who preached from 17 to 81 years of age ;—John Angel James, of Birmingham ;—Mr. Spurgeon, of London, and many more, who, having honoured and loved their God in youth, have been honoured by Him to lead thousands to Heaven.

Now, in *your* youth,—with life before you, is the time to seek His favour, and to secure His love. Many a prayer, and happy communion with his God, doubtless had the pious boy, David, enjoyed during the long quiet days, while his sheep were peacefully feeding around him. And surely you can also have your quiet times for prayer, and to commence, like David, your journey to the self-same Heavenly Home.

I speak not to all, but it does seem to me, that *some* youth who reads these words has already—like the boy, David,—felt the love of God,—and has heard that blessed,—and yet that solemn call “Will you be Mine ?” Your lot is not it is true,—thrown, as David's was, amongst quiet, pastoral scenes ;—your life is probably passed in the vast towns of our modern times ;—but remember Almighty God remains the same. “A thousand years with the Lord are as one day, and as a watch in the night.” The call still is “Will you be Mine ?” There are young comrades in the Factories, —Workshops,—and Offices, of our day, whom your example will either encourage in good, or evil. You are beginning life,—*with*, probably, many years before you,—there is,—if you seek His aid,—a work for God, which you alone can do !

"Now do not spoil my pleasant pictures in Life," a Youth may say,—“My Parents wish to see me successful in Commercial Life,—they are excellent people, but do not lay so much stress on Piety, and Religion, as you do! We must,—you know,—have our amusements,—also, we must see to getting on in the world;—around me are scores of pushing young fellows,—not given much to Piety or Religion, it is true,—but getting on well in life,—and likely to become wealthy, and successful men; speak you *to others*,—do not speak to *me*!”

“Wealthy, and successful men! What *is* a successful man?”

There is a “strong delusion,”—in this age of money worship,—the God of this World blinds many a soul that they should “believe a lie!” A few fleeting years,—*where* is the wealth or success? The noble Mansion? The stately grounds? We look around,—the successful man has gone! We see a neglected *tombstone*,—we see a lonely and *deserted grave*! I speak not,—I know,—to all;—if you can find in a worldly,—selfish,—life, all that your heart desires,—God’s call is certainly not for *you*! But to *some* youth who reads this book, the call of God has come,—you may hear it, or you may forbear,—He calls not to all,—but He calls to *you*—“Will you be Mine?” Doubtless a choice has to be made;—for you, also, as for others,—there is a gay, and pleasurable world,—a life for self and gain. In your case,—doubtless, a choice has to be made,—below,—a dying World,—above,—the Heavenly Home! Below, the transient gains and passing pleasures of sense, and time,—above, the joys, “Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things God hath prepared for them that love Him.”—Your choice? What! Grasp the Dung-hill,—Miss the Starry Crown?

It may be the Blessed God sees, in some Youth, who reads these words,—an intelligence, a position, a power, with His aid, to lead many to their Saviour and their God! And the Lord of Heaven, and earth, humbles Himself,—as it were,—and comes now knocking at that door saying,—“Will you be Mine?” Around you is a sinful, and a dying World,—and precious souls,—for whom I died,—whom you can aid,—are passing out into Eternity unsaved! There is a work for Me which *you* alone can do! “Will you be Mine?”

Methinks I see the same Youth,—to whom God once sent a call in early life to be His,—but who disregarded it,—in his later life! The fleeting years pass by,—he is fading into age! *Property* has been accumulated;—he has had his

desire ;—*Wealth* came flowing in ;—children all settled ;—all well for this world ! But there never came again to that soul, the call of the Blessed God ;—those whom he might have influenced by a life of pious example, have long since *passed away* ;—and as those long years passed by, that Voice of entreaty was certainly less, and less, often heard !

God's work,—Christ's work,—was done,—it was done by *others*,—but, it was not done by *him* ! God grant, that, in the evening of his days—after his “wealthy and successful” life,—far down in the stream of time,—and Eternity near,—that those deep words of Christ,—“Who spake as never man spake,”—may *never come* to any Youth who now, in early life, reads this Book,—“Sleep on *now* and take your rest !”

“Sleep on now and take your rest !” Oh ! *What does He mean ?* That as those years passed by, the wealth I so longed for, came flowing in,—property was accumulated,—but God's call came to me no more ! “Sleep on now and take my rest !”

Oh ! *What does He mean ? What, is He gone ?* The Faithful God, Who called me in my youth ?

Passed me by for others, and will come to me no more ! What, *is He gone ?*—the precious Saviour,—the sweet Heaven above,—and left me, an “unprofitable servant,”—a so-called “wealthy man,”—to face a never-ending Eternity,—unchanged,—unholy,—and unsaved ?

DAVID'S FALL.

There is one concluding lesson in the Life of the Boy David,—the young Believer should very carefully consider,—and that is,—*David's fall*. A young Christian is apt to think,—“Well ! I did hope,—like the boy David,—that I, also, had given my heart to the Blessed God ; but I thought,—from that day,—all would be happiness and peace. I thought that there would be no more doubts,—no more very great,—or, at any rate,—very successful,—temptations, and that I should fall no more into any very serious sins.” *Did you ?* Then, dear young Reader, you were expecting a life contrary to the experience of every child of God ? Certainly,—a very different experience to that of the Boy David. You are expecting the Crown,—before the Cross,—the Victory before the Conflict ! It cannot be ! The Christian must be tried. As a young Christian you are expected to prove a true,—not a sham,—“fair weather only,” soldier of the Cross ; Our Saviour's own path led Him to the Cross on Calvary ! The *Christian's* life would be unintelligible,—if there was no trial,

—no conflict,—no foe to face,—no fighting a good fight of Faith,—no Satan to oppose,—no confidence in God to be tried ! Believe me there are Giants in the path of the young Christian in our days quite as formidable as Giant Goliath ! The sneers of Godless companions, your own temptations to evil. Why, look at this pious Boy, David's, after life ! The fair weather,—the youth of piety—passed ; the storm of temptation, and Satan came,—and David *fell* ! A fall indeed ! Who would recognise the pious youth who wrote the XXIII. Psalm,—in the vicious, and wicked King,—abusing the power God had entrusted to him,—merely to satisfy his vile passions,—and then adding the cunning Murder,—by treachery,—of his faithful soldier, to avoid the exposure of his adultery ? No *ordinary* sinner here ! A *marked* man,—chosen by God to be King,—one who had made so great a profession of piety and love to his God ! Well, indeed, might the words of the All-just One come to him, accepting his repentance, and remorse, it is true,—but announcing that,—in this World,—David would know peace no more ! “ Now, therefore, the sword shall never depart from thy house ; and I will take thy wives before thine eyes, and give them to thy neighbour ; thou didst it secretly ; but I will do this thing before all Israel, and before the sun,”—and He did.—See 2 Sam., 1-15, and 2 Sam. xvi., 21-23.) “ Because,—by this deed,—thou hast given great occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme.”

David had indeed ! Ages pass, but we never shall hear the end of that fall ! How the “ enemies of the Lord,”—the Unbeliever,—the Freethinker,—have laughed and sneered !

“ Here is a man after God's own heart,—for you ! ”—shrieks the Secularist,—in the Lecture Room,—forgetting that if God had not intended it he would never have heard of David's fall at all,—“ Here is your pious man for you ! The ‘ sweet psalmist of Israel,’ *was* he ! David the *Adulterer* ! David the sly *Murderer* ! He seems much like some of us,—only worse ! All alike, these ‘ religious,’ ‘ pious ’ men,—preach to others,—and do worse things themselves on the sly,—until they are found out ! ” The Unbeliever never perceives that he owes the narrative entirely to God's Word,—to that amazing Bible, which, with wondrous boldness,—and perfect candour,—gives us the Saint's fall into the mire, and into terrible sin,—as it gives us his virtues.

DAVID'S TERRIBLE ALARM LEST GOD SHOULD LEAVE HIM.

The Freethinker never asks you to peruse that Psalm of agony, grief, alarm, and repentance (li. Psalm), written by David,

just after his fall,—when he seems to have had great fears,—not without cause,—whether God was not about to “cast him off for ever.” In reading David’s later Psalms,—we hear little more of peace, and the “still waters ;”—say, rather, they speak of sorrow, conflict, trouble, and storm! “The sword,”—certainly never left “his house,”—trouble came after trouble ;—his loved,—beautiful,—but abandoned son turns against him, and, had Absalom only taken the “wise counsel” of Ahithophel,—“the sword” would have reached David himself,—nothing but the divided counsel of Hushai saved David (See 2 Samuel xvii., 1-14). It was Absalom his son, upon whom “the sword” eventually fell.

The terrible fall, and life-long punishment, of the Boy David in his after life is,—thank God,—certainly not likely to be the experience of every young Christian. Thousands of them, pious like David, in their youth, have, on the contrary, followed it up,—through God’s grace,—and their Saviour’s aid,—by a most excellent, useful, and holy life. “The greater the sinner,—the greater the saint,”—is a *false doctrine*,—challenged by the *entire experience* of Mankind. It is a terribly dangerous experiment to try! Well might David pray,—“Save Thou me from *presumptuous* sins!” Backsliders, *sometimes* are re-instated,—but how many are



Absalom's Death.

“In all Israel there was none to be so much praised as Absalom for his beauty. And when he polled his hair because the hair was heavy upon him he weighed it at two hundred shekels. And Absalom rode upon a mule, and the mule went under the boughs of a great oak, while the battle was in the wood of Ephraim, and his hair caught in the oak, and the mule went away from under him ; and Joab thrust his dart through the heart of Absalom.”

not? Prodigals, *sometimes* return, thousands never return at all.

"There is joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth more than over ninety and nine just persons." Though our Saviour was here, no doubt, alluding to the self-righteous, disputing Pharisees, as "the just persons,"—or rather those who thought themselves "just persons who needed no repentance,"—still, if the fact is taken literally—have you ever asked yourself, Why? *Why* should there be *more* joy? Is it not because such cases *are so rare*? "When the Ethiopian can change his skin, and the Leopard his spots,—then may they *accustomed to do evil*,—learn to do well."

But the lesson for the young Christian is this;—God Who knows all hearts,—may find it needful to show you, as He did David, what you really are by nature,—if you are ever to be driven, or compelled, to come to, and to rely upon,—the Saviour alone, for Salvation, rather than upon yourself. You may, therefore, fall into the mire of sin, it may be for years, and be inclined to think that your first happy experience of the love of God was, after all, a delusion.

ALWAYS COME BACK TO GOD.

This is the "trial of our faith." "Without faith it is impossible to please God,"—this is the meaning of "the trial of your faith being much more precious than gold that perisheth." "Receiving the reward of your faith, even the salvation of your souls." "I have fought the good fight;—I have kept the faith."—How can a young Believer's faith in his God be discovered unless it first be tried? Instead then of concluding that all is lost, the young Christian is called upon to trust still in God's faithfulness however often he falls into sin,—and to return at once. Applying to the "Antidote" (See Chapter 28, p. 289.)—resolving never to give in to Satan and sin, but always to return to God, as David did. This is the "Faith,"—the absolutely indispensable "faith,"—allusions to which the Old and New Testament teem with. Faith is a dependence under *all circumstances*,—including, of course, falling into sin,—on the part of the young Believer upon the faithfulness, and unimpeachable veracity of God. It is a belief,—which nothing can ever shake,—in the unerring wisdom,—unfathomable goodness, and omnipotent power of God to save,—for Christ's sake,—all who come back to Him, to the very uttermost. There may be years of conflict, and disappointment, and falls, but "faith" in God will conquer in the end.

It must be so!—"I know My sheep, and they follow Me, and I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither can any man pluck them out of My hand." It cannot be, for Omnipotence Himself forbids! "My Father is greater than I, and no man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand." But unquestionably this "Faith" is to be fostered, and must be confirmed by, the steady, habitual habit of prayer; inwardly raising the silent petition for God's aid, blessing, and forbearance, and love, on all occasions of your life;—in storm or sunshine alike. If you habitually neglect this habit,—and disregard our Lord's earnest entreaties to "pray always and not to faint,"—how can you hope for Divine aid?

Indeed, those,—like you, dear Reader, who have long heard Christ's call to a prayerful and Christian life, should indeed make haste to obey it! Look around, for yourself, amongst the "Prodigals,"—the immoral, the drunken, the depraved,—how many,—*"rise and go to their Father?"* Comparatively very, very few! You cannot have your common sense abused; you *know* it is so! The vast majority of God's children who come to Him at all, come to Him in comparatively early life. The Prodigal, returning, is received with joy; but, to the Son who went not astray, the Father's loving, endearing words, ever are,—*"Son, thou art ever with Me, and all that I have is thine!"*

May you, young Believer, who read this Book,—after an excellent,—pious,—and useful career,—at life's close,—hear the above blessed words one day addressed to you,—accompanied by the joyful reception, *"Well done! good and faithful servant! Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"*

See'st thou the Eastern dawn?
Hear'st thou in the red morn
The Angel's song?
"Christ's blood for thee was shed,
And before Him has fled
All sin and wrong."

"Wilt thou from sin be free?
Then give thy heart to Me,
As thy true friend,—
Then all thy fears shall cease,
And, in Eternal peace
Thy life shall end!"

MONSTROUS GIANTS OF 1907.

There are Seven monstrous Giants,—far more powerful, and dangerous,—in 1907,—than Goliath of Gath was, in

B.C. 1063. Against, at least, one of these besetting sins every youth,—who wishes to be a Christian,—will have to go out, and with God's aid,—prevail. We cannot hope to kill them, as David disposed of Goliath,—but let it be our life's work to sling our little stone at them! If God wills it, we may give them a shrewd blow or two! To weaken and thwart these monstrous and cruel Giants,—the enemies of Mankind,—is the desire of every true Believer. There are other smaller Giants, but the Seven largest, and most terrible, in our day,—are, 1. Giant Drunkenness. 2. Giant Vice or Immorality. 3. Giant Covetousness. 4. Giant Dishonesty. 5. Giant Passion,—Revenge, Brutality. 6. Giant Unbelief, Impiety. 7. Giant Selfishness,—or Do no good to anybody. (This last is not an aggressive Giant like the rest ;—in fact, he is generally asleep).

Against these Monsters,—no matter how many cubits high they are,—we must, like good Christian in Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress,—go out,—and “fight the good fight of faith.”



A FABLE.

An Atheist,—proud of his Wit,—and his “Reason,”—sat him under an Oak in the hot summer season.

On the Oak grew an Acorn or two, it is said ;—on the Ground grew a Pumpkin as large as his Head.

Said the “Sage,”—“What’s the reason that Oak is so strong, to bear a few Acorns scarce half an inch long,

While that poor feeble Plant has a weight to sustain, which had much better hang from the Oak it is plain.”

But just at the time our Philosopher spoke,—an Acorn fell *plump* on his head from the Oak.

Then said he,—who just now thought *his* plan was so clever,—“Well, I’m glad *that* was not a Pumpkin, however.”

From his folly then let us, in future, beware, and Believe that such Matters are best as they are.

Leave the Habits and Customs of Oak Trees alone,—of Acorns and Pumpkins, and look woe to *OUR OWN*.

"RESIST THE DEVIL AND HE WILL FLEE FROM YOU"

James iv., 7.



"Then said Apollyon,—‘I am *sure* of thee now!’ But, as God would have it,—while Apollyon was fetching his last blow,—thereby to make a full end of this good man,—Christian, with his sword—(‘all prayer’)—gave the Fiend, nimbly, a deadly thrust,—which made him give back, as one that had received his mortal wound. Christian,—perceiving this,—*made* at him *again*,—saying,—‘Nay, in all these things we are more than Conquerors, through Him that loved us!’ And, with that,—the foul Fiend spread forth his dragon’s wings, and sped him away, so that Christian saw him no more!”—*Bunyan’s Pilgrim’s Progress*.

“He that overcometh shall inherit all things,—and I will be his God, and he shall be My son.”—Rev. xxi., 7.

“I have fought a good Fight! I have kept the Faith.”

Battering Rams.



Ancient Warfare.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE BOY JOSEPH—A "TYPE" OF CHRIST.



Joseph being seventeen years old was feeding the flocks with his brethren. Now Israel (Jacob) loved Joseph more than all his children, because he was the son of his old age : and he made him a coat of many colours. And when his Brethren saw that their Father loved him more than them, they hated him and could not speak peaceably unto him. And Israel said unto Joseph, "Do not thy brethren feed the flocks in Shechem ? Go, I pray, and see whether it be well with thy brethren, and well with the flocks, and bring me word again."

"And when they saw him afar off, they conspired against him, and said, "Behold this dreamer cometh! Let us slay him and cast him into some pit, and we will say some evil beast hath devoured him, and we shall see what will become of his dreams." And they stript Joseph of his coat, and they took him and cast him into a pit, and there was no water in the pit.

And Judah said, "What profit is it if we slay him? Come! let us sell him to the Ishmaelites." And they sold Joseph to them for twenty pieces of silver. And the Midianites sold him in Egypt to Potiphar, an officer of Pharaoh's and a Captain of the Guard. And the Lord blessed the Egyptian's house for Joseph's sake, and he made him Overseer over all that he had. And he left all that he had in Joseph's hand; for his Master saw that the Lord was with him. And Joseph was of a goodly person, and well favoured. And his Master's wife cast her eyes upon Joseph, and said "lie with me." And as she spoke to Joseph day by day he refused, and said unto her,—*"Behold, my Master hath committed all that he hath to my hand; neither hath he kept back anything from me but thee, because thou art his wife. How then can I do this great wickedness and sin against God?"*—*Genesis xxxvii., 2, 3, 4, 13, 19, 26, 36.—xxxix., 5, 7, &c.*

BEFORE reading this chapter the young Reader is asked first to peruse the remarks at the commencement of the life of the Boy David.

If youths,—in reading the Bible,—will not consider the Boys mentioned in the Old and New Testaments,—as merely Youths like themselves,—and persist in thinking that there was something very mysterious about them,—not like other Boys,—it seems useless to go any further.

If Joseph, David, Daniel, Josiah, were not real, actual, Boys like you are,—*what were they?* If they were not, then we may as well shut up our Bibles. If the Scenes related were not real,—were never acted by real, living personages like ourselves, it seems mere waste of time to go any further. But once allow that the Boy Joseph was merely a worthy youth loved,—no doubt injudiciously so,—by his Father,—and what was far better, and led to very different results,—loved also by God,—but disliked and hated by his step-brothers,—then all mystery ceases, and we have a family history which has been repeated for ages. For we must remember that Joseph and his youngest brother Benjamin were by the same Mother;—all the other sons of Jacob—(called "Israel" frequently, hence the term "Children of Israel") were by a previous marriage. Thus little love seems to have existed between them,—and when the boy Joseph,—now seventeen years old,—is impressed by his dreams of his future, and, with the open thoughtlessness of a youth, tells them to his father, and step-brothers, their evidently long-felt dislike turns to deadly hatred,—*"We will see what will become of his dreams."* We never hear a word of Benjamin,—Joseph's

true brother,—taking any part in their cruel treatment. To a youth like Joseph, of naturally a loving, forgiving, and affectionate disposition,—as his future reception of his wicked brothers into the land of Goshen proves,—it must have been a terrible day to him when his unfeeling brothers sold him for a slave. Very little prospects,—in those days,—of return, or of ever seeing his home and kind father again ! That the youth's agony of grief was excessive is clear,—because, when misfortune fell upon themselves, his brothers remembered it, years after. "We are verily guilty concerning our brother in that we saw the anguish of his soul when he sought us and we would not hear."—Gen. xlii. 21. How truly Jewish is the reason Judah gives for not killing Joseph right out. "Of what *profit* is it if we slay our brother ?" Twenty pieces of silver in those days must have been something to divide,—though a fine youth, at Joseph's age, was doubtless valuable as a slave. The Ishmaelites,—we may depend upon it, if true to their traditions,—were not the men to make on their side a bad bargain ; what they obtained from Potiphar we are not told. These Ishmaelites are the modern Arabs of our day,—whose greed after ivory in Africa, and the ceaseless bloodshed they remorselessly effect to obtain it, is described by Dr. Livingstone, Mr. Stanley, and other Travellers.

JOSEPH A TYPE OF CHRIST.

The price given for Joseph was "twenty pieces of silver," very much the same "price of a Slave" which obtained 1700 years after. The traitor Judas received "thirty pieces of silver." Possibly, the change in the value of money during those ages would make the two sums identical.

The chief priests probably offered Judas this "price of a slave," to show their contempt for Christ,—and perhaps for Judas also. Zechariah,—nearly 500 years before Christ,—says, "so they weighed for my price thirty pieces of silver, and the Lord said to me, 'cast it unto the Potter,' a goodly price that I was priced at by them." Five centuries slowly passed by and then we read :—

"Then Judas, when he saw that he was condemned, brought again the pieces of silver to the chief priests, saying,—'I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood.' " "And they said,—What is that to us ? See thou to that ! " "And Judas cast down the pieces of silver in the Temple, and went and hanged himself. And the chief priests took the silver pieces and said, It is not lawful for to put them in the Treasury because it is the price of blood."

DELIBERATE SIN.—SLEPT UPON. PLANNED. PERSISTED IN.



Suicide, Remorse, and Despair.

Desperately wicked,—and yet desperately clinging to their outward traditions and laws,—they took counsel, and bought with them the potter's field, Matt. xxvii., 6. Peter says that Judas “purchased a field with the reward of iniquity,” Acts i., 18. It seems, therefore, that, before completing the purchase by paying for it, remorse, and despair, proved too much to bear, so he rushes off to the priests for counsel, and is thus treated by them. Peter also speaks of his “falling headlong;” it is supposed that the wretched man endeavoured to hang himself, but fell from some height into the field he had intended to purchase. When it is remembered that “Judah” is really equivalent to “Judas” in the Greek,—we cannot fail to see in the life of the boy Joseph another of those remarkable “types” of our Lord which run through the entire Bible.

Peter himself fell, but it was not the deliberate sin of Judas,—slept upon, and long-planned, and Peter “found a place for repentance, for he sought it carefully, with tears!”

Sold apparently into hopeless slavery,—far from his own Country and religion,—and taken into heathen Egypt,—the good youth retained his self-respect and piety towards God.—“How can I do this great wickedness and sin against God?” he asks when tempted, as all youths are, to sin. Joseph had been brought up to believe in the God of his Fathers, and “The Lord blessed the Egyptian’s house for Joseph’s sake.” As proved by their amazing monuments and records, the Ancient

SUDDEN FALL INTO SIN.



Repentance, Penitence.

"Then began he to curse, and to swear, saying, I know not what thou sayest, and immediately,—while he yet spake,—the cock crew. And Peter remembered the word of the Lord. Before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice. And Peter went out and *wept bitterly*."

Egyptians were certainly not without a Religion,—such as it was ;—indeed the number of their Gods was very great. They were,—like all Heathens,—superstitious, and Joseph's Master,—the officer,—soon appears to have found that things went well if left to his young slave ; he, therefore, very wisely, soon placed all he had in Joseph's hands, to act as his overseer. "And Joseph was of a goodly person, and well favoured ;"—the handsome Youth thus attracted the attention,—and finally the love of his worthless Mistress. The reward of his virtue was, at first, a Prison,—and an Egyptian prison in those dark days must have been dismal indeed. And Joseph, at first, appears to have been treated badly. David in the cv. Psalm, 18th verse, says,—"Joseph who was sold for a servant,—whose feet they hurt with fetters ;—he was laid in iron." But, as ever, "the Lord was with Joseph,"—and the Keeper of the Prison soon found that he could not do better than "leave all in Joseph's hands," and all went well. It is remarkable how all seemed to *trust* Joseph. There was, doubtless, great natural talent and wisdom in Joseph's character ; one of those whose claim to rule, and command, is allowed by all, and submitted to. The Keeper of the Prison, we read, "left all" in Joseph's hands, and, "whatever was done in the prison, he was the doer of it."

Then followed the splendid career God had been preparing,—as a reward for his virtue and piety. Of the magnificence of the Egyptian Empire, in the time of the Pharaohs, little

idea can now be formed. Stupendous ruins, continually being discovered, alone remain to mark its former grandeur. Joseph was made the Ruler of this splendid Empire.

YOUTHS WHO SNEER AT VIRTUE.

Joseph's life has now, for ages, been a theme for endless addresses to the young. Like the youthful Moses he chose rather "to endure affliction, with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." That the "pleasures of sin" are most unduly magnified in the eyes of many we have evidence on every hand around us. The expression "for a season" is indeed a true one,—they are only "for a season," and,—in many cases,—a short season too! Yet the young Reader will probably, in his attempts to lead a worthy and pure life like Joseph, meet with many a sneer from others who have chosen "the pleasures of sin for a season!" You will meet such in every walk of life. Young men whose only idea of wit is indecency, to whom all capacity for enjoying pure and innocent pleasures seems absolutely lost, whom honourable pursuits, and simple, healthful pleasures can please no more! Whom *nothing* now can please which has not on it something of "the Serpent's slime!"

Yet observe such, and note what intense pride and conceit,—what a "strong delusion" must possess them that they do not see that *everything is being lost!* What must be that blinding *sin* of "pride," which prevents such from perceiving,—with all their sneers at others,—that *they*, at any rate, have lost everything which rendered them pleasing to God or man? Health,—purity,—self-respect,—gone; the mind polluted,—unfitted for this world,—and far more unfitted for the next,—what pride and conceit *have left* to take hold of,—seems indeed mysterious! The amazing conceit displayed by such in sneering at the worthy and good of their own age is one of the most *unaccountable* things associated with a sinful, ruined life. A docile,—innocent,—and healthy, youth blossoms, naturally, into a happy,—useful,—and honourable manhood. "That may be,"—a youth may reply,—"but God does not interfere in our day,—as in Joseph's life,—nor prepare a grand future for any youth now,—however virtuous, and pious he may be." *Indeed!* Are you sure of that? Are you sure that there is not a future before every young Christian,—compared with which that of the Boy Joseph was as nothing?

Who knows anything of the glories of the Christian's life yet to come? You must have noticed the utter feebleness with which even Christians speak of Heaven: a vague idea of

"Rest." They know nothing of the glorious, endless, activities and powers in Eternity, of the "good and faithful servant," who will be placed "over ten cities!" Meantime,—throughout the life of every true believer,—the presence, protection, and favour, of God, is as assuredly felt as in Joseph's time.

WE HAVE NOW TO WALK BY FAITH, NOT BY SIGHT.

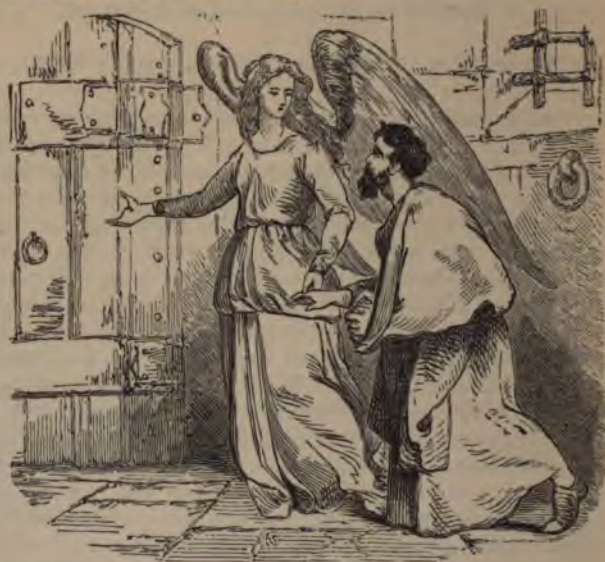
True, you must remember that, since our Saviour brought into the World "the new dispensation,"—of inward, spiritual Belief and Faith,—not dependent upon the things of sense and time,—the outward signs of God's miraculous power are withheld,—and Miracles, and supernatural "interferences," if we may reverently use the word,—on the part of the Supreme are no longer vouchsafed. We are called upon now, in the new dispensation of our Lord, "to walk by Faith, not by sight." Such "interferences" were, it is true, permitted in the early days of Christianity,—for without these Miracles, and outward Signs, how could the Christian Faith have been established in an almost entirely heathen World? But it is evident that, if continued, they would have been inconsistent with the life of faith to which we are now called. The young student of his Bible must have observed that the rewards and punishments of the Old Testament were all for *this* life;—for this World *only*. Very little allusion to the future, or Eternal, results of a holy or sinful life will be found throughout the Old Testament. But, with the advent of our Lord, the new and higher "dispensation,"—with its final rewards and penalties, in a future state,—not in this World,—was introduced. We are distinctly told that before Christ came "the times of this ignorance God winked at,"—(knew that not much was to be expected from them)—"but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent."—*Acts* xvii., 30.

Mankind, we learn, in the next verse, in our Saviour's days, had no conception of a Resurrection or a future life. "And when they heard of the Resurrection of the dead, some mocked." The idea of such a thing belonged to the new dispensation, and so accustomed were they to the old system and notions, that many "mocked,"—though numbers afterwards became Believers, and joined the early Christians.

Thus,—the young Christian,—in our day,—should look forward,—not to mere earthly glory,—such as the youth Joseph was called to, but to a future, prepared for him,—if he proves faithful,—infinitely higher, and more glorious!

Meantime,—although outward miracles are not reasonably to be expected, or, indeed, desired,—in a day in which Belief,—

Faith,—*not sight*,—is everything,—still miracles are continually taking place, in answer to prayer; Miracles of Grace. Angels do not now actually appear, and lead Christ's good servants out of prison and danger.



"And the Angel said unto Peter, 'Cast thy garment about thee and follow me.' And he wist not that it was true which was done by the Angel, but thought he saw a vision. And they came unto the iron Gate that leadeth unto the City, which opened unto them of his own accord, and forthwith the Angel departed from him."

"MIRACLES" HAVE BEEN WITHDRAWN.

"Faith Healing,"—without using the means ages of Toil, Study, and Experience, have now provided—is sheer delusion.

The neglect of Remedies, which—in God's Providence,—have been now discovered in Surgery and Medicine, is really criminal. Lourde's so-called Miracles,—visiting "Shrines,"—"Christian Science,"—*delusive attempted "cures"* (?) when Lives are at stake, have proved fatal.

How *prove* that real Miracles have ceased? How? By the simple challenge (for £10,000), that a man with a wooden leg, taken to Lourde's, will never receive a leg of flesh and bone in its place, if all the Popes,—Priests,—"Faith Healer's,"—or "Mrs. Eddys" in this World did their best! To speak of performing "little" Miracles is absurd. A Miracle is a Miracle, and both "little" and "great" are now impossibilities.

Pious Daniels are not now rescued from the Lions, or the Fiery Furnace.

DANIEL IN THE LION'S DEN.



Then the King rose very early in the morning, and went in haste unto the den of Lions. "My God hath sent His angel, and hath shut the Lions' mouths that they have hurt me not." So Daniel was taken up out of the Den, and no manner of hurt was found upon him, because he believed on his God.—*Daniel vi., 19-23.*

The dead are not now raised,—but surely even more miraculously,—dead *souls* are brought from death into life; and if the perverse, carnal, and sinful are continually being changed,—in our day,—into humble, penitent, happy, useful Christians, we may well be encouraged to ask for *anything*.

"With God *all things* are possible,"—let the young Christian be encouraged to hope for, and to ask for, *anything*. "With God all things are possible." By all means let the young Christian be perfectly certain of *that*, and apply confidently, throughout his life, under all conceivable circumstances and wants, to the Great Source from "whence all blessings flow." In danger and in storm,—in joy and sunshine,—in success or failure, in youth, in age, life or death, prayer is everything. Why? Because it produces saving Faith. "But Christians do not always get what they pray for." No, indeed! it is well that they do not.

The Believer asks for many things "with bated breath,"—and only *if consistent* with the Divine, unfathomable will and wisdom. Yet he *does ask* notwithstanding. But there are many things, such as love to God, the Father,—to Christ,—and to God, the Holy Spirit,—openings for a useful Christian life,—guidance, and Divine instruction,—increase of faith, &c.,—which are so consistent with the Divine will, that we may, at all times, apply confidently *for them*. It is of these most precious things, rather than for the fleeting things of time and sense, that we are exhorted "to pray always" for,—and in reference to which, Jesus assures us,—*"Ask and ye shall receive,—knock and it shall be opened unto you."* "For everyone that asketh receiveth."

Let the young Christian adhere to this habit of prayer and he will find that having "first sought the Kingdom of God,—all things needful will be added" unto him. "*For all things are yours.*" "Come, ye blessed of My Father, *inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.*" "Son! thou art ever with Me, and *all that I have is thine!*" "Neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

OUR LORD AT JACOB'S WELL.

One thousand seven hundred years after Jacob, and his good son Joseph, were gathered to their rest, our Saviour sat by "Jacob's Well."



"Sir, thou hast nothing to draw with, and the Well is deep; from whence then hast thou that living water?" Jesus answered and said unto her,—*"Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the Water that I shall give him shall never thirst."*—*John iv., 11-15.*

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE BOY ISAAC.

ABRAHAM'S FAITH.—HOW WE MAY SHARE IT.—MODERN
SUBSTITUTES FOR CHRIST.—VAIN HOPE, A FERRYMAN,—
THE "PASSOVER."—THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.—THE WEDDING
GARMENT.



ISAAC BORN.

"And lo, Sarah, thy wife shall have a son;" and Sarah heard it in the tent door, which was behind them. Therefore Sarah laughed within herself, for Abraham and Sarah were old, and well stricken in age. And the Lord said unto Abraham, 'Wherefore did Sarah laugh? Is anything too hard for the Lord?' And Sarah conceived and bare Abraham a son in his old age, and he called the name of his son Isaac."—Genesis xviii.

ISAAC IS OFFERED UP.

And God said unto Abraham, "Take now thy son, thine only son, Isaac, whom thou lovest, and offer him for a burnt offering upon one of the Mountains which I will tell thee of." And Abraham took the wood of the burnt offering, and laid it upon Isaac his son, and a knife; and they went up together. And Isaac spake unto Abraham his father, and said, "My father: behold the fire and the wood; but where is the lamb for a burnt offering?" And Abraham said, "My son, God will provide Himself a lamb for a burnt offering." And they came to



the place which God had told him of: and Abraham built an altar there; and laid the wood in order, and bound Isaac his son, and laid him on the altar upon the wood. And Abraham stretched forth his hand and took the knife to slay his son. And the Angel of the Lord called unto him, "Lay not thine hand upon the lad, for now I know that thou fearest God. By myself have I sworn, saith the Lord, because thou hast done this thing, and hast not withheld thy son,—thine only son, that in blessing I will bless thee, and I will multiply thy seed as the stars of heaven. And in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed: because thou hast obeyed My voice."—*Genesis xxii.*

HOW WE, THE GENTILES, MAY PARTAKE OF ABRAHAM'S BLESSING.

What shall we then say to these things ? He that spared not his only begotten Son, but delivered Him up for us all, shall He not, with Him, freely give us all things ?—*Romans viii.*, 32.

Even as Abraham believed God, and it was accounted to him for righteousness, so then they, which be of faith, are blessed with faithful Abraham ; for the just shall live by faith, that the blessing of Abraham might come on the Gentiles, through Jesus Christ. And the Scripture,—foreseeing that God would justify the heathen through faith,—preached the gospel before unto Abraham, saying—"In thee shall all Nations be blessed."—*Galatians iii.*, 6, 9, *II.*, 14.

By faith Abraham, when he was tried, offered up Isaac ; accounting that God was able to raise him up even from the dead. Who against hope believed in hope that he might become the father of many nations. He staggered not at the promise of God through unbelief ; being fully persuaded that what God had promised, He was able also to perform. Now it was not written for his sake alone that it was imputed to him for righteousness, *but for us also to whom it shall be imputed* if we believe on Him who raised up Jesus our Lord from the dead. Who, though He were a Son, yet learned He obedience by the things which He suffered, and being made perfect He became the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey Him. For when God made promise to Abraham, because He could swear by no greater, He swore by Himself, that by two immutable things in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us. For when Moses had spoken every precept unto the people he took the blood of calves and of goats, and sprinkled both the book and the people, saying, this is the blood of the Testament ; and almost all things are by the law purged with blood ; and without shedding of blood is no remission. So Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many. Having, therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, let us draw near in full assurance of faith. Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed by corruptible things but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a Lamb without blemish, and without spot. For without faith it is impossible to please God.—*Hebrews xi.*, 17-19. *Romans iv.*, 18. *Hebrews vi.*, 13-17, &c.

THE above account of the great trial of Abraham's faith, and how we,—the Gentiles,—are intimately concerned with the promises made to Abraham,—illustrate in a

most wonderful way the bearing the Old Testament has upon the Great Sacrifice of our Lord and Saviour. To estimate the wonderful faith Abraham had in God's power, we must remember that Isaac,—the only son,—was "the child of promise,"—the son of their old age,—and that with Isaac's death,—humanly speaking,—all was lost!

In our day, there are numberless Teachers to whom the "doctrine of the blood" is repulsive. The necessity for such a Sacrifice seems to our modern teachers an endless source of difficulty. Surely, however, dear Reader, it is impossible for us to study God's Word without seeing that from Genesis to Revelation the necessity for the Great Sacrifice for all Mankind is figured in endless ways.

Can we have a more obvious, or plainer, type of our Saviour's death for our sakes than in this "offering up" by Abraham of his "only son," and his willingness and submission, on the part of his son,—Isaac,—that God's will should be done,—even though at the cost of his own life? For we must remember that Abraham was now an old man, and Isaac a vigorous youth of probably 15 or 17 years old. It is difficult to say which manifested most faith,—Abraham or his obedient and submissive son,—evidently willing,—if it had been God's will,—to give up his life without a struggle. True type of our Lord, who, 1800 years after,— "Was led as a sheep to the slaughter; and like a lamb,—dumb, before his shearers,—so He opened not His mouth."

These were the words which, in the early days of the Christian Church, the Eunuch,— "a man of Ethiopia in great authority,"—was reading out of Isaiah,—sitting in his chariot.

The Ethiopian receives Christ.



Then the Spirit said to Philip, "Go near, and join thyself to this chariot." And Philip ran thither and said, "Understandest thou what thou readest?" And he said, "How can I except some man guide me?" The place of the scripture which he read was this. He was led as a sheep to the slaughter; and like a lamb dumb before his shearers, so opened he not

his mouth. And he desired Philip that he would come up and sit with him. Then Philip opened his mouth and began at the same Scripture, and preached unto him Jesus. And they came unto a certain water, and the Eunuch said, "See here is water, what doth hinder me to be baptized?" And Philip said, "If thou believest with all thine heart thou mayest." And he answered, "I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God." And he commanded the chariot to stand still, and they went down both unto the water, both Philip and the Eunuch, and he baptized him; and he went on his way rejoicing.—*Acts viii., 29.*

Doubtless, this Eunuch "in great authority" was chosen by God to carry the Gospel into Ethiopia. How simple was the "preaching Jesus" to him; the "good news" for all nations alike.

MORALITY WITHOUT CHRIST.

Now, in our intellectual age, the doctrine of Salvation through the precious blood of Christ seems absolutely, to many, repulsive.

We are not now, it seems, to rely upon the blood of Christ, but upon "a higher hope,"—upon our superior intellect,—our "morality without Christ,"—our philanthropy,—and "enthusiasm of humanity." What are these modern phrases but refined and cultured expressions of Unbelief in the necessity of the Atonement of Jesus Christ?

THE FATAL FERRY BOAT.

But has the "Unitarian,"—or Rejector of the Saving Blood,—and Precious Sacrifice of our Saviour Jesus Christ,—no resource when Death and Eternity are approaching?

Yes! They have a *Fatal Ferry Boat* awaiting them at the Shores of Death, and the name of the Ferryman is "*Vain Hope*"! The River of Death seems running Dark, and terrible, but "Vain Hope" thinks he can do it!

Beyond,—an awful Storm seems raging on that dread ocean we call "Eternity"! But "Vain Hope" thinks they can stand it!

There never was a day in which it was more needful to insist upon the fact that it is the precious blood of our Divine Saviour,—human and yet Divine,—which can alone redeem us. Call it "dogma,"—"narrow,"—any name you like,—the solemn Truth remains,—that, apart from the precious sacrifice and shedding of the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ,—there exists no remission of sins, and no salvation. It is easy to talk of a "kind Heavenly Father"—to lead a life of "morality without Christ,"—busy ourselves in lives of philanthropy,—putting Christ on one side, and in "Thy name doing many wonderful works,"—yet our Lord replied to such, "I never knew you, depart from Me!" (Matthew vii., 22.) Despising the

blood of Christ,—how many “go about to establish their own righteousness.” They conjure up for themselves,—these modern teachers,—a God of their own devising,—suited to an effeminate and thoughtless age,—certainly not the God of the Scriptures. Thus,—under a strong delusion,—they enter,—and induce others who prefer their wild notions to the Gospel,—to accompany them, into that fatal Boat, “belonging,”—as John Bunyan says,—“to one Vain Hope, a Ferryman.”

SUBSTITUTES FOR THE PRECIOUS BLOOD OF CHRIST.

Into this Boat they crowd their substitutes for the precious blood of Christ ;—there is the outwardly moral,—nay, philanthropic life,—good works,—“liberal” views—superior intellect,—perfect self-satisfaction,—and dreams of the “Larger Hope,” whatever that may mean.

Harriet Martineau relates,—the great peace she derived when all “dogma,” all “narrow” ideas and belief in the existence of a personal God were thrown finally aside ;—and while,—to use her own words,—“Christians were *quarrelling* about their *Man God*,”—she was happy amongst the poor in the Lake Districts. Such find in their own fancied goodness and good works, a substitute for God and Christ. No doubt, —when conscience is dead,—religious belief extinct,—*God gone*,—there does exist an outward calm ! So does a calm usher in the *tempest* ! So does pain cease when the fatal mortification sets in ! So does the lethargic sleep denote the approach of Apoplexy and Death ! Such modern teachers appear indeed to be left to a “strong delusion !”

Well, spake the Holy Ghost,—by Esaias,—“Hearing they shall hear, and shall not understand ; seeing they shall see, and shall not perceive. For their ears are dull of hearing,—and their eyes have they closed.”

THAT BOAT WILL NEVER REACH THE HEAVENLY SHORE.

Victims of their Sin of Unbelief,—their own pride, and rejection of the only salvation offered to Mankind through Christ's sacrifice,—they and their Ferry Boat will never reach the Shore ! Unless Almighty God,—for thousands of years,—has placed a lying Book in the hands of Mankind, proclaiming it to be the Word of God,—and unless our Blessed Lord has continued the deception,—and has wilfully led true Believers in His atonement astray for some two thousand years ;—*that Ferry Boat*,—and all its Contents,—*shall never reach the Heavenly Shore !*

And what shall it be, for some to stand upon the shore of

that dread ocean, which men *call* "Eternity;"—a word which *God* alone can understand,—"*the Summer ended and the harvest o'er,*"—unsprinkled by the blood of Christ,—despising the one precious offer of salvation once made to Mankind; *never* to be made again.

A thousand Worlds, in the counsels of Almighty God,—may come into existence, and may slowly pass away,—in *nameless* Epochs, and in *speechless* Time,—but, "Eternity?" How will it fare with "Leaders of Modern Thought,"—and the victims,—to find too late, that the Bible,—*after all, was true*,—that God, and Christ, and the sweet Heaven above are *passed away for ever*, and they left, with their pride of intellect,—"*liberal views,*"—"morality without the blood of Christ,"—and their "*larger hope,*"—to face "Eternity,"—unchanged,—unredeemed,—unholy,—and unsaved?

By putting Christ's atonement on one side and relying upon other methods and theories for salvation, surely such "crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put Him to open shame."

"Of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy, who hath trodden under foot the Son of God, and hath counted the Blood of the Covenant, wherewith he was sanctified, an unholy thing, and hath done despite unto the Spirit of grace!"—Hebrews x., 29.

And Jesus, answering, said unto them, "Suppose ye that these Galilæans were sinners above all the Galilæans, because they suffered such things? I tell you, Nay! but except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."—Luke xiii., 2.

"This is the stone which was set at nought of you builders, which is become the head of the corner. Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other Name under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved."—Acts iv., 12.

THE "PASSOVER."

Reader, we cannot have our common sense abused, not to see in this "Lamb without blemish,"—and this sprinkling of the blood,—a type of the precious blood of Christ!

The Christian's only hope is in being permitted to have an interest in the Great Atonement of Jesus Christ! He does not look for salvation in a good, outwardly, moral, just, life,—"*Is the precious blood sprinkled on my door?*" is the Christian's one anxiety, and his only hope.

So also is it with the Believer who has to look back upon a past woeful and sinful life. In the solemn hour of death,—



And take you a lamb without a blemish,—a male of the first year, and kill the Pass-over, and ye shall take a bunch of Hyssop and dip it in the blood that is in the basin, and strike the lintel and the two side posts with the blood; and none of you shall go out at the door until the morning. For the Lord will pass through the land of Egypt this night to smite the Egyptians; and when he seeth the blood, the Lord will pass over the door, and will not suffer the Destroyer to come into your houses to smite you.]

about to appear before his God,—such a one still clings to the same blessed hope. “His sins have been many!”—Justice cries! “True,”—says the all just,—and yet indulgent Lord God,—“But he has taken Me at My word; he has sought and found, the Saviour!” “And *what is that* I see upon this once sinful soul! Surely it is the blood of My Dear Son?—*I shall not strike,—for I see no sinner there!* “I shall pass on!”

“Who shall lay anything to the charge of God’s elect! It is Christ that died!”—*Romans viii., 33.*

To the refined, and cultured, criticism of our day, the metaphor, or idea, may be displeasing, but the blessed Truth still remains.

“There is a fountain filled with Blood,
Drawn from Immanuel’s veins,—
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.”

Reader, what can our Saviour mean by the following solemn Parable, unless it be that,—when you and I have to meet our God, we shall need some other garment to cover us, than our own fancied righteousness?

PARABLE OF THE WEDDING GARMENT.



"And when the King came in to see the guests, He saw there a man which had not on a Wedding Garment. And He said unto him,— 'Friend, how camest thou in hither, not having a wedding garment?' And he was speechless? Then said the King, 'Bind him hand and foot, and take him away, and cast him into outer darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth!'—*Matthew xxii., 11.*

So fair an appearance of worthiness had this evidently Christless man, that he appears to have deceived others, and had actually gained admittance! Was he not one of those who say,— "I do my duty. I wrong no man. I am a kind husband, an indulgent parent,—a sincere friend,"—(and here will follow a list of his charities, good works and usefulness) "I do not pretend to be a very 'pious' character,—never did. —Theology is not in my line,—I do not presume to commune much with God; but it would be well indeed if all were only as good as I am. I see no danger! I am in a very fair state!"

Reader! Surely if this Parable of our Lord means *anything*, it means that we *must* have Christ's robe of righteousness! "He hath clothed me with the Garment of Salvation,—He hath covered me with His robe of righteousness,"—*Isaiah lxi., 10.* As we read in *Isaiah lxiv., 6*,—"All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags,"—in the sight of Him into Whose presence we shall all,—one day,—be ushered.

"For by Grace are ye saved through Faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God. Not of works,—lest any man should boast."—*Ephesians ii., 8-9.*

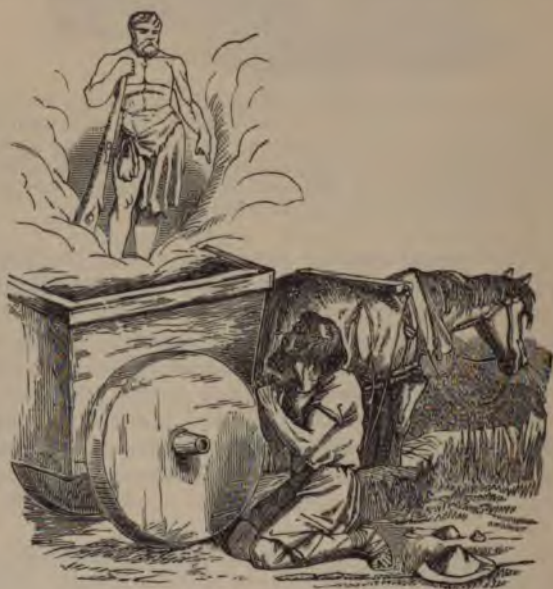
YOUNG READER. "This is the most difficult and uninteresting chapter in this Book." It is indeed! For "Strait (difficult) is the Gate, and narrow is the Way that leadeth unto Life, and few there be that find it."—*Matt. vii., 14.*

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE LAZY CARTER. THE FERRYMAN.

" FAITH AND WORKS."

" FAITH IS EVERYTHING,"—" WORKS ARE NOTHING ! "



" WORKS."

" The Lazy Carter."

AN Ancient Roman,—you must know,—
I *think* his name was Ci-ce-ro,—
Wishing to make his Garden smarter,
Bespoke some Gravel off a Carter.
The Gravel had some way to come,
To reach his seat, at Tus-cu-lum,
The Horse was old, the Cart was crazy,
And, —worse than all,—the Man was *lazy* !

“ Oh ! ”—then,—you’ll say,—“ I am afraid,
 “ Cicero’s job will be delayed ! ”—
Exactly so !—the Cart, at length,
 Stuck fast beyond the Horse’s strength.
 In vain the Driver fumed and grumbled,
 At length,—down in the Road he tumbled !
 And there,—as in the mud he lay,—
 Thought he,—“ To Hercules I’ll pray.”

Note.—Hercules,—amongst the many heathen Gods and Goddesses of the Ancients,—was worshipped,—as the God of Strength. Students in our Art Classes are familiar with the Figure of Hercules,—leaning on his great Club, and with the skin of the Lion which he has killed over his shoulder.

Scarce had he ceased,—when roaring thunder
 Surprised our friend,—with fear and wonder !—
 While,—straight before his eyes,—he sees,—
 No less a Form than Her-cu-les,—
 Who spoke to him in words like these.
 “ You stupid,—idle,—lazy fellow !
 “ Why do you lie there,—and bellow ?
 “ *Think* you, I’ll help you, with your load,
 “ While you lie *sprawling* in that Road ?
 “ *Apply* your *shoulder* to the wheel,
 “ Nor thus before me idly kneel !
 “ *Then* if the task too mighty prove,
 “ I will *assist* you with a shove ! ”

MORAL.

A Moral in this Fable dwells,
Heaven helps those who help *themselves* !
 In other words,—that is to say,—
 That we *must* work as well as pray !

“ FAITH.”

THE FERRYMAN.

A shrewd old Scotch Ferryman had taken some good folks across to the Kirk. During the passage—he had listened to a somewhat heated discussion as to the respective importance of “ Faith and Works.” As the discussion did not appear to be half over, he thought it probable that,—after the Service,—these good people would renew it. The old Ferryman,—

a man of few words,—hit upon the following device for “putting his oar in,”—as the saying goes,—and silently illustrating his notions,—very sensible ones, too,—on the Subject. He therefore before following them into the Kirk, chalked “Faith upon one of his oars,—and “Works” upon the other. The party met him after Kirk, ready to start, and he found that they had already re-commenced their discussion. The Stream, though narrow, had an awkward Weir in one part, and equally unpleasant Rocks in another. It was, therefore, with amazement, that one of the disputants,—who had just been laying it down, with some vehemence, that “Faith was *everything*; Works were *nothing*,”—on looking up,—found the Ferryman pulling *vehemently* away at *one* oar,—while the other,—with “Works” chalked upon it, lay quite discarded in the Boat! “Goodness me!”—he exclaimed,—“We shall certainly go down the Weir,—*quick!*—the other oar!” “*Right, Sir!*”—promptly replied the Ferryman,—and nimbly shipping the oar he had been using,—which was now seen to be marked “Faith,” a minute after, he was pulling lustily away,—on the port-side,—with “Works!” *Round* came the Ferry Boat,—but with not much better result, seeing that though they were now safe from the Weir,—they were going straight towards the Rocks! The disputants had, however, by this time, quite grasped the meaning of the Old Ferryman, and both sides joined in intreating him, to use both “Faith” and “Works,”—being “perfectly satisfied with his irresistible Logic.” The old Scotchman, at once, resumed both oars,—remarking,—as he pulled them safely,—and surely,—across, “Ah, sirs!—I’ve taken her across many a time. ‘Faith’s’ a good oar;—so is ‘Works,’—but I never yet got her across without using them *both together!*”

“FAITH IS EVERYTHING.”

And yet, dear Reader, the disputant in the Ferry Boat was perfectly right! Faith is everything! Faith in Almighty God,—Faith in the perfectly finished Work,—and complete Atonement,—of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ,—and Faith in Blessed God the Holy Spirit,—without Whom we can do nothing,—is, indeed,—the “one thing needful!” Faith,—as far as our Salvation goes is, indeed, “everything!” But, as a matter of fact,—it is impossible to possess this true, saving, Faith, without earnest desire,—with God’s aid,—to do our little to serve, honour, and please Him. If there is no desire for the extension of Christ’s kingdom, no love to Him, and no wish, nor intention, to do good to others,—we may rely

upon it that "Faith" is absent too. Every true Christian rests for Salvation entirely upon the finished Work of Christ. We rely implicitly upon the oar, "Faith," for reconciliation and acceptance,—but every *true* child of God,—with a grateful, loving, heart, will be ever found,—like the old Ferryman,—pulling also, away,—more or less heartily,—at "Works."

"And why call ye Me, Lord, Lord, and *do not* the things which I say?"

"And every one that heareth these sayings of Mine and *doeth them not*, is like unto a foolish man which,—without a foundation built his house upon the sand, and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew and beat upon that house and it fell, and great was the fall of it." "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye *do them*."



A Primitive Ferry Boat.

These basket-work boats,—varying in size,—are still used in Wales. They are called "Coracles,"—and were used in very ancient times. It is said that in boats of this description,—only of greater capacity,—the ancient Britons crossed over, at times, even to Ireland!

PAUL.

The Apostle Paul was also saved by being let down in a Basket.



"And they watched the Gates day and night to kill him. Then the Disciples took him and let him down by the wall in a basket."

—Acts ix., 24-25.

In a somewhat similar basket-boat the child Moses was placed afloat on the Nile, by his Mother, during the persecution of the Israelites in Egypt.



"And he was a goodly child, and she took for him an ark of Bulrushes, and daubed it with slime and with pitch, and put the child therein. And the daughter of Pharaoh came down to wash herself at the River, and when she saw the ark among the flags, she sent her maid to fetch it. And when she had opened it, behold the babe wept. And she had compassion on him, and said, call a nurse of the Hebrew women, that she may nurse the child for me. And the maid called the child's Mother. And she called his name Moses; for she said, Because I drew him out of the water."—*Exodus* iii., 5-6.



Just in time. A Friend in need.

The Bite of the "Cobra" Snake is death; and the Sting of Death is "Sin,"—from which Christ alone can save us.

A STORM.



"In the Picture we see a vessel driving heavily before a winter's gale."
 "Are they near the 'Goodwins'?"

CHAPTER XL.

(A Sunday School Address.)

A WILD NIGHT OFF THE GOODWINS.

"All that is definitely known is that the 'Maju' was bound from Dundee to Rangoon, and passed through the Pentland Firth last Saturday, in company with the ship, 'Lochee.' Eleven bodies have now come ashore."

"From Stornoway a despatch, dated Saturday night, says, that, notwithstanding the boisterous state of the weather, and the heavy sea running on the west coast of Lewes, the search for the bodies of the crew of the ill-fated vessel 'Maju' is continued indefatigably. One body—that of a stout, powerfully-built man, who would have weighed fully 17 stone—is conjectured to be that of the Captain. One body—that of a good-looking lad, about 19—was well dressed in new clothes, and in the pocket of his jacket was found a Bible."—(See *Daily Paper*, 27th October, 1874.)

IT is not far out at sea—out on the immense Ocean which surrounds this world—that the chief danger to a vessel lies. Every sea captain knows that his most anxious time is when his vessel is approaching a coast at his journey's end, or when getting clear of land at its commence-

ment. Once clear of the coast, and of the dangerous reefs and shoals—which run out far from the land—and which can only be avoided by close attention to the charts,—a vessel may drive before a gale for days, in the open sea, without much danger, but how is she to do so on a wild night off shore, when you are certain that you cannot be far off land, with its reefs and shoals? Amongst the many dangers of our most dangerous English coast, perhaps there is not one more dreaded by mariners, on a wild night, than the Goodwin Sands,—upon which, our English History informs us, Earl Goodwin was lost. During a storm the sea breaks mountains high over these dreaded sands! Many a fine vessel, since Earl Goodwin's day, has driven upon the Goodwins, and gone to pieces, far from aid, and from land! The so-called sands are in reality as hard and dangerous as if they were reefs or rocks.

In the picture we see a vessel driving heavily before a winter's gale. A wild night has set in. There are times when a vessel cannot safely be brought up against a storm, when you must drive before it, or founder. The captain and his mate know that the vessel must now be somewhere near the dreaded Goodwin Sands. The mate—a weather-beaten sailor, who has sailed on many a stormy sea,—has just come down from the deck; he has fancied that he has heard in the distance a sound louder even than that of the storm—a sound which, once heard, is never forgotten,—the roar of distant breakers far ahead! Could they have been the huge rollers breaking over the Goodwin Sands? He thought too, with a seaman's eye, that he had seen in the distance, a white line far ahead; could it have been the surf? He has come down into the cabin from the drenching decks, and finds the young Captain poring over the chart, and both are trying now, for dear life, to decide where the ship is in regard to the Goodwin Sands, so that they may, at all hazards, immediately wear the ship. Everything depends now upon their decision—on which side to wear the vessel. The hardy mate has been in many a storm, but then it was far out at sea—far from any land, with plenty of sea room. He has been in many as wild a night, but he is very anxious now! He knows that all they have now to trust to is *the chart*. The captain's wife, hushing the baby on her knee, knows that there is danger; she sees that the men are undecided, and anxious about the Ship.

Dear youths, who read this book, is there no lesson in this picture for us? In many cases, indifferent to religion, cold, and entirely thoughtless towards God, a youth comes to our English Sunday Schools, apparently with the idea that

all he has to care for is to secure what amusements and society—tea parties and such like—he can, and the less he hears of God and of religion the better he is pleased. But God sent us to this Sabbath school for a very different purpose to this. As young men commencing life, we have all started upon a voyage, which is to end only in *Eternity*! How many present will last out that voyage, God only knows, or how many will make shipwreck?

There are *dangers* on that voyage of a character which nothing can save you from but God's Almighty aid. Many do not believe it; many never will believe it till they have found it out for themselves—until they have learnt, from their sinfulness, what they are capable of, and the fearful power which sin, when allowed and unopposed, possesses over a sinful Youth, or a wicked man!

Knowing the dangers of the voyage before us, Almighty God has placed in our hands—often unasked, often undesired, by many a youth,—a *Chart*, which, if carefully studied and obeyed, will guide him safely through the dangers of this world, to the better world to come. That *chart* is the *Bible*, the only book of directions and rules which God has ever given to the world, or ever will give us. It was one of these books which the sailor boy had in his pocket when his ship, the "Maju," was lost.

Lost on "The Goodwins."



This chart is different to any other, in one respect—it is *always* to be *relied* upon. The charts issued by the Government of every country are as accurate as human skill and

patience can make them, yet, though every rock, every sounding, may be given, the charts are not always to be relied on. A heavy current may have thrown a vessel out of her course and reckoning; sands, such as the Goodwins, frequently shift, and the chart may thus be rendered useless. But it is not so with the chart issued by Almighty God! *His* directions *once* given, stand for Eternity! "Heaven and earth will pass away, but My words shall not pass away." The Saviour's wishes and directions to a young man commencing life, if followed, must lead him safely through every danger to the bright home above! But what slightest hope is there for a young man who despises God's written word—never cares to read it, much less to attempt to follow in one single instance God's directions on the chart! Ignorant, silly, vain, and self-willed, how many a youth listens with a yawn to God's solemn directions, the importance of which no human language can convey!

Once more, a vessel may sail many a time upon the self-same course, her keel may plough the same ocean again and again, but it is not so with us! You, I, and all we see around us are drifting onward to Eternity, and there is no going back! You will never sail back *one* mile of the course through life you have chosen, you will never pass the same course a second time! Is it to be a Godless course, letting youth and manhood go by, with every thought of God carefully excluded? Or is it to be a life of love to God, ever increasing in favour both with God and man? It is now in your power to choose which course it shall be.

Like it, or like it not, you have already started upon the great voyage of life, which is to end in Eternity! Everything now depends upon your choice, your efforts, your prayers! One youth is bent upon pleasure, another places his trust and highest aims upon obtaining wealth and success in the world. How few have the wisdom to secure first the friendship of Him who has all things both in Heaven and in Earth!

Like vessels on the ocean, with their sails set contrary ways, we are all passing over the Sea of Life in search of the objects upon which we have set our hearts and desires! And thus life passes on, until there comes a day—as there *will* come a day to each now present—a day *far* more anxious than the one represented in this picture! Some accident or illness comes, and, from a dying bed, we shall hear the first solemn murmurs of the boundless ocean of Eternity before us! Though you seldom read it now, you will then be searching with untold anxiety in God's chart, the Bible, to see how *you* stand for Eternity—to decide on what foundation are *your* hopes of heaven!

Now, with life, health, youth, and time before you, is the calm period in which betimes to study the Chart which God has given you, and to choose your course! You should spend a certain time every morning, and again at night before you sleep, in prayer for God's blessing on your future life and prospects; asking His forgiveness for every sin committed (in His own appointed way, in the Saviour's name) and in reading a few verses out of God's chart—the Bible. Even ten minutes thus spent by a Youth each day, will make a difference in his character by the time he is a Man, which no words can describe! This habit once gained, and adhered to every day, whatever the future life of a youth may be, whatever his sins and dangers, all must, one day, be well with him! Why? Because God's Word is *pledged*—and the Saviour's *honour* is pledged—that none of His creatures can invoke His aid and blessing *in vain*! Christ assures us of this again and again! He commended the troublesome, importunate Widow, who *would* keep asking the unjust Judge. He commended the troublesome friend persisting, at midnight, in knocking at his friend's house, and is not to be put down until he has his wish; and the direction given in God's chart,—the Bible,—to every youth is—"Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

"They that seek Me early shall find Me."

Jesus in Peter's Boat. The Reward of Faith



A Calm.

"And Peter said unto Him, Master, we have toiled all night, and have taken nothing; nevertheless at Thy word I will let down the net. And when they had this done, they inclosed a multitude of fishes. And they beckoned unto their Partners, which were in the other ship, that they should come and help them. And they came, and filled both the ships,

so that they began to sink. When Peter saw it he fell down at Jesus' knees. And Jesus said unto Simon, Fear not; from henceforth thou shalt catch men. And when they had brought their ship to land, they forsook all, and followed Him."—*Luke v., 5.*

"Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."—*Heb. iv., 16.*

Pray,—when the Morning shineth,
Pray,—when the Noon is bright,
Pray,—when the Eve declineth,
Pray,—in the hush of Night.



The Scene, two hours after the Fire was discovered.

The "Cospatrick,"—Emigrant Ship,—Capt. Elmslie,—left Gravesend 11th September, 1874, for Auckland; 479 on board, all told. Sixty-seven days out,—750 miles past the Cape,—Tuesday midnight, 17th November,—"a Cry was heard!" Some Wretches (the "Drink" again, Reader!), after the Beer Barrels in the hold,—are believed to have dropped their light in Straw, &c., and fled in Panic! They failed to keep her before the wind! The cargo caught, then the deck! An awful Scene ensued, all was confusion! 80,—mostly women,—got into the Boats, the davits broke; all were lost! The Captain, his Wife, and the Doctor, with others, as the Flames swept through them, jumped overboard! Only two boats,—without oars, water, or provisions,—got off; it became rough; one only was ever heard of! In this boat by the 25th, ten had died; many drinking salt water and going mad!

Capt. Jahnke,—a Prussian,—of the "British Sceptre,"—sure that a Tragedy had occurred in those Seas, from drift, &c.,—nobly followed the likely Track a boat would be driven, for many hours,—it ~~was~~ said for *three days*!—and rescued five, but two died from exhaustion at St. Helena, leaving only Macdonald (second mate), Lewis, and Cotter, —formerly a "Chichester" Boy,—out of 479!

CHAPTER XLI.

THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN'S DIFFICULTIES.
THE CAUSE OF THEM, AND THE VICTORY GAINED.DESCRIPTION OF THE FALL.—SATAN.—FREEWILL.—THE
COUNTERACTING SCHEME.—CHRIST IS BORN.—JESUS
DIES!—THE RELENTING PERSECUTOR.

"Thou shalt call His name JESUS,"—(Saviour,—in the Hebrew)—
"for He shall save His People from their sins."—*Matt. i. 21.*

The Roman,—Pilate,—strove hard and long to save our Lord
from the Jews.

"Why what evil hath he done?" "He hath done all things well!"



"Crucify Him!" "They cried out the more, Let Him be crucified."

"When Pilate saw that he could prevail nothing, but that rather a tumult was made, he took water, and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person: see ye to it."

"Then answered all the people, and said, His blood be on us, and on our children."—*Matt. xxvii., 24.*

Nigh 2,000 years have passed,—and still look at the treatment of the Jews in Russia and the East! His Blood has, indeed, been on their children!

As a well known Jewish Writer says:—"Oh! what the blood of that one man has brought on my Nation!"

WHAT is said in this and other Addresses has been on the supposition,—believed to be a true one,—that amongst the number who read these words, there are always some—God only knows who they are,—who, amidst their various occupations and amusements,—which hide God

altogether from the eyes of many,—do yet believe that it is their business in life, as well as their happiness, to come to Him, to find Him, and to walk in His fear all their lives ; but they do not see their way clearly nor is the presence of God, and His love, clearly felt by them. On the contrary, they struggle on, as I think, amidst great difficulties and frequent relapses : sometimes they feel cold and hardened, sometimes careless and indolent, doing what they would not, and neglecting that which they would wish to do. These may have felt the Truth of Religion, and are ready to begin some attempts and make some steps Heavenward, who are in the greatest danger of giving up all these attempts at improvement, and falling back to what Satan would have us all remain,—far from happiness, and from God. These I would ask to consider carefully the Reasons for this needful struggle. Our greatest danger of giving up all attempts, all thoughts of God and our Saviour, is at the Beginning of our Course. It is not he who has long tasted the happiness of religion—who, through many a time of danger, sorrow, or sin, has felt that in spite of unworthiness, and coldness, on his part, the Saviour to Whom he tendered his service and youthful love, in days long since past, bears him in remembrance, and, having loved him then, loves him still,—it is not such who are likely to throw all aside as hopeless ! But how can any help feeling for such as I have described who in early youth are struggling with the first, and, to them, great difficulties of a Christian Life, especially if their success or failure may be helped by what we do or leave undone ? The battle is God's as well as ours.

It is natural to think much of their case. The last command given by our Saviour, in the most affecting way, to His strong, impetuous follower, Peter, was, " Simon, lovest thou me ? " Three times did He, who spoke as never man spoke, whose every word had its solemn meaning, impress upon him the care of such as I have spoken of—the young and inexperienced !

It is natural to urge them to go on in spite of all discouragement ; to remind them that the door of Eternal life must ever be, from the Constitution of things, " strait " (difficult) and narrow, and that many a weary day may, perhaps, have to be spent before we can sit down safe at our Journey's end !

The Apostle just alluded to, was upon the Mount with Christ, and was in company with Moses and Elijah—translated, as it were, for a moment into Heaven itself ; but Peter had to come down from that Mount, and many a weary day had he to pass before he reached the Heavenly Kingdom. He had his Master's work to perform, and so it is with us all ! You will have many a struggle to pass through in this World, whatever

may be your position, in your desire after the things of time. Do you then grudge the efforts God asks you to attempt in advancing His Kingdom, and in beginning—where we must all begin—with your own faults and sins? It is natural to remind you that you are not uncared for, as you may be at times tempted to think is the case,—that there is One who is watching anxiously over you when you think yourself most forsaken!

The Reason of the difficulties the young Believer meets with are varied, according to your position, your companions, and your natural disposition; but everyone arrived at years of reflection will readily acknowledge that though, if sought in prayer, God's Holy Spirit is near them, enabling them to feel at peace with all men, to feel goodwill to all, to desire to please, and love, and serve God, yet that there is, at the same time, another power—*mysterious* (as is the impression of God's Holy Spirit upon our hearts), it is true, but nevertheless plainly to be felt—ever tending to erase every good impression which God, in His mercy, has at length made on our hearts,—ever ready to lead us into sinful, polluting pleasures, ever ready to embolden us in sin, ever ready to lead us to live carelessly, and without God, deepening every Spiritual Slumber! It is because of the presence of this Evil Power,—Satan,—(who is described as going about as a wild and savage animal, “seeking whom he may devour,”) that our Lord warns us to “Watch and pray lest ye fall into temptation;” and his Apostle encourages us with the words, “Draw near to God, and He will draw nigh unto you; resist the Devil, and he will flee from you.”

SATAN.

You know that Satan himself was once an inhabitant of the Realms of glory, but was cast out of them for Disobedience and Pride; and fell—fell, so as to become the Enemy of Almighty God Himself, and the great Enemy of our souls! Do you ask what Satan gains by our ruin, what pleasure he can obtain from it? I would ask what other pleasure has he left? Having, for ever, lost all himself, he vents his rage, envy, malice, and hatred to God, in endeavouring—alas! too often successfully (when aided by our carelessness and sin)—in thwarting the designs of a loving Creator! Without our assistance,—unless we “open the Door,”—unless “there is a Traitor within,” he can do nothing; with our consent and aid, he can ruin us for ever with himself! Add to this

that the Pride and love of Power which caused his own fall *must* find some satisfaction—miserable, wretched, devilish, though it be—in the Ruin he has caused, and causes still ! And, I would ask you to observe in the very worst of your acquaintances (I will not say *companions*), he who shows most signs of a wicked, abandoned, and proud character, if you do not mark in his contempt for Religion—contempt akin to despair at that blessedness he never hopes for, and, therefore, never tries to attain to ;—in that ridicule, and malice, and opposition to those he cannot but feel are purer, nobler, of more worth, and more esteemed, than himself ;—in that longing for power, and the wretched applause of the vilest and the worst, now that he has lost the esteem and regard of all that are Worthy and Good ;—cannot we mark, in all this, *something* of the *attributes* which constitute the Evil One himself, the commencement of that awful decline I have already spoken of, as caused by the departure of God ? Satan, actuated with such feelings towards God and His Creation, was permitted to put to the test our first parents, Adam and Eve, in the Garden of Eden ; with the full knowledge on their part of the consequence of that one sin,—the commencement of all others,—namely, disobedience to a Great, and All-wise, and Just God.

DIFFICULTIES. FREEWILL.

It is useless, as is often done, to evade the difficulty which ever comes over the subject to an honest, thoughtful mind,—often asked by the most flippant scoffer, and seldom answered by the pious,—if God, with His all-seeing eye, perceived the result which, down to all time, would, by this beginning of sin,—this departure from Him, entail upon all who should come after our first parents ;—if before Him was clearly present, the world, rendered by sin, so vile, that even His long-suffering found its almost entire destruction best, and “it repented *Him* that He had made man ;”—if before His eye passed in slow procession the tears, the groans, the imprecations of thousands of years, why was that temptation permitted ? Although he who asks such questions cannot expect to be fully answered ;—(for how can the creature comprehend the Creator ?)—unless we stood upon the platform of *infinite* wisdom, goodness, and power, we should fail to understand the answer even if given ; still, as such thoughts, will come to many a noble, thoughtful youth, and are too often wrongly and foolishly reprov'd, a word in reply. God, who is all goodness, all wisdom, all love, all justice, saw fit that this trial should be theirs. Of no moral crime, in the ordinary meaning of the word, could

they have been guilty ! With the whole world in their possession, they could neither steal, nor even covet. It was impossible that they could commit Adultery ! For deceit, hatred, anger, or fraud, there was no room or object ! In a word, their Purity and Innocence was so great, that before they ate of that forbidden fruit—the fruit which caused them to know evil from good (knowledge, alas ! paid for dearly, indeed, for all time)—they were even ignorant of the difference between the two. Sin was not yet known, and it was only by an act of *disobedience*, no matter in what way they disobeyed,—that they could **begin** to “ **sin**.” “ But it was surely a trifling offence,—merely an act of disobedience,—to have such an awful result, for thousands of years after, to our race.” “ *Trifling ? Was it ?* ” **Sin** had commenced ! The very next development,—the very next, Sin, was **Murder**. The foulest of murders,—that of a **Brother** ! Reader, there is nothing “ trifling ” about sin ! Who knows what “ trifling ” sin will *end* in ? Will it **ever** end ?

WOULD YOU DESIRE A WORLD OF “ PUPPETS ” ?

Young Reader, “ But God need not have permitted the Trial, or Temptation,—or ‘ the Fall,’ of our First Parents at all ! God might have made us all, *incapable* of sin,—*compelled* to be Pure, Holy, and *obliged* by our *Nature* to love and obey Him, in all things,—like a perfect machine ; and thus have *avoided* the Introduction of Sin into this world *at all* ! ”

Undoubtedly !—emphatically He might ! He need not have permitted “ **Free-will** ” to any of His creatures ! All might have been “ *Machines*,” mere “ *Puppets*,”—having no “ *Will* ” of *their own*,—no *choice* ;—all singing his praises with the monotony of Millions of perfect *Machines*, all *going round together* ! Reader, your Free-will,—power of choice,—is,—if you *use it aright*, the most blessed thing,—*in itself*,—God could bestow. *Abused*,—it becomes a Curse ! What God desires is the free choice of Him, and His service, by Intelligent,—Responsible,—Intellectual Beings,—not a World entirely full of Unintelligent Puppets.

EVERYTHING THAT EXISTS MUST HAVE ITS OPPOSITE.

All things that God has created, or ordained, are good in *themselves* ; it is in the improper use men choose to make of them that the evil and curse lies.

By all means,—all your life long,—avoid Evil and Sin, shun Bad Companions and Bad Habits,—it is your duty,—it is God’s will that you should do so.

But do not say that the presence of Evil permitted by God, in a World *intended* by Him to be a place of Trial, or Probation, is wrong, and an unmixed evil; *because it is not!* It is unavoidable!

The Christian's life would be utterly impossible,—*unintelligible*,—without the presence of Sin,—and the necessity of a struggle with Evil! No two words about it, dear Reader, a Conflict there must be! "Resist the Devil,"—*in some way*,—you certainly will have to, that is if you are to be a Christian at all! How could Creation exist without everything in existence having *its opposite*? How else *know* it was *there*? How can you have Warmth,—Height,—Speed,—Knowledge,—Courage,—Truth,—Love,—Beauty,—Worth,—Virtue,—Piety,—Kindness,—if their *opposites* did not exist to *compare* them with?

THERE MUST BE TRIAL.

Surely we see this in everything in God's ordering, and in the Constitution of everything around us. What is Vice,—Immorality,—Covetousness,—Drunkenness,—but the result of an *improper use* made of things Perfect,—Pure,—and Excellent, *in themselves*, against which Conscience,—which is the voice of God,—expostulates from our Childhood to our Grave?

RESIST THE DEVIL AND HE WILL FLEE FROM YOU.



Christian and Apollyon.

"Then said Apollyon,—'I am sure of thee now!' But, as God would have it,—while Apollyon was fetching his last blow,—thereby to make a full end of this good man,—Christian, with his sword—'all prayer,' gave the Fiend, nimbly, a deadly thrust,—which made him give back, as one that had received his mortal wound. Christian,—perceiving this,—*made at him again*,—saying,—'Nay, in all these things we are more than Conquerors, through Him that loved us!' And, with that,—the foul Fiend spread forth his dragon's wings, and sped him away, so that Christian saw him no more!"—*Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress*.

"He that overcometh shall inherit all things,—and I will be his God, and he shall be My Son."—*Rev. xxi., 7.*

You *smile* at the Woodcut,—representing a "Fiend" in "human" or bodily shape,—treated "Conventionally;" but, believe me, the presence of Satan, and his vile angels in this fallen World, in their *unseen, spiritual*, but, nevertheless, *actual* form, is no laughing matter!

BUT IT IS INDEED NO SMILING MATTER.

There never lived a Christian Youth,—and never will,—who had not *some* besetting Sin, against which he is called, by God, to "fight the good Fight of Faith!"

IT IS FOR ETERNITY. FOR WEAL OR FOR WOE.

You have felt it yourself! Mysterious, it is true,—as is the Presence, if humbly sought, of God the Holy Spirit,—but every enlightened Christian is aware of the existence of this Agency, ever suggesting to both Old and Young, "Just *one more sin!*" "*Time enough yet!*" Then,—when Youth has passed,—"*Too late now!* You are too old for Religion!"—Ever *deepening* every *spiritual slumber*,—ever tempting to Self-conceit, Self-sufficiency, Pride, Sloth, and too often to Unbelief, Scepticism, Prayerlessness, Neglect of God, Covetousness, Dishonesty, Angry Temper, Revenge, Selfishness, Gluttony, a Worldly, Thoughtless Life without Christ,—and, perhaps, strongly tempting to the Sins of Immorality and Drunkenness! What a Catalogue! Believe me, the Power of Satan is no *smiling* matter! You may not know it, but God knows that, amongst these, *you* also have your besetting Sin, and depend upon it Satan knows it too!

GOD WILL NOT FORCE MANKIND INTO HEAVEN.

Reader, you cannot be forced to be "Pious," to love God,—to serve Christ,—to Pray,—to be Wise, Virtuous, Temperate, Thrifty, Saving, and Religious. *Why?* Why cannot we *force* these excellent attributes upon all men,—including Piety,

Belief in Christ,—and then compel all Mankind to be happy, sober and successful in this World,—and, finally, force them into the Kingdom of Heaven? Because it cannot be from the needful Constitution of things! *Force* any man to be “Virtuous,” and “Virtue,”—from that moment,—ceases! By your *compulsion* you have destroyed it! There is *no* Virtue in being what we are made to be by necessity!

Consequently,—as frequently urged throughout this Work,—Freewill,—Free Choice,—is the First and Essential Prerogative of a Man,—of Human Nature.

Take away his “Will,”—his free “Choice,”—and you may have an excellent “Puppet,” or “Automaton,”—but he **ceases to be a man!** A Responsible being you *must* have! Consequently we can only persuade, argue with, induce, educate, any to use the Means of Salvation, Prayer, Study of God’s Word, and the means of Grace open now to all Men.

Had the Supreme created a Race of perfect Creatures,—incapable from their very constitution of doing, or even desiring to do, anything contrary to His Will, we should have seen a World,—about equivalent to Myriads of perfect “Musical Boxes,” all constructed alike to play the same tunes to His praise during all Eternity!

We should have been Things,—Machines,—not Men!

But could anything be conceived more deadly monotonous? Reader! Would you like to have been created a mere animated Puppet,—Marionette,—incapable for ever of real “Goodness,”—because it is abuse of language to call a mere machine “Good” in a Moral Sense? Who would speak of a “pious” Steam Engine? Or, a “virtuous” Sewing Machine? It would be absurd!

Consequently tried we all *must* be; and how could we be tried if Evil had not been made *possible*?

THE PRESENCE OF EVIL NECESSARY.

Thus the Young Readers, it is thought, must see the *absolute necessity* of Trial! You say, “I am a Virtuous, Excellent Young Man!” “*Indeed!*”—we may, from 60 years’ experience of Mankind,—be allowed to reply, “We are glad to *hear* you and your friends *say so*,—but would like to have it *proved!*”

“Were you ever *tried*?” How can we be tried without a trial? For what is “Virtue?” What is “Purity?” How can their very *existence* be discovered,—much less proved,—*except by Trial?*

"Well! I admit that there must be trial. Trial, no doubt, is a necessity to ascertain the existence of Virtue."

Then, dear Reader, how can there *possibly* be "trial" without the presence of Evil? If the "Tares" were not allowed, *for a time*, to grow with "the Good,"—temptation, trial, and, consequently, Virtue, and (the only *real* "Goodness")—*tried* "Goodness,"—would have no existence or opportunity of showing itself!

"Just and true are all Thy ways!" You may rely upon it, Reader, that **"Everything that is,—is right,"**—not that Evil is right, but that its *presence* in a World of Trial, and Probation,—*"is right!"*

Everything which God permits to exist,—*"the Tares,"—"the Wicked,"—"the Devils,"—themselves,—all have their use!* Mark you! The Good will always *prevail* in the *end*! But, whatever God permits to exist, *has an object*, and is *overruled* for our good if only we use the means of obtaining Salvation from Sin.

GOD SUFFERS FROM "SIN." CHRIST DIED OWING TO IT.

"We know that the whole Creation groaneth, and travaileth in pain together until now. But the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings, which cannot be uttered."—*Rom. viii., 22, 26.*

"God suffers from Sin?" "Bold words!" They are, indeed, dear Reader! What! Omnipotent God permits Himself to "suffer?" Yes! God has "limited" Himself in regard to Man! A mystery lies here which Eternity alone will explain! To enable us to become "Christians," "Believers," "Sons of God," "Joint heirs with Christ,"—instead of mere "creatures" of God,—mere "automatons,"—God had to permit, His hated Enemy, "Sin," to exist, and to permit us Freewill! God thus "suffers" in as much as He "limits" Himself to secure us our Freewill, without which "Sonship" with Him would be impossible!

"Son thou art ever with Me, and *all that I have is thine!*"—*Luke xv., 31.*

THE SOUL OF MAN IS FREE.

Thus God "limits" Himself in not touching our Freewill, unless we persistently apply to Him for Salvation, and for Grace. Against the evil heart, God has many blessed influences, which are continued for many years!

From a Sinner's Childhood to his Grave, God tries infinite persuasion, kindness, and severity, pain or happiness, pleasure, sorrow or alarm. He has infinite ways of dealing with various characters, urging all to Piety. But He will not force!

For, *after all*, there is one **awful** liberty, which belongs to Man alone, a liberty as to which God "limits" Himself, and will not touch, namely, the liberty of choosing, finally, whether or no we will use the means of Salvation, Daily Prayer, Reading His Word, Belief in, and Service to, Christ, whether, in short, we will yield to God, or resist Him to the end !

"He could there do no mighty work, because of their unbelief."—*Mark vi., 5.*

The Messiah had come at last ! He was ready to Heal, to Save, but they *would* not ! Man *would* not, and therefore Christ *could* not ! When Man **Will Not**, God **Cannot**.

FREEDOM OF WILL

is, by necessity, allied to *liability* to sin ; and, as it is *absolutely essential* to Eternal reward and happiness, it was a necessity that an opportunity of exercising that freedom of will should have been offered to our First Parents, as it is to each of us.

THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

Man was thus, by the bounty of his Creator, not only called into existence, and placed in a delightful Paradise, but was made the heir, should he prove himself not unworthy of such kindness, to the inestimable gift of an immortality of bliss ; though it rested with Himself, as it does now, either to obtain the promised inheritance by obedience, or to forfeit it by a contrary line of conduct. "Paradise," or the "Garden of Eden," appears to have been stocked with everything calculated to delight and gratify the senses,—birds, trees, flowers, and fruits, and a cloudless and Eternal Spring, and Summer, probably added to its delights. Nothing was wanting which the taste of creatures pure and untouched by sin or sinful desires could possibly wish for.

Surrounded by such evidences of God's goodness and love, the first Pair dwelt for some time, and, had they continued so, we, their descendants, should also have thus lived, and Death and Sin and Misery would have never entered our World !

God Himself was their Director and Friend. He conversed with them familiarly ; He instructed them in their duty towards Him and each other. On their part perfect happiness prevailed, for the strict prohibition not to eat the fruit of **ONE** out of the multitude of the trees of the garden was, we may well believe, not very difficult to obey !

Subject to no rebellious or wicked passions, docile, pious, and grateful—as what else should they have been ?—their



Eden.

life was a continued succession of innocent delights ! Had they retained their innocence, Children would have been born to them in due time, pure and innocent as themselves, and, when Mankind became too numerous for the narrow compass of Paradise on Earth, generation after generation, as each was prepared for it, would have been translated into the abodes of the blessed ! But you know that such was not the case. You feel too clearly for yourself in your struggles to do well, in the difficulties which beset every path of improvement, and wisdom, and goodness,—that those loving designs were thwarted ; that Satan's temptation found in Eve, as the weaker of the two, a successful issue, even,—one would be inclined to believe, viewing the awful results to this world of ours—in a degree above what even Satan anticipated ! The first pair were tempted to disobey their Creator's loving, holy will, and—as you and I have done, not *once* only, but many and many a time,—they *gave way*, as you and I and all have done (how often ?) to Satan's wretched, miserable, temptation, and fell ! *Why* they gave way and fell ;—and *why* myriads *for whom Christ died* reject Him, and His love and atonement, and perish,—Eternity alone will disclose ! These are mysteries God alone can fathom, we only know that *it is so*,—we see it *for ourselves*, through Obstinate “Unbelief.”

Some may think the mere eating of an apple, in disobedience to the command of God, an offence of light nature ; but such forget that disobedience in the *least* command would necessarily be the first step to *all* disobedience and all Sin ; they forget that the moment Evil was entertained, and Temptation yielded to, there entered into human nature,—before this so

innocent,—the disposition of Satan himself, prepared, if not withstood, for greater Crimes as occasion offered,—for any infraction, indeed, of the laws of God. The *very next* Sin was *Murder*, and Man at once became *afraid* of his God! It is striking that at the same moment the command of God was violated the Knowledge of Good and Evil—the Knowledge and Consciousness that they deserve God's punishment—was felt; they were afraid of, and tried to hide from, Him! We hear of no command that the first pair should not have eaten of the fruit of the other tree in the centre of the garden,—the Tree of Life. Probably God's design was that they should eat of it to renew their lives incessantly; for if they had not sinned they would never have seen Death.

"THE FALL." PARADISE LOST.—THE "TREE OF LIFE."

It was in mercy that He now drove them forth, after the "Fall," for fear they should also eat of the other tree after their act of sin, and the wonderful Scheme for the Redemption of Mankind would then have been frustrated, and God's Word would not have come to pass, namely, that if they disobeyed His command, "they should surely die!" Alas! what were their thoughts when banished from that sweet spot,—banished from God's immediate and actual presence by the necessary results of their own sin—and all for *what*?



Eden.

So it is with us; it will be the keenest pang we shall ever feel, that it was our own perverse, wilful, wicked wills, which withstood and thwarted the schemes of infinite wisdom, and goodness, and love which the Almighty had in store for us; and all for *WHAT* in return? Hence it was by yielding to Satan's temptation that the way was thrown open to him to enter.

SATAN ENTERS THE WORLD.

And hither, alas! he came, with all his sad and fearful train endeavouring to enthrone himself in our hearts! The result,—the disposition for any infraction of God's laws—was shown by the first murder—that of Abel by his own brother! The consequence of "the Fall" presents, indeed, a degradation grievous to behold! Our affections, which once soared upwards to the Creator, and to things of a higher and purer life, now cleave to worldly objects—things of Earth which must, from their very nature, perish with the using; the Passions and Will, which were inclined to good, are now fierce and greedy after sinful and self-destroying pleasures! It is first Earthly, scraping its goods, its pleasures, or its Fame, together; then, as like grows to like, it expands into its master's image; the mark of the Beast becomes more distinct; first Earthly, then Sensual, then Devilish, until *Satan's obscene and loathsome likeness stands confessed!* How many are they whom innocent pleasures, and pure delights, can please no more! Whom *nothing* now can please, that has not on it something of the serpent's slime!

Owing to the "Fall," "the heart of Man is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked."

THE MARK OF THE BEAST.

How often do we see,—it is no uncommon sight,—one who was once a pure and innocent child, one on whom a Saviour looked with love and hope, one in whom were capacities for much that was good,—you see him in his drunken revelry, or his midnight crime, his vile language, his filthy life and conversation; you see clearly enough the *degradation* of the Nature *that once bore the image of God*, that should by this time have been going on upwards and onwards towards Him, the source of life and light; you can mark clearly enough the desecration of those wonderful powers, that wonderful being we all alike enjoy! But you cannot see the *exulting, mocking* Demon that is *behind!* When one hears the thoughtless, light way of speaking of youthful sins, such as—"He is sowing his wild oats,"—"Boys will be boys." Could those who speak thus—as they may one day have to do in their own case—but trace the ceaseless, ever-increasing power of Satan, and of permitted sin, they would recall these thoughtless words! One sickens to think of the depths of degradation, and of the shameful, ignominious slavery Satan will lead into, *ever leading his Votaries to viler drudgery than before;*

first tempting to sin by employing and desecrating the precious, wonderful gifts of Almighty goodness, to serve his ends, and giving a transient pleasure to excite to a repetition ; but as the evil Habits are formed, sin offers less and less pleasure, till many look around upon a blighted, woeful, and polluted past life, and ask, with wild alarm, " What urged me on to this Madness of folly, and induced me to sacrifice *all things*, everything in this World, everything in the World to come, and *for what* ? " What indeed, but Sin and Satan, who madden the Sinner through life, unless repelled and conquered, and only leave him sober, when too late, in his last and dreadful hours ! It was always, " Just *one* more Sin ! "

AN ALLOWED SIN IS A WHIRLPOOL.

Pity that experience and knowledge of our dangers, come too often at the wrong end of life—when advice has been spurned,—till the lesson has, at last, reached our proud, wilful natures, but the time, and opportunities, to profit by it are no more ours ; when before our eyes, our past woeful life floats like a Dreadful Dream or Phantom ; when life, like a rushing torrent, with its hopes, and fears, and pursuits, and opportunities, are past to us for ever—and we are left to groan out of the depths of our hearts, " Watchman, will the night *soon* end ? Watchman, will the night *soon* end ? "

So long as Satan sees we let our days go by, without a thought of God and our duty and love to Him, *he is quiet and well content* ; but once let good and earnest thoughts begin to spring up in our hearts,—desires to know more of and love more our Saviour, and our Heavenly Father, and to feel some desire to serve Him and to be His,—then Satan feels that his power over us by Nature will soon be set at defiance. *Everything he can do* to prejudice our minds against God to make the thought of Him *feel irksome and distasteful*,—to *distract* our thoughts by *new pursuits and companions*,—he will not *fail to attempt* ; while he magnifies, at the same time, the enjoyment of sinful, and transient, and unsatisfying pleasures on which he would have us waste the short time we have to prepare for Eternity, by learning to know and love our God.

THE GREAT COUNTERACTING SCHEME OF CHRIST.

One would not have dwelt so long on this subject did we not know that it is a lesson hard to learn. One dwelt upon it with pain, sadness, and sorrow, and turn gladly to brighter hopes. Who would ask you to begin this needful work, this

attempt after a good and holy life, to commence such a work *by yourself*? It would be useless, unless the Saviour had lived, and died, that He might deliver us from the power of Satan. No! we *must* apply in the first place to Him. Lean upon His strength. Christ has come down from Heaven—He left the bosom of the Father on purpose to deliver and ransom us, and He “goeth forth conquering and to conquer!” “Thou shalt call His name JESUS (Hebrew for the ‘Saviour,’), for He shall save His people from their sins.”

In the Counsels of the Eternal God—in foresight of the power of Satan and the depravity of man,—this wonderful Counteracting Scheme had been arranged! Wonderful, because it enables God, who is all Justice—to execute His punishment against Sin to the very uttermost—and yet to pardon and save the repenting Sinner!

The first intimation of this gracious purpose was given just when the first Shadow of Sin had swept over the World, just when our first parents heard the righteous sentence, the consequence of their sin,—that of Death,—passed on them; it was given in the words, “The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent’s head;” and so it has come to pass! Our Saviour, when He came, told His disciples that—“Many Prophets and Kings have desired to see these things which ye see, and have not seen them.”

What was it those Prophets and Kings desired, and had not, which we have? It was this,—a Saviour and a Saviour’s Kingdom. All wise and holy hearts for ages, Heathens as well as Jews longed for this,—for One Who should free them from sin and conquer evil,—One Who would explain the evil and wrong that were in the world. And now this Kingdom is come, and the King of it,—the Saviour of men,—Jesus Christ!

Long, men waited and prayed, and at last in God’s good time, just when Religion, Honesty, and Common Decency, seemed to have died out, when things were at their very worst, under the Roman Empire—the Sun of Righteousness arose upon a dead and rotten World!

JESUS IS BORN.

“Because there was no room for them in the Inn.”—*Luke ii., 7.*

(Dear Reader, are *our* hearts so full of this passing World, that *we* have “no room for Christ?”).

“A *poor* Reception!” “*Manger*,”—and a “*Stall*!” But there’s a Cure! Thy Presence, Lord, alone, can Gild the Manger! Make the Stall,—a THRONE!



"Ye shall find the Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was, with the angel, a multitude of the Heavenly Host, praising God, and saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill towards men!"

"And when they were come into the house, they saw the young Child with Mary his Mother, and fell down and worshipped Him,—and when they had opened their treasures, they presented Him with gifts,—gold and frankincense and myrrh."—*Luke ii., 12-14. Matt. ii., 11.*

(Dear Reader, let us also give our best things to Christ, our influence, time, talents, and hearts.)

"And thou shalt call His name Jesus (Saviour in the Hebrew), for He shall save His people from their sins. For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given; and the Government shall be upon His shoulder; and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace! Of the increase of His Government there shall be no end."—*Isaiah ix., 6.*

Who was "Jesus Christ"? "*I and My Father are one.*"—What mystery is here! What if Eternity should gradually disclose the solemn fact that it was the *Blessed God Himself* who died for our sins,—died that we might live?

"And the Child grew,—and waxed strong in spirit,—filled with wisdom; and the grace of God was upon Him."—*Luke ii., 42-52.*

And when Jesus was twelve years old His parents went up to Jerusalem; and it came to pass that after three days they found Him in the Temple, sitting in the midst of the Doctors, both hearing them, and asking them questions. And all that heard Him were astonished at His understanding and answers.

He came to feel our temptations, and Satan's power, for Himself. He passed through infancy, through boyhood and youth, and manhood, that we might have "One who is touched with a feeling of our infirmity,"—our liability to go wrong. "He was in all points tempted like as we are," that He might succour those who are tempted.



JESUS AS A BOY IN THE TEMPLE.



JESUS ENTERS JERUSALEM.

"And they brought the colt to Jesus, and He sat upon him. And a great multitude spread their garments in the way; others cut down branches from the trees and strewed them in the way, and the whole multitude began to rejoice, and praise God with a loud voice for all the mighty works that they had seen, saying, 'Hosanna! Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord!' And all the city was moved, saying, 'Who is this?' And the multitude said, 'This is Jesus, the Prophet of Nazareth.' Then was fulfilled that which was spoken by the prophet, saying, 'Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion: behold thy King cometh unto thee: He is just, and having Salvation; lowly and riding upon an ass, and upon a colt the foal of an ass.'"—*Zechariah ix., 9.*

NOTE.—In Judea there were few horses,—and these were chiefly employed in War.

Indeed to ride on a horse was taken as an emblem of War,—or its approach,—whilst to ride on a Mule denoted a Period of Peace, repose, and peaceful intentions.

Therefore Kings and Princes were accustomed to ride on the Mule in times of Peace. It was an act of Policy,—and though it is true our Blessed Lord was foretold by ancient Prophecy as coming "lowly,"—the riding on a Mule was by no means, in itself, necessarily an act of humility, or degradation,—but rather the reverse. It is, indeed, alluded to in several places as a mark of Dignity and Rank. In Judges x., 4: xii., 14, etc.,—we learn that the sons of the former Judges of Israel rode on "ass colts."

Solomon,—certainly second to no ancient Monarch in Rank or Riches,—rode on a Mule (I. Kings i., 33). Emblem of that Period of profound Repose God gave to him in which he might build the Great Temple. His Father,—King David,—wishing to do his son due honour expressly charges his servants to "cause Solomon my son to ride upon *his own Mule.*"

SATAN.

But meanwhile Satan was not idle! He was not going to give up his Reign without a struggle!

The first victory over Satan, who had held his power over Mankind for so long,—was Jesus' temptation in the wilderness. Satan seems to *have been aware* that a great Prophet and Teacher had come into the World, although, up to this time, he might not have known that it was the Son of God. Satan therefore hoped to tempt the "second Adam," as he had tempted the "first;" so, when wearied and exhausted with hunger, he brought before Jesus a not very dissimilar temptation to that which had been so successful in the garden of Eden so many Centuries before. But ah!—thanks be to God!—there was a mightier Adam in human form—this time—with whom he had to deal! He had come Who was to "take away the prey from the spoiler!" He Who was "to bruise the Serpent's head;" and as "by one man's sin death and sin had entered the world," so, at length He had come, who was to redeem the world from sin! Grasping the sword of the Spirit, he cut asunder the temptations of the Evil One, and the Demon went baffled away. But the conquest was no light one, for Angels, we read, came to minister to Jesus,—to employ their offices of kindness upon His fatigued and sorrowing Soul. But Satan felt the repulse! He who had lorded it over a ruined world so long, had now to find his servants, the evil spirits, cast out! We can trace the confession of their defeat,—and also that at length, the powers of evil knew against whom they were now madly contending, in their despairing cry, "What have we to do with thee, Jesus, thou Son of God? art thou come to torment us before the time?" That time when they, and all like them, shall be cast into "the lake of fire," to tempt others no more for ever!

But, although defeated, the Enemy was not conquered, and returned to the charge; and, seeing that the rule he had usurped so long was about to be overthrown, Satan seems to have mustered the whole of his strength, "entering," we read, "into Judas Iscariot,"—and making him further his end.

The Pictures of the "Ancient Masters" are quite incorrect in their depicting,—at the "Last Supper,"—our Modern Tables.

"And ye shall say unto the good man of the house, The Master saith unto thee, Where is the guestchamber, where I shall eat the passover with my disciples?"

"And he shall shew you a large upper room furnished: there make ready."



Method of sitting at table in Roman Times.

GETHSEMANE.

Then entered Satan into Judas, surnamed Iscariot, being one of the twelve.

When Jesus had spoken these words He went forth with His disciples over the brook, Cedron, where was a garden called Gethsemane, into the which He entered with His disciples. And Judas which betrayed Him knew the place, for Jesus oft-times resorted thither with His disciples. And He saith unto them, "Sleep on now and take your rest. Behold he is at hand that doth betray Me."

Judas then having received a band of men and officers, from the Chief Priest, cometh thither with torches and weapons. And Judas had given them a sign, saying, "Whomsoever I shall kiss, that same is He." And forthwith he came to Jesus, and said, "Hail, Master," and kissed Him.

We cannot tell much of the attack which took place in the garden of Gethsemane, for it was a conflict by night, and took place in darkness; but we may be sure that both here,—and at the Cross,—Satan was not absent! So great was that trial,—so dreadful the feeling of some impending horror,—that our Lord desired His disciples to watch with Him, and doubtless assist Him by their prayers. But they who might have enjoyed that honour,—to be enjoyed by no created beings again,—of assisting in person and watching with the Son of God in His conflict with evil,—were weary and drowsy, and could not do so! How touching those words of our Lord when the time had passed,—“Sleep on now and take your rest.” It is as if He had said, “It is useless now; the time when you might have aided Me is gone past! Once you might have watched with Me, but you have allowed it to go by



The Garden.

and left Me alone in that hour. I could not be so with us,—that our solemn words to us in the evening said take your rest! "O much power and influence like before you, I asked you your service, your heart, your soul,—but you did not do so. Those times gone by! The can sleep on now and take your rest! you must awake from this, but to wake only to the We read that the agony was so great, that "His sweat was as it were blood falling down to the ground. When tempted to any sin, it is to add, for a trifling thing, the Saviour has already

CALVARY.



Now from the sixth hour there was darkness over all the land until the ninth hour. And about the ninth hour Jesus cried in a loud voice, saying, "Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani,"—that is to say, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" After this Jesus knowing that all things were accomplished, saith "I thirst." And straightway one of them ran and took a sponge and filled it with vinegar, and put it on a reed, and gave Him to drink. When Jesus had received the vinegar He cried, "It is finished," and He bowed His head, and gave up the ghost.

And behold the veil of the Temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom; and the earth did quake, and the rocks rent.

But when they came to Jesus and saw that He was dead already, they broke not His legs, but one of the Soldiers with a spear pierced His side, and forthwith came there out Blood and water.

NOTE.—It is believed that this last fact indicates that the Heart of our Lord was burst through anguish, and a "Broken Heart" for our Sakes.

CHRIST'S VICTORY.

Thus ended the last contest—the Death upon the Cross! And had Satan's designs at length succeeded? Had he made the wicked leaders of the Jews,—God's own people,—into whose hands his accomplice Judas had betrayed Him,—the destroyers of their own Redeemer from Misery and Sin? And was the Champion at length smitten? Was there victory at last for the powers of Hell?

SATAN'S JOY.

Imagine, if you can, the joy in the breast of the Evil One when the Saviour expired!—How he would exult at the

Victory which had more than recompensed the struggle of four thousand years ! Exulting Demons are with him, flushed with high hopes they *dare not name*, that boast of a ruined World, and a peopled Hell ! Hours roll on ; He makes no sign, save that there was darkness over the whole Earth, as if the Sun of God's Creation refused, for a time, to cast its beams of life-giving light, and warmth, upon so guilty, so sad, a Scene !

Day and night succeed each other ; the victory of Evil appears complete and final ! Shall no one undeceive those Evil Ones ? No ! let them enjoy their triumph while they may ! It were cruel to disturb a Dream like that, which will have so terrible an awakening !

And the devil that deceived them was cast into the lake of fire and brimstone, where the beast and the false prophet are, and shall be tormented day and night for ever and ever.

THE VICTORY OF CHRIST.

But we, dear Reader, with the light of nigh two thousand years shining upon that Mount of Calvary, *understand the matter better !*

Our Saviour died,—it is true,—for thus only could sin be forgiven. He bore the penalty of God's righteous, but dreadful, punishment for the Sins of the World, of course ;—because He alone could by death atone for them, and open to Mankind the way once more to God through Him ! Oh ! to the eye of faith there is a *surpassing* Glory upon that Cross ! He was never so Kingly as when girt about with that crown of thorns : there was never so much Royalty upon His brow as when He said, " It is finished ! " and He died ! He did but stagger for a moment,—under a World's Sin,—and then so bore, that He bore it away for Ever for His Redeemed ones !

CHRIST'S VICTORY.

Yes ! the conflict with sin and Satan was over ! It was " finished " when He said it was—upon the Cross ! The penalty of God's anger against Sin had been borne by One who did but once stagger under the weight of a World's sin when He cried, " My God ! My God ! Why hast Thou forsaken Me ! " and then so bore that He bore it away for ever ! The hatred and persecutions of the wicked Jews,—His own peculiar people,—the efforts of Satan, and a cruel and dishonoured death, had been borne without a word of pain ; it was only when that departure of God Himself,—that awful consciousness that His blessed presence is leaving, or has left,

the Soul was felt that this cry was raised! But it was "finished" now, and the way to Eternal Life is opened to us all! Poor sinners,—blinded by Satan and their own evil passions and sin,—can now approach God through the Saviour; and those very Jews who stood round the cross, and brought about His death, were the first invited to come! Yes; Christ had become obedient unto death in the love He bore to us, even such a death as that of the Cross; therefore God also "hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a name which is above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow," either in Mercy or in Judgment.

The words of Scripture almost allow us to follow our Lord, who, in His perfect obedience,—perfect goodness,—“went forth conquering and to conquer!” We can almost follow Him as He ascends to the right hand of his God and our God,—His Father, and now *our* reconciled Father in Heaven! The question is asked in the beautiful words of His inspired Psalmist, as he nears the Celestial City, and passes through the blessed ranks of the Redeemed, “Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments, from Bozrah, travelling in the greatness of His might?” And then comes the joyful command, “Lift up your heads, O ye gates! and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, that the King of Glory may come in!” For God has now put all things under His feet!

JESUS THE SAVIOUR OF THE YOUNG.

Be of good courage, then, as many of you, dear Youths, who have begun to pray to Him,—but pray with effort,—who resist sin, but too often give way to it! From our cradle to our grave, Christ the King is ever ready to guide, to teach, to deliver us. Whatever your age,—whatever your wants,—He gives you leave to think of Him as taking our nature, our temptations upon Him,—as knowing us altogether. All of us can say, “What I am, Christ has been.” He was a Child once,—a Boy,—a Youth. Thus you may be sure He loves and can aid you, for He has passed through every age, with its temptations!

Wait patiently, then, dear Youth, if your Prayers are cold, if your Faith is but weak, if your sins seem many. Pray still! Believe in God’s love and power amidst Unbelief; struggle still with your sins, however often they may overcome you! In your perseverance,—in your hoping against hope,—is the sign that you are Christ’s! Only wait and be not weary, and the night will come to an end at last! How delightful is the early dawn in the Summer season, when the forms first, then

the colour of things, begin to appear, and there is a stillness over everything, as if preparing for the heat and the noise of the coming day! So it is with the Dawn of our Spiritual life! That is the DAWN,—THE DAWN OF AN ETERNAL DAY!—to those who have been thus waiting, when prayer at last becomes welcome, when we begin to think of God as our loving Father, and begin to feel as His children! For “a little season” He may seem “to hide His face” from you, to try your faith and confidence in Him; but, “with everlasting kindness,” He will have mercy upon you!

Therefore take courage, you who believe in God's love and power, and yet at times are ready to doubt it! Still pray to Him, and try to weed out whatever sin you observe in yourself. Do not be persuaded to give up the point you have attained to, and, before long, the night—your time of trial and darkness—will come to an end, and you shall know something of those things which God has prepared for those who love Him!

To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God.

JESUS THE SAVIOUR OF THE OLD.

To the older Reader. Although this Book is intended for the Young,—the Writer cannot leave the Subject of the *Cross of Christ* without the following appeal to the *older*,—and, perhaps, unconverted, Reader.

THE LATE REPENTANT PERSECUTOR.—THE AWFUL CRY FROM THE CROSS.

And at the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani which is, being interpreted, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?

And straightway one of them ran, and took a sponge, and filled it with vinegar, and put it on a reed, and gave Him to drink.

The rest said, Let be, let us see whether Elias will come to save him.

“And, straightway, one of them ran, and took a sponge, and filled it with vinegar, and put it on a reed, and gave Him to drink.”—Matt. xxvii., 46-48. “When Jesus had received the vinegar, He said, ‘It is finished,’—and He bowed His head, and gave up the ghost.”—John xix., 30.

Mankind have ever to be grateful to this unknown man, for this *one* act of kindness shown to our Blessed Lord in His last agony,—amidst a scene of outrage and cruelty. Even Pilate,—corrupt, and unjust, as we learn from History, though he was,—had his compunctions too; he had striven hard, and long, with the Jews, to save “this just Person.” He had taken a Basin!—He had washed his hands before them all,

saying, "I am innocent of the blood of this just Person,—see ye to it!"

Thank God, one act of feeling—representative of our common humanity,—was shown amidst the scene of Injustice, Cruelty, and Outrage! Moved by the terrible cry from the Cross,—this unknown, late repenting,—persecutor, ran to the Cross, and performed *one* act of kindness to the dying Saviour! It was almost too late!—Matt. xxvii., 49,—tells us that "The rest said, 'Let be, let us see whether Elias will come to save Him!'"—misunderstanding our Saviour's words to the last. But this late repentant persecutor,—seized with remorse,—runs,—and with trembling haste,—holds up the sponge to Christ! He repented late, but he was just in time! Matt. xxvii., 34, tells us that the coarse Roman Soldiers had offered our Lord,—as usual at their Executions, to deaden the criminal's pain,—the "vinegar and gall;" but our Lord refused it, He had come to suffer the penalty of Human Sin,—and He would drink the bitter cup to the dregs! But now, that this repentant one, offers it with eager solicitude, the Blessed One,—gracious to the last, does not refuse the last kindly act of Man to his dying Saviour!

Is there no lesson here? It may be that some older Reader, after, perchance, a Christless,—perhaps, woeful,—past life,—the Summer ended, and the Harvest past,—may take up this Book intended for the Young. "You speak well,"—such a one may say,—"*but speak you to the young,—you speak too late for me!*"

LIMIT NOT THE SAVING POWER OF CHRIST.

O! say not so, Brother! O! say not so, Sister!—limit not the saving power of Christ! O! say not so, Brother!—while the Precious Blood is flowing still for us! O! say not so, Sister! The voice of Jesus cries, "*Yet there is room for thee!*"

"My life speaks to me of nothing but a neglected Saviour,—a neglected God!" Then *try the last!* Haste like this unknown, repenting man, to the Saviour upon His Cross,—hold up with trembling sorrow the offering of a contrite heart, and see if the Blessed One will reject you! "I am too old now to change; I have nothing now to offer Christ!" Well! some of us never expected much from our characters by nature,—and we have not been disappointed! Little indeed have we to look back upon with satisfaction! But some of us,—however poor, and deplorable, may have been our past lives,—do yet expect a great deal from our belief in

Christ! Nay!—we expect *all things* from our belief in Him! The Christian's hopes are not fixed upon the merits of his own past life,—his own good deeds, and virtues,—real, or *supposed*,—but on the precious and availing sacrifice of Jesus Christ!

Those regrets at our past,—too often,—woeful and unprofitable life,—our past sins,—are they not too much like regrets that we could not *save ourselves*?

Come, then, to Christ, my Brother! Come, then, my Sister! The shades of night will soon be closing o'er the Scene! The Sun is sinking, and to some the Night seems dark! They are not my poor words! It is the MASTER calls! Our past life has gone,—it is true,—but JESUS *still remains!* Like the man who, repenting late,—ran to the Lord, and, though late, *was just in time*,—let us, also, hasten to that Cross, while Time and Opportunity *are ours!*

CHRIST.

Hath He diadem as Monarch,
That His brow adorns?
Yea! a Crown,—in very surety,—
But,—*of Thorns!*

Hark! hark! my soul! Angelic songs are swelling,
O'er Earth's green Fields,—and Ocean's wave-beat Shore;
How sweet the Truth those Heavenly strains are telling,
Of that Bright World,—where Sin shall be no more.

Far,—far,—away,—like Bells at Evening pealing,
The Voice of JESUS sounds o'er Land and Sea!
And Laden Souls,—by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd!—turn their weary steps to THEE!

And there were certain Greeks among them that came up to worship at the Feast:
The same came therefore to Philip, which was of Bethsaida of Galilee, and desired him,
saying, "Sir, we would see Jesus."

We *would* "see Jesus,"—that great Rock Foundation,
On which our Souls are set, through Sovereign Grace,
Nor Life, nor Death, with all their agitation,
Thence can *remove us* if we see His face.

We *would* "see Jesus," life is far too blinding,
And "Heaven" appears too dim,—too far away;
We would see Him to gain the sweet reminding,
That He hath *promised all our Debts to pay!*

We would "see Jesus,"—it is all we're needing:
"Faith," "Love," and "Happiness," all follow Sight;
We would see Jesus,—Dying,—Risen,—Pleading;
Then welcome Day! and farewell darksome night!

Years has confirmed me in these views,—and in the persuasion that **one day** thus spent is preferable to **whole years** spent in sensuality, indolence, and neglect of Religion.”—DR. DODDRIDGE, 1745.

GOOD BOOKS.

“Good Books are the best of Companions, for they help us to see with our eyes,
The Great Ones,—of Ages Historic;—dead Saints, at their bidding, arise,
From the moss-covered graveyard to teach us,
That the Good which has lived,—never dies!

Good Books!—Who can measure their blessing? Tell how it begins,
—or where ends?
How they mingle Past,—Present,—and Future,—till Time with Eternity blends!
They are more than Companions, and Neighbours,
Good Books are the truest of Friends!”

IN order to present to the Young Reader the contrast between the habitual, daily life of the true Christian with that of the prayerless Atheist, the following “Directions for maintaining continual Communion with God, and living in His fear all day long,” by the excellent Dr. Doddridge, of 150 years ago, are given.

They occur in that remarkable work, “The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul.” Messrs. Ward and Lock, London,—to whom we are indebted for so many excellent books, at a price all can command,—have published a One Shilling Edition of this Work, still obtainable.

It seems that Dr. Watts had long felt a desire to compile such a work to assist the Christian life of his Generation, but he felt that his failing health, and the infirmities of his great age, precluded him from the task.

He, therefore, besought Dr. Doddridge,—then in his 40th year,—to attempt it. It was with great reluctance, and diffidence, that the latter, at last, was prevailed upon to undertake the task. The first Edition appeared in 1745.

What was the state of English Society,—Religion,—and this Country generally, at that dark Period? The Pictures of Hogarth,—(say 1720-1750),—give us some idea! Even the few Theological Works of that dark day,—read by few, and understood and appreciated by fewer still,—were, too often, bitterly controversial. *Practical*,—*Evangelical*,—literature seemed to be almost unknown. True Religion seemed dying out of England; Immorality, Drunkenness, Brutish Sports, Gambling, Crime, Scepticism, Social and Political Corruption prevailed.

Thus, this remarkable Book came,—like a ray of Sunlight amidst the prevailing Gloom! Passing through countless Editions,—from 1745 to the present year (1907),—it has,—for 162 years—been read with incalculable benefit to tens of thousands, and has been translated into several Continental Languages.

The **Young Reader** will note that the excellent author died in 1751,—only six Years after completing his task. Therefore, if the Rules given for the Daily Life of a Christian appear to him to be too strict, or too difficult for our attainment, we must remember that they were the outcome of a Life,—entirely devoted to God,—of an eminent, and *advanced* Christian nearing the close of his life upon Earth, and about to enter upon the untold Glories of that Future Life in Heaven, upon which Dr. Doddridge had,—from a Youth,—fixed his hopes, heart, and ambitions.

That there has come over the Christian Church a change in their estimation of the speechless importance of Personal Consecration, and daily "Walk with God," since Doddridge's day, there is little doubt.

During the International Congregational Council (1891) one of the Papers read upon the occasion seems to have dwelt upon this fact under the title "Changes in Social Piety."

"He" (the Speaker), "said they had experienced some losses which were not less to be regretted because they were inevitable. (?) He referred chiefly to the fact that the personal consecration of life to the service of Religion was less marked,"—(*It is indeed*)—"and that personal spiritual culture was less distinctly aimed at. But still they had gained much. They had a wider and nobler conception of human brotherhood," &c. (Newspaper Report.)

What is to compensate the Christian Believer for the loss of "personal spiritual culture,"—and "consecration of life to the service of religion,"—certainly seems to be *unintelligible*.

All the "Wider and nobler (?) conceptions" in the World, alleged to have been gained, will prove, it is to be feared, one day, as nothing to that *fatal* loss,—the lack of "Personal consecration" to God!

Well, dear Young Reader, use your own common sense! You are as certain as you read these words that,—one day—you and the Writer shall leave this World to meet our God! No two words about *that*! Are we to meet Him as an entire Stranger, Whom we have *habitually neglected*,—avoided,—and shunned,—as long as we could possibly continue to do so? As One on Whom we have lived,—eating and drinking His provisions,—supported for Years

by His creatures,—receiving all with no thankfulness, no recognition, no sentiment of gratitude, love, or any feelings of duty or respect ?

If so, how, dear Reader, can we possibly or reasonably expect to live with Him throughout Eternity ? “Heaven” would be no Heaven at all to such persons. They have, *by neglect*, put their spiritual faculties, aspirations, and sentiments, as it were, to death. They go out into Eternity totally unprepared to meet their God !

Dr. Doddridge's Rules for a Christian's life, addressed,—sixteen years before his Book was published,—to a Pious Youth who asked his aid,—and who, “to the inexpressible grief of all who knew him, died a few Months after receiving the letter.”

REQUIRES TO BE READ PATIENTLY.

SUGGESTIONS TOWARDS ATTAINING TO A DAILY LIFE OF FAITH AND PIETY.

1. I am about to suggest a Life which I fear will seem to some of my readers so hard a task, that they will want courage to attempt it ; and, indeed, it is a life in many respects so far above that of the generality of Christians, that I am not without apprehensions that many, who deserve the name, may think the directions, after all the precautions with which I have proposed them, are carried to unnecessary strictness. But I am persuaded much of the credit and comfort of Christianity is lost, in consequence of its professors fixing their aims too low, and not conceiving of their holy calling in so elevated a view as the Nature of Religion requires and the Word of God directs. I am fully convinced that the expressions of “walking with God,” of being “in the fear of the Lord all the day long,” and, above all, that of “loving the Lord our God with all our heart, and soul, and mind, and strength,” must require, if not all these circumstances, yet the substance I have to recommend, so far as we have capacity and opportunity : and I cannot but think that many might command the latter, if they would take due care in the *government of themselves* ; if they would *give up vain and unnecessary diversions*, and certain indulgences, which only suit and delight the lower part of our Nature, if they do not plunge us into guilt. Many of these rules would appear easily practicable if men would learn to know the value of time, and to redeem it from things which waste many golden hours of the day.

2. I know that the Mind is very fickle, and that it is a

hard thing to preserve such a government and authority over our thoughts, as the plan I have laid down will require. But so much of the honour of God, and so much of your true happiness, depend upon it, that I beg you will give me a *patient and attentive hearing* while I am pleading with you, and that you will seriously examine the arguments, whether a conduct like that which I have advised be not reasonable; and whether it will not be highly conducive to your comfort and usefulness in life, *your peace in death*, and the advancement of your eternal glory.

3. Let conscience say whether such a life as I am about to suggest be not highly reasonable. Recollect, O Christian, and carry it with you in your memory, while you are pursuing this review, that you are the creature of God, that you are *purchased with the blood of Jesus*; and then say whether these relations in which you stand do not demand all that application and resolution which I would engage you to. Suppose the counsels I have given you reduced into practice: suppose every day begun and concluded with such devout breathings after God, and such *holy retirements* for morning and evening *converse with Him* and with your own heart: suppose this regard to God, this sense of His presence, and zeal for His glory, to run through your acts of worship, your hours of business and recreation: suppose this attention to providence, this *guard against temptations*, this *dependence upon divine influence*, this government of the thoughts in solitude, and of the discourses in company:—suppose, I say, all this to be done not for a day, or a week, but through the remainder of life, whether longer or shorter; and suppose this to be reviewed at the close of life, in the full exercise of your rational faculties—will there be reason to say, in the reflection, “I have taken too much pains in religion? The Author of my being *did not deserve all this from me*: less diligence, less fidelity, less zeal than this, might have been an equivalent for the blood which was shed for my redemption? *A part of my heart, a part of my time, a part of my labours might have sufficed for Him*, Who hath given me all my powers; Who hath delivered me from that destruction which would have made them my everlasting torment; for Him, Who is raising me to a blissful immortality.” *Can you, with any face, say this?* If you cannot, then, surely your conscience bears witness that all I have recommended, under the limitations given, is reasonable; that duty and gratitude require it; and, consequently, that by allowed failure in it, you bring guilt upon your soul, you offend God, and act unworthy your Christian profession.

4. **At length Death will come:** that solemn and

important hour, which has been passed through by so many Thousands who have, in the main, lived such a life, and by so many Millions who have neglected it. And let Conscience say, if there was ever any one of these millions who had then *any reason to rejoice in that neglect?* Or any one, amongst the most strict and exemplary Christians, who lamented that his heart and life had been too zealously devoted to God! Let Conscience say whether they have wished to have a part of that time, which they have thus employed, given back to them again, that they might be *more conformed to this World*, that they might plunge themselves deeper into its Amusements, or pursue its Honours, its Possessions, or its Pleasures, with greater eagerness than they had done? If you were yourself dying, and a dear Friend or Child stood near you, and this Book should chance to come into your thoughts, would you caution that friend or child against conducting himself by such rules as I am about to advance? Well, then, let me beseech you to learn how you should live, by reflecting how you would die, and what course you would wish to look back upon, when you are just quitting this world, and entering upon another. Think seriously; what if Death should surprise you on a sudden, and you should be called into Eternity at an hour's or a minute's warning, *would you not wish that your last day* should have been thus begun; and the course of it, if it were a day of health and activity, should have been thus managed? Would not you wish that your Lord would find you engaged *in such thoughts and in such pursuits?* Would not the passage, the flight from Earth to Heaven, be most easy, most pleasant, in this view? And, on the other hand, if death should make more gradual approaches, would not the remembrance of such a pious, holy, humble, diligent, and useful life, make a dying bed much softer and easier than it would otherwise be? *You would not die depending upon these things;* God forbid that you should! Sensible of your many imperfections, you would, no doubt, desire to throw yourself at the feet of Christ, that you might appear before God adorned with His righteousness, and washed from your sins in His blood! You would also with your dying breath, *ascribe to the riches of His grace every good disposition* you have found in your heart, and every worthy action you had been enabled to perform. But would it not give you a delight, worthy of being purchased with ten thousand Worlds, to reflect, that His Grace bestowed upon you *had not been in vain;* that you had, from an humble principle of grateful love, glorified your Heavenly Father on Earth, and in some degree, though not with the perfection you could desire, finished the work which He had given you to do?

That you had been living for many past years as on the borders of Heaven, and endeavouring to form your heart and life to the temper and manner of its Inhabitants ?

THE LETTER TO A YOUNG CHRISTIAN.—“ A YOUTH OF EMINENT PIETY.” 1727.

“ Seek the Lord while He may be found.”

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Since you desire my thoughts in writing, on the subject of our late conversation, namely, “ By what particular methods, in our daily conduct, a life of devotion and usefulness may be most happily maintained and secured ; I will try to recollect the hints which I then gave you ; hoping it may be of service to you in your most important interests, and may fix on my own mind a deeper sense of my obligation to govern my own life by the rules I offer to others. I esteem attempts of this kind among the surest cements of friendship ; and as I *hope ours will last for ever*, I am persuaded a mutual care to cherish sentiments of this kind will add everlasting endearments to it.

The directions you will expect from me on this occasion, naturally : how are we to regard God—in the beginning, the progress, and the close of the day ? I will open my heart freely to you with regard to each, and will leave you to judge how far these hints may suit your circumstances ; aiming at least to keep between superstitious strictness in trifles, and an indolent remissness, which, if admitted in little things, may draw after it woeful neglect.

ON AWAKING.

¹² When I awake, *I am still with Thee!*—*Psalm cxxxix.*, 18.

In the beginning of the day, it should certainly be our care to lift up our hearts to God as soon as we wake, and while we are rising ; and then, to set ourselves seriously and immediately to the secret devotions of the morning.

For the first of these it seems exceedingly natural. There are so many things that may suggest a great variety of pious reflections and ejaculations, which are so obvious, that one would think a serious mind could hardly miss them. The ease and cheerfulness of our mind at first awakening ; the refreshment we find from sleep ; the security we have enjoyed in that defenceless state ; the provision of warm and decent apparel ; the cheerful light of the returning sun ; or even (what is not unfit to mention to you) the contrivances of art, taught and

furnished by the great Author of all our conveniences, to supply us with many useful hours of life in the absence of the sun; the hope of returning to the dear society of our friends; the prospect of spending another day, and, above all, the lively hope of a joyful Resurrection to an eternal day of happiness and glory;—any of these particulars may furnish us with matter of reflection and cheerful praise, while we are rising. And it may not be improper to speak sometimes to ourselves, and sometimes to our Heavenly Father, in the natural expressions of joy and thankfulness. Permit me to add, that if we find our hearts in such a frame at our first awakening, even that is just matter of praise, as perhaps it is an answer to the prayer with which we lay down.

MORNING.

For the exercise of secret devotion in the morning, which I hope will generally be our first work, I cannot prescribe an exact method. Were I to propose a particular model for those who have five minutes to a quarter of an hour at command (which with prudent conduct I suppose most may have), it should be this:

To begin the devotions of the day with a solemn prayer, offered to God on our knees, acknowledging the mercies we had been reflecting on while rising, *never forgetting to mention Christ*, as the great foundation of all our enjoyments and our hopes, or to return thanks for the influences of the Blessed Spirit, which have led our hearts to God, or are then engaging us to seek Him. This must be done attentively and sincerely, for not to offer our praises heartily is, in the sight of God, not to praise Him at all. This address of praise may properly be concluded with an express renewal of our covenant with God, declaring our continued repeated resolutions of being devoted to Him, and particularly of living to His glory the ensuing day.

It may be proper, after this, to take a prospect of the day before us. What business is to be done? What opportunities may I expect, either of doing or receiving good? What temptations am I likely to be assaulted with, in any place, company, or circumstance, which may probably occur? In what instances have I lately failed? And how shall I be safest now?

I would advise you after this to read some portion of Scripture—some select lessons out of its most useful parts, a few verses. And if you pray over the substance of this Scripture with your Bible open before you, it may impress your memory and your heart yet more deeply, and may form you to a copiousness and a variety, both of thought and expression in prayer.

DURING THE DAY.

The most material directions which have occurred to me, relating to the progress of the day, are these :—That we be serious in the devotions of the day ;—that we be diligent in the business of it ; that is, in the prosecution of our worldly callings ;—that we be temperate and prudent in the recreations of it ;—that we carefully remark the providences of the day ; that we cautiously guard against the temptations of it ;—that we keep up an humble and lively dependence upon the divine influence, suitable to every emergency of it ;—that we *govern our thoughts* well in the solitude of the day ;—and our discourses well in the conversations of it.

For seriousness in devotion, whether public or domestic : Let us take a few moments, before we enter upon such solemnities, to pause, and to reflect on the perfections of the God we are addressing, on the importance of the business we are coming about, and on the guilt and folly of a hypocritical formality. When engaged, let us maintain a strict watchfulness over our own spirits, and check the first wanderings of thought. For there is a certain manner of going through pious duties, which our own hearts will immediately tell us it is *impossible* for God to *approve* : and if we have inadvertently fallen into it, we ought to be deeply humbled before God for it, lest “ our very prayer become sin.”

BUSINESS.

As for the hours of worldly business, whether it be, as with you, that of the hands, or whether it be the labour of a learned life, not immediately relating to religious matters. Let us set to the prosecution of it with a sense of God’s authority and with a regard to His glory. And let us be habitually sensible of the need we have of the Divine blessing, to make our labours successful.

AMUSEMENTS.

For seasons of diversion. Let us take care that our recreations be well chosen ; that they be only used in subordination to the honour of God, the great end of all our actions. Let us take heed that our hearts be not estranged from God by them ; and that they do not take up *too much of our time* ; always remembering, that the faculties of the human nature were not given us in vain ; but that we are always to be in pursuit of some great and honourable end, and to indulge ourselves in

amusements and diversions no farther than as they make a part in a scheme of rational, benevolent and pious conduct.

GOD'S PROTECTING PROVIDENCE.

For the observation of Providence. It will be useful to regard the divine interposition in our comforts and in our afflictions. In our comforts, whether more common or extraordinary: that we find ourselves in continued health; that we are furnished with food for support and pleasure; that we have so many agreeable ways of employing our time; that we have so many friends, and those so good and so happy; that our business goes on prosperously; that we go out and come in safely; and that we enjoy composure and cheerfulness of spirit, without which nothing else could be enjoyed;—all these should be regarded as providential favours, and due acknowledgments should be made to God on these accounts as we pass through such agreeable scenes. On the other hand, Providence is to be regarded in *every disappointment*, in *every loss*, in *every pain*, in every instance of unkindness from those who have professed friendship; and we should endeavour to argue ourselves into a patient submission, from this consideration, that the hand of God is always mediately, if not immediately, in each of them. It is a reflection which we should particularly make with relation to those little cross accidents (as we are ready to call them), and those infirmities and follies in the temper and conduct of our intimate friends, which may be ready to discompose us. And it is the more necessary to guard our minds here, as wise and good men often lose the command of themselves on these comparatively little occasions; who, calling up reason and religion to their assistance, stand the shock of great calamities with fortitude and resolution.

TEMPTATION.

“We need Thy Presence every passing hour,
What but Thy Grace can foil the Tempter's Power.”

For watchfulness against temptations. It is necessary, when changing our place, or our employment, to reflect. What snares attend me here? And as this should be our habitual care, so we should especially guard against those snares which in the morning we foresaw. And when we are entering on those circumstances in which we expected the assault, we should reflect, especially if it be a matter of great importance. Now the combat is going to begin; now God and the blessed angels

are observing what constancy, what fortitude, there is in my soul, and how far the divine authority, and the remembrance of my own prayers and resolutions, will weigh with me when it comes to a trial.

DEPENDENCE UPON GOD.

"Unless the Lord keep the City, the watchman waketh but in vain."

As for dependence on Divine Grace and Influence. It must be universal ; and since we always need it, we must never forget that necessity. A moment *spent in humble, fervent breathings after the communications of the Divine assistance* may do more good than many minutes spent in mere reasonings : and though indeed this should not be neglected, since the light of reason is a kind of divine illumination, yet still it ought to be pursued in a due sense of our dependence upon the Father of lights, or where we think ourselves wisest, we may become vain in our imaginations. Let us therefore *always call upon God* ; and say, for instance, when we are going to pray, Lord, fix my attention ! Awaken my holy affections, and pour out upon me "the spirit of grace and of supplication !"—When taking up the Bible, or any other good book, "Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law !" Enlighten my understanding ! Warm my heart ! May my good resolutions be confirmed, and all the course of my life in a proper manner regulated !—When addressing ourselves to any worldly business, "Lord, prosper Thou the work of Thine hands upon me," and give Thy blessing to my honest endeavours. When going to any kind of recreation, "Lord, bless my refreshments ! Let me not forget Thee in them, but still keep Thy glory in view !"—When coming into Company, "Let no corrupt communication proceed out of my mouth !" When entering upon difficulties, "Lord, give me that wisdom which is profitable to direct !" When encountering temptations, "Let Thy strength, O glorious Redeemer, be made perfect in my weakness !" Without the Presence and Assistance of God the Holy Spirit, all will be in vain.

GOVERNMENT OF THE THOUGHTS.

For the government of our thoughts in solitude. Let us accustom ourselves on all occasions to exercise a due command over our thoughts, watching against temptation. Let us take care of those entanglements of passion, and those attachments to any present interests and views, which would deprive us of our power over them. Let us set before us some profitable

subject of thought: the certainty and importance of Death and Judgment, and the Eternity of happiness or misery which is to follow.

INFLUENCE OVER OTHERS.

Lastly, for the government of our discourse in company. We should take great care that nothing may escape us which can expose us, or our Christian profession, to censure and reproach; nothing injurious to those that are absent, or to those that are present; nothing malignant, nothing insincere, nothing which may corrupt, nothing which may mislead those about us. In this view, we should endeavour to have some subject of useful discourse always ready. We should watch for decent opportunities of introducing useful reflections; and if a pious friend attempt to do it, we should endeavour to second it immediately.

NIGHT.

"Abide with us when Night is nigh."

The directions for a religious closing of the day, which I shall here mention, are only two. Let us see to it that the secret duties of the evening be well performed: and let us lie down in our beds in a pious frame.

For secret devotion in the evening, I should advise you to read a portion of Scripture in the first place; after this to enter on self-examination, to be followed by prayer. In this address to the throne of grace, it will be highly proper to entreat that God would pardon the omissions and offences of the day; to praise Him for mercies temporal and spiritual; to recommend ourselves to His protection for the ensuing night; with proper petitions for others whom we ought to bear on our hearts before Him.

SELF-EXAMINATION.

Before I close, I must take the liberty to remind you that self-examination is so important a duty, that I offer you therefore the following queries, which I hope you will, with such alterations as you may judge requisite, keep near you for daily use:—"Did I awake as with God this morning, and rise with a grateful sense of His goodness? How were the sacred devotions of the morning performed? Did I offer my solemn praises, and renew the dedication of myself to God, with becoming attention and suitable affections? Did I lay my

scheme for the business of the day wisely and well ? How did I read the Scripture and any other devotional or practical piece which I might afterwards conveniently review ? How have the other stated devotions of the day been attended to, whether in the family or in public ? With what temper, and under what regulations, have the recreations of this day been pursued ? Have I seen the hand of God in my mercies, health, cheerfulness, food, clothing, books, preservation in journeys, success of business, conversation and kindness of friends, &c. ? Have I seen it in afflictions, and particularly in little things, which had a tendency to vex and disquiet me ? Have I received my comforts thankfully, and my afflictions submissively ? How have I guarded against the temptations of the day, particularly against this or that temptation which I foresaw in the morning ? Have I been looking forward to Death and Eternity, this day, and considered myself as a probationer for heaven, and through grace an expectant of it ? Have I governed my thoughts well, especially in such or such an interval of solitude ? Have I governed my discourses well, in such and such company ? Did I say nothing passionate, mischievous, slanderous, imprudent, impertinent ? Has my heart this day been full of love to God, and to all mankind ? and have I sought opportunities of doing and of getting good ? With what attention and improvement have I read the Scriptures ?

“ ABIDE WITH ME WHEN NIGHT IS NIGH.”

The sentiments with which we should lie down and compose ourselves to sleep. Now here it is obviously suitable to think of the divine goodness, in adding another day, and the mercies of it, to the former days and mercies of our life ; to take notice of the indulgence of Providence in giving us commodious habitations and easy beds, and continuing to us such health of body, that we can lay ourselves down at ease upon them, and such serenity of mind as leaves us to hope for refreshing sleep ; which our wise Creator, in order to keep us humble in the midst of so many infirmities, has been pleased to make necessary to our being able to pursue His service with renewed alacrity. Thus may our sleeping as well as our waking hours be in some sense devoted to God. And when we are just going to resign ourselves to the image of death (to what one of the ancients beautifully calls its lesser mysteries), it is proper to think seriously of that end of all the living, if we were to wake no more here.

I am persuaded the most important of these duties have, dear Friend, in one form or another, been long regarded by

you, and shall greatly rejoice if the review may be the means of *leading you into more intimate communion with God*, and rendering your life more pleasant and useful, and your Eternity, —whenever that is to commence,—more glorious.

Your very affectionate Friend,

P. DODDRIDGE.

“This,—with the alteration of a very few words,—is the letter I wrote to a Young Friend, a Youth of eminent piety (now I doubt not with God), about sixteen years ago, who, to the inexpressible grief of his many friends, died a few months after receiving this letter, and I can assuredly say that the experience of each of these years has confirmed me in these views, and established me in the persuasion that *one day thus spent is preferable to whole years of sensuality* and the neglect of religion.”

“Far be it for me, however, to lay down Universal Rules for one and all alike, or for any one person at all times, places, and seasons. Let them be practised by those who are able, and who are placed in God's Providence, *with leisure to perform* them. God will be found *far* from being a hard Master,—so that there be the Bias or Inclination, or Longing in the Mind and Soul towards Him.

“When you cannot reach them all,” concludes the excellent Doctor, “come as near to the most important of them as you conveniently can!”

DR. DODDRIDGE.

AN AGE OF SIN,—A DREADFUL TIME!

This Man of God lived in that dark day, 1710—1750. Truly God *has His Witnesses* in the darkest days!

The youngest of a Family of Twenty (!) Philip Doddridge was born in 1702. So feeble an infant was he, that little hopes were entertained that he could be reared at all.

But, as God so frequently does,—He exhibited,—once more,—His Power, in permitting His Honour and Glory to be advanced by the

“Weak things of this World!”—*I. Corinthians i., 27.*

The feeble Infant thrived,—became healthy,—and passed a very happy Childhood, under an excellent Mother's care.

It is related that the little Boy's earliest Scripture Lessons were learned from the Illustrations of Scripture History, depicted on certain Blue and White Dutch tiles, over their fireplace, which greatly took the little fellow's fancy.

He lost his Father when thirteen years old. The Widow's means were scanty,—the Times were hard, but the Boy proved to be of remarkable promise, intelligence, and learning, and efforts were made to secure him a good education. While a Youth of Sixteen, he spent an entire morning in earnest Prayer that God would give him some opening of usefulness, especially in the direction of the Christian Ministry. Before he had concluded, he was greatly surprised by receiving a letter from Mr. Samuel Clark, offering him the very opening he so greatly longed for !

TRUE RELIGION HAD ALMOST DIED OUT.

The following year (1719) he began to Preach. After thirty-two years' service,—six years after writing the "Rise and Progress,"—his too short, and holy, life ended in 1751, at Lisbon, whither he had been taken in hopes that the genial climate might prolong his life.

Should the **Young Reader** procure his remarkable Book, —and read it *patiently*,—for the Works of that day need patience, in the bustle and worry of our days of *shallow*,—*transient*,—thought,—let him remember that God's grace is just as free, and powerful, in 1907, as in 1702, and that many a Young Christian is yet to show forth His Praise, and to promote Christ's cause upon Earth !

Why may not the Young Reader be one of these ? In 1907,—as in A.D. 33,

"The Harvest truly is plenteous,—but the Labourers are few."—*Matt. ix., 37.*

One cannot close the admirable directions of this true Servant of God without the **Prayer**.

"Let me die the Death of the Righteous, and let my *last* days be like his."—*Numbers xxiii., 10.*

Precious in the Sight of the Lord, is the death of His saints !"—*Psalms cxvii., 15.*

YOUTH.

Come, while the Spring its Linden blossom spreads,
Come, while life's Morn is bright,
Come, while the golden Crown is to be won,
Come, ere the long, cold Night !
Come, while the Saviour's love for thee is saving,
Come, while Salvation is God's holy will,
Come, ere the churchyard grass o'er thee is waving,
And all around is Cold, and Stern, and Still !

TO A YOUTH DISCOURAGED.

The Writer fears that the rather lengthy, measured style of 162 years ago,—and the Rules above given,—may discourage a Youth.

Do not, for a moment, attempt too much at first! Only make a gentle beginning! God is no hard Master! *Indeed,*

"His Ways are ways of Pleasantness,—and all His Paths are Peace!"

"In Thy presence is fulness of Joy,—and at Thy right hand are Pleasures for evermore!"

Do you doubt it? *Then Try it?* Try it for a Month,—a Year! "Come and See!"

JESUS SAITH UNTO THEM,—“COME AND SEE!”

"Again, the next day after, John stood, and two of his Disciples; and looking upon Jesus as he walked, he saith, 'Behold the Lamb of God!'"

And the two Disciples heard him speak, and they followed Jesus.

Then Jesus turned, and saw them following, and saith unto them, 'What seek ye?'

They said unto Him,—'Master, where dwellest Thou?'

He saith unto them, 'Come and see!'

They came and saw where He dwelt, and abode with Him that day: for it was about the tenth hour."—*John i., 35-39.*

A happy day that,—dear **Young Reader**,—for the two good Disciples, when first they followed the Blessed One! A holy hour must that have been for *their* souls, when the Lord of Heaven and Earth said, "Come and see," and they followed their Saviour to His, then, humble home!

And, surely,—when our Blessed Lord sees a Youth inclined towards Piety,—anxious to know more of "the Way" to his Heavenly Home,—our Lord's sweet Invitation comes, as surely, to you,—"**Come and See!**"

"I am the Way!" says our Lord.—*John xiv., 6.*

He is "the Way," because it is by Him alone Believers obtain Eternal Life, and entrance into Heaven. Christ is "the Way" by the God-like Precepts He taught,—by His Death, by which He purchased the Heavenly Inheritance for Believers,—and Christ is "the Way" by His Holy Life,—setting us an Example that we should follow in His steps.

How few of the Young concern themselves to seek Christ "the Way!" Amongst Youths of the Wealthier Classes, how many are engaged in the Pursuits and Amusements of a busy, thoughtless life,—how many of them would consider a Christian's life insupportable!

Again, amongst Youths of the Working Class, how few,

in our Workshops, great Manufactories, and Mills, choose Christ !

The Blessed One sees the greater part of the Young utterly careless of His dying love,—treating Religion as quite unsuitable to youthful gaiety, and pleasure, and yet,—amongst them,—He sees, here one, and there another, amongst the Young,—a Youth wistfully following Him,—and,—as of old,—the Blessed One still turns, and says to such an one, “What seek ye?”

“What do I seek!”—such a Youth replies.—“I have heard of One,—‘the Chiefest of Ten Thousand, and the altogether lovely,’—a Saviour for my dark soul,—I *would* know more of Him! **Master! Where dwellest Thou?**” The Answer comes,—as it did nigh 2000 years ago,—for Jesus Christ is,

“The same **Yesterday, To-day, and For-ever!**”—*Heb. xiii., 8.*

“A Thousand Years are with the Lord as one day, and as a Watch in the Night,”—nay,—as nothing at all! “He inhabiteth Eternity!”

And the Answer still comes from our Blessed Lord in 1907,—as in 33,—and how earnest, and loving is that Invitation,—dear young Reader, to you,—“**Come and See!**”

Yes! The Blessed One is calling to you! The very same loving invitation given to the two good Disciples, comes to you in the earliest, and best days of your life, “Come and see!”

Go to Him, dear Reader, in the way recommended. Go you, and spend the early days of your life with Him! “**Abide with Him that day!** It shall be a day of days to *your* soul! You may not think so *now*,—you will do so *one day!*”

The morning of your life,—thus spent with Christ, shall prove a Blessed Dawn to you! That is the **Dawn**,—the **Dawn** of an Eternal Day,—when you “come and see,”—when Prayer becomes no longer distasteful,—when you can read the Bible with pleasure,—when you can engage happily, for the Master, in the Sunday School! When glorious hopes come at times to you, and you feel that by following the Master’s Invitation to “come and see,”—you have now really begun your Journey to your Heavenly Home! “Come and see!” It is not far to go to His abode.—dear Young Reader. The quiet Chamber,—the House of Prayer,—the Sunday School,—the Mission Room.—the Solitary walk,—even the most lonely places,—to the sincere, prayerful, earnest, Young Inquirer, Christ is always *there!*

“What shall separate us from the love of Christ?”

The Blessed God sees the greater part of the Young neglecting their Saviour for sinful pleasures,—or the things of this

World,—but, amongst them, He beholds, with pleasure, some Youths desirous of following Christ. He says to such an one,

"I do remember the kindness of thy youth, the love of thine Espousals."

Never was there a day when Christ's cause needed the Young Men of our Nation more! He will never forget the humble resolution of the Youth who says to Him,

"I would be more Thy Friend, because Thou hast so few, of my age, who seem to be Thy friends at all!"

Accept then, the hints given in this Chapter from a great and good Servant of Christ, long since passed away! His wise advice,—how to live the daily life of a Child of God,—is for all Time! Truly we may say of Dr. Doddridge's "Life and Progress":—

"Good Books are the best of Companions,—for they help us to see with our eyes,

The Great ones of Ages Historic,—*dead Saints at their bidding arise,*
From the moss-covered Grave Yard to teach us,
That the Good which has lived,—*never dies!*"

In reading the following excellent Works recommended, the Young Reader must remember that they cannot be read hastily, or "right away." They need quiet,—steady,—prayerful,—Reading,—a **little at a time** :—

RELIGIOUS BOOKS RECOMMENDED TO A YOUNG CHRISTIAN.

Sermons to the Boys at Rugby School, by *Dr. Arnold*. 4s. 6d.

Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul. 1s. Edition.

The Anxious Inquirer, by John Angell James. 1s. Edition.

"*Ourselves,—a Picture*," by Brownlow North, B.A. Thynne, 1901. 1s. 3d. Edition.

All obtainable at the Religious Tract Society; or from any Bookseller.

Some of the excellent Sermons at one penny each of *C. H. Spurgeon* (1855-1892). Messrs. Alabaster, Passmore & Co., Paternoster Buildings, London. Such as the following Nos. all excellent, and always in print:—No. 39, 64, 68, 73, 81, 83, 84, 86, 90, 94, 100, 102, 104, 106, 116.

No.	135	1860—	No.	444	No.	667
1857—		No.	299	486		682
	165		313	*518		*710
	173-4		344	524		761
	182		373-4	549-50		778
	194		403	593-4		827
	*200		410	*595		833
	219		416	603		849
	220		417	613		850
	*225-6		429-30	622		*859
	260		436	650		871

No. 996-7	No. 1660	No. 1910	No. 2081
1059	1676	1911	2084
1119	1679	*1915-16	*2088
1137	1680	1919	2089
1160	1690	1925	2098
1164	1698	1926	2104
1179	*1699	1929	2105-6*
1199	1883—	1931	2117
1207	1702	1933	2120
1235	1711-12	1936	1890—
1259	*1714	1887—	*2130-31
1296	1723	1939	2133
1320	1724	1944	2140
1876—	1735	1951	2141
1325	1736	1960	2145
1877—	*1743	1970	2149
1348	*1745-6	*1991	2150
1878—	1753-4	1888—	2152-3-4*
1414-15	1884—	*2004-5	*2157
1432-3	1773	2007	2162
1445	1789	*2009-10	2173
1454-5	1797	2011	*2178
1879—	1885—	2016	*2179-*80-81
1474	1819	2019-20	1891—
1475	1833	2024-5*	2185-6*
1488	1837	2027	2188
1501	1843	2033	2193
1546-7-8	1844	2039-40	2198
1880—	1847	2049	2203
1551	1864	2051	2206
1562-3	1877	2053-4	2209
1573	1878	1889—	*2216
1881—	1886—	2063	2220
1593	1893	2064	2224
1613	1895	*2067	*2225
1882—	*1905-6	2070	2226
1647-8	1907	2074	2227
1658	*1908	2075	2235

NOTE.—The Reader of these Books,—as in the case of Bible Reading,—cannot expect much result,—unless the Reading is accompanied by Prayer. In the mere purely Intellectual Reading of *any* Book upon Religion, when this duty is neglected, the Writer has not the slightest belief.

Without the enlightening,—softening,—Grace, which the actual presence of God, the Blessed Holy Spirit, can alone

impart to Mankind, no Sermon, Good Book, or the Bible itself, ever has,—or ever will,—lead any human Soul to Salvation.

Also, the Sermons by *Dean Church* preached at *Whatley*, before he became *Dean of St. Paul's*. Each volume of the three, may be had separately. Macmillan, 1892, 4/6 each. The second volume,—bearing upon our Lord's closing Ministry,—should be read by every inquirer on the subject of Religion.

The Sermons in this volume, (1) "Christ's love to Mankind," (2) "Christ's love to the Multitudes," (3) "Christ's love to His enemies," (4) "The Last Evening," "The Return for Christ's love," and the "Words from the Cross," are the most instructive the Writer has met with in 50 years' Reading.

Do not deprive yourself of the admirable efforts of these True Servants of God,—merely because you,—or your Parents,—happen not to belong to their "Denomination."



A Garden in Summer.

" In Thy Presence there is Fullness of Joy, and at Thy Right Hand there are Pleasures for Evermore ! "

" The unsearchable riches of Christ. "



The Hid Treasure.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE GOSPEL TREASURE OF JESUS CHRIST.

THE HID TREASURE.

IN your Story Books you have read many things which have greatly pleased and amused you. You have read of Travels, and Shipwrecks, "Treasure Islands," Books, derived from that *original* splendid story, "*The Gold Beetle*," by Edgar Allan Poe, (so often closely followed by other writers, as in the "Treasure Island," etc.), Adventures in distant lands, and the wonderful things to be seen in them ; you have been, no doubt, with Robinson Crusoe on his desert island, and pondered over the "Arabian Nights ;" you have read of hidden treasures and gems, carefully guarded by magicians, necromancers, and dragons that never slept.

It is really but a short time ago, and it seems less still, since I was reading, like you, the same Stories ; the same youthful blood flows in me as in you ; the same fancies and desires dance in my bosom as in yours ; so that when I would speak to you of a treasure real and actual, and to be obtained by you, —far richer than all the riches and treasures that fairy tales

ever pictured,—which, once obtained will indeed make you happy for ever; you must not think of me as old and grave, and placed by age out of all fellow-feeling or sympathy with you. No! I am almost as much a boy as you are,—as fond of seeing all that is to be seen as yourself!

But is it not true that when you have read such stories, as I have spoken of, through many a sunny and happy hour, they have, after all, proved but pleasing tales—pleasant fables,—day dreams of imagination—clouds with a sunbeam or a rainbow, brightening for a moment upon them? And have you not had to come back to sober every-day life, to work cheerfully and constantly, if you would get money or make your way in the world? So that when I would persuade you to secure with me the treasure I speak of, to come to the same Saviour, and endeavour to walk in His love and favour during our lives—surely, I am not persuading you to anything beyond your years and understanding! Work as cheerfully and constantly as you will, it may not happen that you will succeed in obtaining great riches for yourself in this world: but though success in life is not always to be commanded, and worldly prosperity and riches may never be yours, it *does* depend upon your efforts in order to obtain this treasure for your own; and if you do but become possessor of it, it will make you good and happy in this world; rich, in having the favour of Him to whom belong all things in heaven and on earth: and it will lead you safely through the dangers and pollution of a sinful world, until it at length secures for you a joyful, loving welcome amongst the blessed ones in the Paradise of God.

HID TREASURE.

Very great Treasure, hid years ago, is still, at times, found. A Treasure of newly-minted old Saxon Silver Pennies, was once found, supposed lost on some ancient Battle-field; of great value to our antiquarians. Perhaps coming to, or from, a Mint of that day. When War is in a Country, it is a ruinous thing; men's lives are not safe, men's property is not secure; armed plunderers go about searching for it; they seize whatever they can! The more each gets, the better is he pleased. In such times, men who had money or other valuable things, used often to gather all together, bundle it up, dig in the ground, and hide it there; this they did to secure it, so that when the War was over they might dig it up again, and enjoy it. It sometimes happened that they were disappointed; *the man who hid the Treasure in his field was slain, or died*

before the return of peace. No one but himself knew about this hidden Treasure, and so no more was heard about it for a long time.

It would sometimes happen that, long after, some one ploughing in the earth, or turning it over with his spade, would stumble upon the Treasure so carefully hidden. As the gold and precious stones, and caskets of jewels, and vases of gold and silver, glittered before him, in the sunshine, he would lift up his hands in joy, and count himself happy indeed !

It seems thus to have happened with a man we are told of, in a parable of our Lord Jesus Christ. Digging in a field he came upon an hidden treasure. But the field was not then his own ; he concluded, therefore, that until it was, he had not a just claim to the Treasure. The present owner of the field knew nothing of the Treasure ; it did not belong to him, but to some one dead and gone long before he became possessor of the field ; nor would he have been any the poorer had the treasure never been discovered ; still, he might claim the whole because he happened to be the owner of the field at the time it was found.

The man who discovered it, therefore, examined the Treasure, and seeing that its value was far greater than all the Property he possessed, he next covered up the Treasure again, and going home collected all he had in the world, and bought that field ;—thus coming into possession of the Treasure. It was his own. In Matthew xiii., 44, we have the words of our Lord Jesus Christ—"Again, the Kingdom of Heaven is like unto treasure hid in a field, the which when a man hath found, he hideth and for joy thereof goeth and selleth all that he hath, and buyeth that field." This is the Treasure I spoke to you of, and which I wish to describe and recommend to you.

THE GOSPEL A HIDDEN TREASURE.

The Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ is the field in which this treasure is hidden. Is it then hidden ? It is. We see that it is a hidden treasure, for many read the Scriptures where it is hidden, and yet *never find it*, as many might dig in a field where treasure was hidden, but never discover it.

Have you not, indeed, felt it to be so with you, while you have been addressed upon these Subjects ? The words of Scripture used, may seem to some uninteresting, because they have heard them so often before. Why is it ? Because our hearts and affections are engrossed with this *Dying World alone !*

The history of our Saviour's life, His death for us to open to us a way to approach God, and His resurrection—though of infinite importance to each one of us,—is like a twice, or a hundred-times told tale, which we have heard so often, that we are even wearied of hearing about it ; our attention would be ten times more aroused by the commonest Story, or pleasant Tale !

If so, is not the Gospel treasure at present hidden to us ? The love of God and Christ towards us has yet given us no real, distinct, lively idea ; our hearts and minds have not yet taken it in. Yet on nothing do the Scriptures lay so much stress ; nothing did our Lord so often urge upon our obtaining, so much as this knowledge and Faith or Belief in God and in a Saviour. We are again and again assured that our Eternal happiness and salvation, depend upon our securing this " hidden treasure "—this Faith or belief in God. " I am the Resurrection and the Life," is one of the many assurances we have ; " he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live ; " and again, " Whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die."

SIN THE RESULT OF WANT OF FAITH.

And do we not see that every youth who believes in God, and his promises, *must* conquer sin, and therefore must win eternal life ? A Christian Youth who is really a Believer in God and in his Saviour, when tempted to a sin, thinks thus :—" My body and mind is a holy thing, for Christ died to redeem it ; my heart is a holy place, for His Holy Spirit makes it His temple ; every evil and impure thought and deed, every unkind and wicked passion, profanes the place where God would dwell, and renders it unfit for His abode. I know that the present temptation is strong, but then I have the promise of God, of our Saviour, that to serve Him faithfully, will be better for me than anything else in this World ; so, trusting to His word, I will forego the present sinful pleasure, in the hope of that future blessing and happiness." He says, with the good youth, Joseph, when tempted (Gen. xxxix., 6-9), " How can I do this great wickedness and sin against God ? " Do we not see how great a blessing is this Faith in God—this Belief which prefers future, and as yet, unseen happiness, to sinful pleasure, be it ever so near and present ? If temptation proves too strong for us, is it not because our Faith is weak ? If the present sinful pleasure beguile us, and we give way to it again and again, although we know it to be wrong, is it not because the future blessings,

and the future miseries, God promises us, are things of which we do not feel *quite sure*, and therefore the Gospel Treasure of faith has yet to become our own? But the means of becoming possessor of it are open to you; they are, principally, reading the Scriptures, and Good Books which speak of them,—and Prayer.

You see what is wanted, namely, to make the Unseen and the Future prevail over what we see and hear around us every day. I know, indeed, one thing which would effect this in an instant. Let any of us be taken dangerously ill; let the Doctors look grave and express their fear for our lives; let his prospects of earthly life be rendered hopeless,—then, at once, a Youth would think far more of the unseen than of the world around him.

Our business is to gain for ourselves, while yet in health, with death far distant—with no risk, but to our infinite profit—that lively sense of the presence of God which sickness and sudden death would bring upon us when too late to save us.

THE TREASURE IS THERE; OTHERS HAVE FOUND IT.

Thus we see that the knowledge of our Saviour,—obtaining His love and approval,—is part of the Gospel treasure; we see, too, that it is a hidden treasure. It is hidden, that we may diligently search for it. It undoubtedly is in the Gospel,—we are *sure* that it is; but it is hidden, that we may dig for it. If a man knew positively that a great sum of money was concealed in some part of his field, what would that man do? He would surely not be content with knowing it was there; he would begin to dig over the field carefully. If still he could not find it, he would begin again, and go over it all deeper, until it was found, and safely in his possession.

We are *certain* that the Treasure of the "Kingdom of Heaven" is in the New Testament; and shall we be less earnest in seeking to discover it and possess it ourselves, especially as we have God's promise, Who cannot lie or deceive us, "Everyone that seeketh findeth;" and also, "Ask, and ye shall receive." I fear you do not seek with enough diligence; I would have you seek till you find; the treasure is worth the pains to obtain!

We have all had times of happiness,—too soon, alas! to be clouded,—when all ill-temper and unkind feeling were far distant, and we felt disposed to love all around us. We have all, surely, at some time or other, felt the happiness which follows having done a good action. What Pleasure in this world, can we look back upon compared to these happy

moments?—and why? Because we have a slight foretaste of that which is enjoyed in Heaven; because God permits one of His approving smiles to fall, like sunshine, on our souls, —too soon to be effaced by ourselves. Such happiness, to be enjoyed through an endless eternity, is worthy of some effort to obtain! The Lord Jesus Christ has purchased the Kingdom of Heaven as a pleasant heritage for Believers. He gave Himself to purchase it, to open it to fallen and sinful creatures, when changed and fitted for an entrance into it by the Blessed influence of God the Holy Spirit.

HEAVEN.

Jesus tells His disciples, "I go to prepare a place for you." What a Place that will be which Christ will prepare! Selected out of all the Universe—a chosen Place! We see, even on this earth, places of great beauty, and we can conceive spots far more delightful than any we see. But what comparison can they bear to Heaven, where everything exceeds whatever "eye hath seen" or imagination conceived? It is a purchased possession. The *price it cost the purchaser* everyone knows; and, having purchased it, He has gone to prepare it. Oh! what a place Jesus will make,—has already made,—Heaven. The place should indeed attract us! It is free from the evils of earth. Not only what is in Heaven should attract us, but what is *not* there. There is no *night* there, with its darkness, its coldness, its dreariness; and no *moral* night, with its ignorance, its misery, its unkindness, its sin. And why is there no night there? Because it is lighted by the presence of God. "The glory of God doth lighten it," and there is no need of other light. There is no more curse, for Christ has redeemed it from all curse; and "no more death." Each, as he enters this blessed place, feels, with untold delight, I shall see Death *no more*; I have done with *sin* and *death*, and God's *displeasure*, for ever and ever; I shall now enjoy the Company of all who were truly lovely on Earth; above all, I am made welcome by Christ Himself, and shall be presented by Him faultless before the Throne of God! I had judged our Saviour hard, His yoke difficult, His conditions impracticable; I now see Him meek and lowly in heart, remembering the least thing I did to please and serve Him; I find that it was He who interceded for me, watched over me all the days of my life, gathering up with love, the least good He perceived in me; and my sins are now covered by His righteousness, and forgiven for His sake, so that they shall never be mentioned to me again!

He permits me to join the blessed company in Heaven. What warm and joyful thoughts crowd upon them, of their dwelling there with such company, and that for ever and ever, ever growing in goodness and knowledge towards infinite perfection, "Neither sorrow is there." Sorrow is *here*; it is here around us, about us every day; we hear and see it and, sooner, or later, we must *feel* it! But it is not there, neither shall there be any more pain, for "God shall wipe away all tears from all eyes," never to return; for what shall cause weeping when He wipes away tears?

TIME TO SEEK THE TREASURE.

Shall we make no effort to gain this Heavenly Kingdom especially when we are urged by our Lord Himself to "strive to enter in, for many shall seek to enter in, and not be able?" And why? Because He would have you to remember that now is the time to seek it,—to seek that "land that is very far off,"—Yes, now that the time is ours: for they do not seek it in Heaven,—they enjoy it there; nor in Hell,—they lament it there!

But you can see the Treasure now, for it is the Morning time with you! The Years of Youth are called "The Morning of Life." It is a beautiful expression.

For the Morning is the time of dew, and fragrance, and of pure fresh air and sunlight. It is a time that all enjoy,—young and old alike,—so cheering, so refreshing is the breath of morning; and therefore because they are the first and best of our years, youth is called "The morning of life."

One thing that Youth is expert in, is in shaping dreams of future happiness. Old men and men in middle life do the same, but a Youth excels them all, in this work; for *they* have had some trials of the realities of life, but a Youth has had little experience in them; hope is generous and ardent, bold and adventurous. Of all the dreams of a Youth, the dream of long and happy years is among the most pleasing.

What a long period a single year in Boyhood appears! A few weeks of Vacation from School or from Business, appear long; they *look* long. What an amount of pleasure they yield! Content to think but of the passing moment, our only thought is to obtain as much pleasure from them as we can. Thus, without a thought of the Future, we cannot believe how short Time really is; we cannot be convinced of it! You cannot understand older men when they tell you that all the years they have lived seem like a dream of the night when once they are gone, or like a morning cloud that hastens to

pass away, and fade out of the sky. You will understand them by and by. It must soon be your own experience ! Our Life here, beginning from youth, and terminating with our death, is a "day of opportunity,"—the opportunity of knowing what are the things that belong to our peace, and of gaining possession of them.

And what is life, even if all else were ours, without peace,—peace with God ? Without peace with God, though every earthly pleasure be ours, life must ever be a burden *here* : it will be a curse in the world to come !

On Earth,—for some years,—a man *may* make shift to live without peace with God, although it is in God alone he lives, and has his being ; but how will it be when it comes to his turn to go out into Eternity ?

Do you ask, "What are the things that belong to my peace ?" The first,—and without which little can be hoped for,—is to obtain a consciousness of *sin*,—of our distance from holiness and from God ; the consciousness of the power of sin, and that only with God's assistance can you strive successfully against it. It is the first step in the Path of Peace,—the first step taken on that narrow path which leads upward and onward, to endless life,—the first step taken to find the "Gospel treasure." But, if obtained early, it is one great step indeed : for it disposes you gladly to use the means of obtaining peace with God ; and God has so arranged that if you seek, in prayer, for deliverance from sin, and for peace with Him, in the name of Christ Jesus, God can, with perfect justice, forgive, and blot out your sins, and be reconciled to you, and bestow upon you Peace and Salvation. The Enmity and Dislike in our hearts towards God and Religion, will thus be changed to love ; and Communion with Him will be pleasant indeed to you then.

You should think how exceedingly anxious God is that you should seek this Treasure, that you should attend to the things that belong to your peace, in order that you may obtain it. He is very anxious about this ; for He knows how many things that you have in your daily life to turn you away from the Search. He knows, too, that the "Day of your opportunity," though it seems long to you, is really very short, and is quickly passing away.

His eye alone can see how long is the everlasting prospect before you ; and yet in that short day alone, can you or anyone, have the opportunity of seeking the "Kingdom of Heaven." You cannot fail to see how anxious God is about this—how anxious He is that you obtain peace with Him ; for He allowed His only beloved Son to die for you,

in order to open you a way of reconciliation with Him. And Christ is no less anxious that you should draw near to Him ; our Lord weeps over the wilful, hardened sinner, as He did once over those in Jerusalem.

" Oh ! that thou hadst known even in ' this thy day,' the things that belong to thy peace." " How often would I have gathered thee, even as a hen doth gather her brood under her wing, but thou *wouldst* not ! " " The day," was their day of opportunity. You also have a day of opportunity ; we all have. Your " day " is the present time—quiet days, quiet Sabbaths for thought, earnest teachers, God's Word placed in your hands. It is now that you are entering upon life with young (and I do not doubt, warm and loving) hearts, not yet set upon worldly things,—not yet deadened to the love of God and Christ by long years spent in earthly cares and possessions,—long years of coldness towards Him, the Giver of them all.

Christ showed His anxiety over us by weeping over those who had despised the things that belonged to their peace, and cared nothing for Him, the only means of reconciliation with God. " If thou hadst known ! " It was as if He had said, " Oh ! that thou hadst attended to them ! " It is true that when sinners have rejected and despised Him till their day of opportunity—of salvation—has at length passed, there comes a time when Christ can mourn over them, or care for them, no more *for ever* ; those Sinners over whom He wept at Jerusalem have long since departed from His sight, and concern ; but it is not so with you ! He watches over you with as full, and anxious a heart, as He ever did over them ! How will you rejoice His loving heart if you now attend to the things that belong to your peace ; with what love will He look upon you if you thus early give Him your heart, and earnestly seek to please Him. Whether rich or poor (for God is too just to be a respecter of persons), there is no sight upon this earth so blessed as that of a youth who is thus rich towards his God ; it is cause for thankfulness both to men and angels to see a youth, with all the time allowed us here in his hands, employing it all to the honour of his Saviour.

He waits for the smallest melting of your heart ! Will you disappoint Him ? Will you turn away ? Is your heart too proud, or too cold, to drop one tear of penitence before Him who has so loved you ?

LIFE COMES BUT ONCE.

Those days we thought so long in boyhood, will surely have

an end ; evening after evening will close around them, as one after another, they pass from our view ; the year we once thought so long a time will seem nothing when it is gone.

Many and many a Youth has thought that he would very soon begin to seek after this " Gospel treasure,"—this peace with God. All intend, one day, to be concerned as to their hopes of Heaven ; every youth intends, one day, to take some steps towards his Heavenly Home ! He was not insincere in his resolve ; he really did think to do so shortly ; but he did not begin *to-day*, and thus, letting one opportunity after another go by, has perished !

" They said therefore, What is this that he saith, A little while? we cannot tell what he saith."—*John xvi. 18.*

A " little while " to wear the weeds of sadness,
To " bear the cross,"—to wrestle with the strong ;
Then,—to pour out with joy the oil of Gladness,
Then,—bind the sheaves,—and sing the Harvest Song !

A " little while,"—midst shadow and illusion,
To strive,—by Faith,—Love's Mysteries to Spell,
Then,—solved each dark Enigma's bright solution ;
Then,—hail sight's verdict—" He doth all things well !"



" When thou buildest a new house, then shalt thou make a battlement for thy Roof, that thou bring not Blood upon thine house, if any Man fall from thence."—*Deut. xxii. 4, 5.*

In the hot East the houses have flat Roofs and the house-top is the cool place at Evening or Night for Sleep, Rest, or Retirement. Peter "Went up upon the house-top to pray, about the sixth hour,"—and saw the vision.—*Acts x. 9.*

CHAPTER XLIV.

UNBELIEF.

ESAU AND JACOB.

Two illustrations how so-called "difficulties" in the Bible, urged by the Unbeliever, should be met.

ILLUSTRATION No. 1.

"As it is written, Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated."—*Romans ix., 13.*

PERHAPS no words in the Bible have been more cavilled at, by Infidelity, than the above words of the Most High. Paul, in that amazing Chapter the Ninth of Romans,—quotes the above words from the last of the Prophets,—Malachi. "Was not Esau Jacob's brother? saith the Lord;—yet I loved Jacob. And I hated Esau and laid his heritage waste."—Malachi i., 2-3.

The words "Jacob" and Esau" are evidently employed here, as alluding to their Descendants, and Tribes, and not to themselves as individuals. For nothing in the Old Testament leads us to conclude that God "hated" Esau *as an individual*,—and so far from God "destroying his heritage," God had evidently prospered him. (Genesis xxxiii., 9.) He declines the present his alarmed brother offers to him, on the ground that he had *no need* of it, being himself evidently a *prosperous, wealthy*, man, with a large following.

THE WORDS ALLUDE TO THEIR TRIBES.

Who can doubt that the words apply to the future of their respective Tribes or Descendants. God's eye saw Esau's Descendants, a wild, Godless, people, on the one hand, cruel and oppressive;—and a God-fearing, law-abiding, Race, springing from Jacob,—on the other. Surely,—for the sake of Mankind and civilisation,—even the Sceptic would desire the World to be filled rather by the latter than the former! Why then, complain if the Almighty foresaw the future, and chose Jacob,—called Israel," (Gen. xxxvii., 13),—hence "the Children of Israel,"—and his Descendants, for His chosen people,—rather than the lawless tribes of Esau? Stanley,

the recent explorer of the "Dark Continent,"—Africa,—gives a frightful picture of the unutterable cruelties and ceaseless loss of life, inflicted upon the defenceless native tribes by armed bands of Arabs, the Slave, and Ivory, Hunters. These wretches in organised, well-armed bands, come stealthily, by night, upon the native villages, and a merciless slaughter follows, more to seize the Ivory,—obtained, by vast pains, rather than to secure slaves. See also Dr. Livingstone's account.

STANLEY'S REMEDY FOR SLAVERY IN AFRICA.

There is only one remedy for these wholesale devastations of African aborigines, and that is the solemn combination of England, Germany, France, Portugal, South and East Africa, and the Congo State, against the introduction of gunpowder into any part of the continent except for the use of their own agents, soldiers, and employés; or seizing upon every tusk of ivory brought out, as there is not a single piece nowadays which has been gained lawfully. Every tusk, piece and scrap, in the possession of an Arab trader has been steeped and dyed in blood! Every pound weight has cost the life of a man, woman, or child; for every five pounds a hut has been burned; for every two tusks a whole village has been destroyed; every twenty tusks have been obtained at the price of a district, with all its people, villages, and plantations! It is simply incredible that because ivory is required for ornaments or billiard-games, the rich heart of Africa, should be laid waste at this late year of the nineteenth century, signalised as it has been by so much advance; that populations, tribes, and nations should be utterly destroyed.—*Scribner's Magazine*.

It was computed the number of human lives sacrificed in the collection,—or robbery,—of 600 tusks of ivory; it was simply frightful! As in the "*Rubber*" collecting in the Congo.

Who are these merciless Arabs? Ishmaelites,—descendants of Ishmael.

Four thousand years ago, Abraham was warned to follow Sarah's advice, "Cast out this bondwoman and her son" (Ishmael).



The Arab.

No wonder that "the thing was very grievous in Abraham's sight;"—it did seem hard. Yet Sarah was right, when she said,—“He shall not be heir with my son,—even with Isaac!”

Gen. xvi., 12, clearly foretells the character of Ishmael's descendants,—“He will be a wild man; his hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him.” The Arab remains little changed to this day.

Surely, for the sake of humanity, and civilisation,—not even the Sceptic would desire that God should have “loved” Ishmael, and “hated” Isaac? We may rely upon it, God's choice is the best for Mankind.—“Just and true are all Thy Ways.”

ESAU AND ISAAC ;—THE MEN.

But now for the individual characters of Jacob and Esau,—the *men*, not the Tribe.

“What!” screams the Secularist in the Lecture Hall,—“the Just God chooses, and ‘loves’ Jacob!—Jacob the cheat! Jacob the trickster! Jacob the liar! Jacob the mean! And ‘hates’ Esau! Esau the rightful heir,—the noble,—generous,—forgiving brother,—Oh! Shame!”

The mean, sordid, disposition of Jacob,—the shameful deception practised by him upon his aged, and blind, Father,—indeed, his entire mean character, throughout is *unchanged*, and *natural*, character, is indeed repulsive!

But the Believer asserts that there *came a change!*

If some of God's children, now “loved” by Him,—honoured and devoted Christians,—are thus to be judged, by what they *were*, and what they *did*, before that great change,—from a state of Nature to a state of Grace, came over them,—some of them could, indeed, a “tale unfold!”

“Do not speak of Jacob's naturally evil character, and disposition, by nature,”—such would say,—“*What was mine?*”

CHANGED BY GRACE.

Thus, as the Murderer passed to Execution, in the old days, in the Cart, that good and holy man, Bradford, solemnly took off his hat, and to the amazement of his pious friends, exclaimed,—“But for the Grace of Almighty God,—*there goes John Bradford!*”

After that change, we read of Jacob continually “building altars” to his God;—then followed a life of communion with Him. But, think you, the memory of his earlier life never

came to the Patriarch? When the cruel deception was played upon *him*, by his own children, and the "coat of many colours," he had given to his beloved son Joseph, was brought to him, covered with blood,—think you the memory never came to Jacob of the cruel deception *he* had once played upon his own blind old Father? "Me have ye bereaved of my children, Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and now ye will take Benjamin away, and bring down my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave!"

"How old art thou?" asks the great Pharaoh on seeing Jacob. "Few and evil have been my days!" says the Patriarch. He evidently remembered his former life.

CONCLUSION.

One word,—in conclusion,—upon the character of Esau. Esau the man,—not the tribe. "Generous disposition Esau's? No doubt! "Forgiving man, Esau?" He was! He had 400 men with him, when he met with his unworthy brother; he might easily have killed him, and seized all the "trickster's" flocks, and wives, but he did not do it. He forgives him, kisses him,—and says,—"Brother! what means all this drove which I met?" "These are to find grace in the sight of my lord!"—whines the trembling "trickster" Jacob,—who all the previous night, had been trembling for his life, and herds. He judges his brother by his *own* (then) mean character, and seeks, by a present of flocks, to "buy" his outraged elder brother off! "Oh!" says Esau,—(as it were)—"Don't talk of presents,"—*you are my brother*,—I forgive you!

UNCHANGED.

Generous,—hearty,—hasty,—Esau! forgives his brother as easily as he sold his Birthright!

With many qualities pleasing both to God and man, and yet a "profane person!" The very type of many an unconverted, unchanged, person in our day! It goes no further! It leads to no great and saving change, like that Jacob's character experienced! We read *no more* of Esau,—no building of altars to *his* God, no wrestling in prayer,—no communion,—and after walk with his God!

Something more, dear Reader, than a naturally, free, and generous, but thoughtless, Character, is needed!

Paul says,—"*Looking diligently lest any man fail of the grace of God,—lest there be any fornicator, or profane person,*

—as Esau,—who, for one morsel of meat, sold his birthright.” —(For the “Birthright,” see Deut. xxi., 15-17: it carried with it a double portion of the estate)—“For ye know that afterwards,—when he would have inherited the blessing, he was rejected; for he found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears.”

Reader, is this reply to the sneers of Unbelief unsatisfactory to you? Then look around! Surely you see repeated the characters of these two brothers in our day! How many youths around you—you may see any day,—“profane” persons, selling *their* birthright,—their purity,—their health,—their interest in Christ,—their future Heavenly Home,—for the “Mess of Pottage,”—the Besetting Sin! Whether it be the “fornicator” or the “profane” person, with his covetousness, or his infidelity. How little does it matter *which road* the sinner chooses to perdition, if they alike lead to the *self-same ruin*, at the end!

Let us humbly seek for God's proffered Grace to change our natural character,—as in the case of the once mean Jacob,—to one that God can “love”—that true Conversion and Blessed Change which will place us not merely amongst His “called” but amongst His “chosen.”

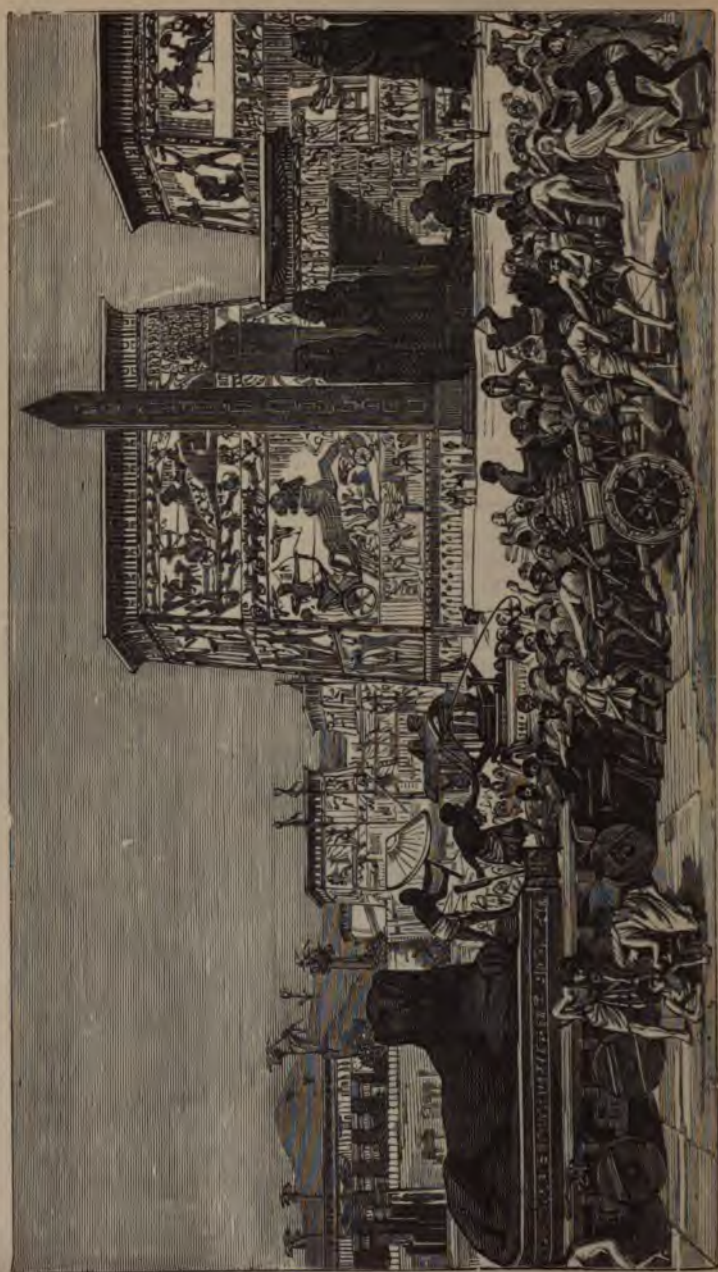
“For many, I say unto you, are called, but few are chosen!”

“What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise and call upon thy God.”—*Jonah* i., 6.

“Awake, thou that sleepest, and Christ shall give thee Light.”—*Eph.* v., 14.



“While the Bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept. But at midnight there was a cry made, ‘Behold! The Bridegroom cometh! Go ye out to meet Him!’ And the Foolish Virgins said unto the Wise,—‘Give us of your oil; for our lamps are gone out!’ * * * And while they went to buy, the Bridegroom CAME, and they that were ready went in with Him, to the Marriage,—and the Door was SHUT! Watch,—therefore,—for ye know neither the day, nor the hour, wherein the Son of Man cometh.”—*Matt.* xxv., 5-10.



"YE ARE IDLE ! WHEREFORE DO YE LET THE PEOPLE FROM THEIR WORK ?"

CHAPTER XLV.

THE "ETERNAL HOPE" DELUSION.

The "Old Theology" versus the "New Theology," which will you "Believe"? What depends upon it.

The Reader,—especially the "Christian,"—will, at once, recognise the object,—and vital importance,—of this long Struggle as to the real Character of fallen "Human Nature," and "Sin."

Three Great Questions are, of course,—involved, viz. :

(1) No "Fall,"—and no "Sin,"—then No "Redeemer,"—no "Saviour," no "New Birth," needful.

(2) No Eternal Loss of the Soul,—then, No "Cross," no "Divine Sacrifice," no "Atonement" required.

If there was nothing to "Save" us from, no Divine "Saviour" was needed.

(3) To ask the Reader,—once for all,—to decide these Vital questions for himself, in the Light of our Lord's habitual Solemn Teaching upon this Awful Subject.

"Then spake Jesus again unto them, saying, I am the Light of the world : he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the Light of life."

"Jesus answered them, and said, My Doctrine is not Mine, but His that sent Me."

"And because I tell you the Truth, ye believe Me not."

And too many of our "Religious" false Teachers in 1908, do not "believe" our Lord's Words,—and Warnings,—any more than the unbelieving Jews in the year 33.

THE PIRATE SHIP. FEEBLE MODERN PREACHING. WHAT IT LEADS TO. WESLEY AND WHITFIELD. TWO GREAT VOICES IN THIS WORLD—CHRIST'S AND SATAN'S. EVIL AND SIN. "SHAMMING DEAD." UNBELIEVING MINISTERS. THE COLOSSAL IMPUDENCE OF FARRAR. LONDON CLERGYMAN'S,—AND THE "NEW THEOLOGY'S" DANGEROUS TEACHING. "BELIEF" AND "UNBELIEF." THE FINAL PARTING. THE EXTREMES OF DISTANCE AND DIFFERENCE. "HEAVEN" OR "HELL."

THE PIRATE.

Then,—as I older grew,—joining a Corsair's Crew,
O'er the Dark Sea I flew,—with the Marauders,
Wild was the Life we led ! Many the souls that sped !
MANY the Hearts that bled,—by our stern Orders !

Longfellow.

Deck of a Pirate Ship, stealthily stealing up to a distant Vessel. Two villains are dressed as Women. One poses as a moral Captain, with his Speaking Trumpet under his arm. Another pretending to read a book. But the other Kuffans are crouching in the hatchways.



THE PIRATE SHIP.

In the Picture we see a PIRATE Vessel,—with a Crew of Pirates,—Desperate Men,—Criminals of all Nationalities,—under "false colours,"—a "DECOY,"—before the moment comes for hoisting the "BLACK FLAG." They are stealthily drifting towards their Prey,—the unsuspecting Merchant Vessel,—in the distance. One Villain poses as the Respectable CAPTAIN,—with his speaking Trumpet under his arm,—another pretends to be reading a Book,—the Fiddle is going,—and one or two in female disguise, are Dancing,—one is waving a respectable tall hat. But the villains, well armed, are ready to swarm up from below, for the usual terrible Work! For, too often,—knowing that once caught,—Pirates were given short shrift,—the usual Custom,—and their usual Practice,—was based upon the motto,—"*Dead men tell no Tales!*" The Writer's Father well remembered the Rows of Gibbets on the Banks of the Thames, of Pirates,—in which their bones lasted for many years. It was considered a salutary Warning to Foreign Sailors coming up the River. Indeed one Traveller, on seeing them, "*Thanked Heaven he had reached at last a Christian Country,*" viz., where the Wicked and Ferocious,—were, *at last*, Punished, and suppressed.

READER,—Can we allow our Common Sense to be abused into the grotesque idea that these Villains are all now in the "Kingdom of Heaven"? and have been addressed by the Awfully, Holy Supreme Judge, Jesus Christ, thus: "Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the World." Is not the idea monstrous? Absurd? Or that "Heaven" is to be composed of Murderers,—Pirates,—Debauchees,—Blood-thirsty Tyrants, Oppressors of, and Cruel Swindlers of the Poor,—in a word, of all the Abandoned,—Savage,—Vicious,—Dangerous, Cruel, Criminals, this "Fallen" World has seen? This is the "Eternal Hope Delusion,"—or the "New Theology."

THE OLD THEOLOGY.

"And there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither *whatsoever* worketh abomination, or *maketh* a lie: but they which are written in the Lamb's Book of Life."

"For without *are* dogs and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers, and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie."

"And whosoever was not found written in the Book of Life was cast into the lake of fire."—Rev. xx. 15.

The New Theology's delusion of such being "Still God's children,"—all to be "refined,"—is but the "Purgatory" of the Dark Age Superstitions. It is remarkable to notice how invariably the most prominent adherents to the "Eternal Hope" totally Unscriptural Delusion as to a refining process,—or "Purgatory," after Death, by which all Mankind,—"Saints" and "Sinners" alike, are all,—eventually to meet in Heaven,—seem to Drift into "Unbelief," as to the other Vital Truths of our Christian Religion. Especially the tendency to belittle Christ, and His Atonement. Equally ominous, also, are the desperate efforts such make to avoid, and shirk, the express,—habitual,—teaching, and Solemn Warnings,—of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ upon this AWFUL SUBJECT. The Christless, indeed, seem goaded to desperate dislike to all True, Faithful, Earnest, Evangelical, Ministers, who still teach the full Gospel to Fallen Mankind.

Thus, we had Beecher, of New York, selling his seats by Auction (!) ; credited with £10,000 a year,—fresh from a most unsavoury, and unsatisfactory, Trial,—whose "creed," "belief," or "disbelief," no mortal seemed ever to be able to discover,—alluding,—very improperly, in an audience of Ministers in London,—to the Great Preacher of our Generation, probably of any other,—Mr. C. H. Spurgeon,—as "Raucous," "Red-mouthed" men who "preached Hell Fire and Damnation," etc., whereas, as a matter of fact, that Splendid Evangelist, C. H. Spurgeon, during his lifetime, revived Religion in London, and, by his Myriads of Sermons,—spread all over the World,—has led more precious Souls to their Saviour and their God, in *one year*, than Beecher, Parker, Geo. Dawson, the "Unitarian," and the "New Theological" School, ever did, or ever would do, in a Century, if at all.

Then, we had the late Parker, of London, confirming the delusion, and supporting Beecher,—by a Series of Sermons, opposing Christ's Teaching upon the Subject,—and sending that Resource of vulgarity an "open" letter of unprovoked rudeness, addressed to Mr. Spurgeon, who,—in a beautiful, but guarded letter,—(he knew his man),—most wisely declined to have anything to do with him. One who knew Parker well, and admired him as a Preacher,—wrote to the Papers ;—

"His was a strange genius ! He made a close study of Theories of the 'Atonement,' but *never arrived* at one of his *own*. He took refuge in vague,—if beautiful,—formula. In the matter of personal immortality, he greatly wavered. At one time he wrote a Work doubting it. 'He was not,—and never was,—a pattern of orthodoxy !' "

The last effort in the Papers, the Writer noticed, was a very *unctuous* letter of his to his "Holy Father" the Pope (!) An

extraordinary letter. The unfortunate Congregations must have had some terrible struggles to follow these spiritual "Guides" in their vague, "Religious Gymnastics"! All this clearly proves that *once* begin the Down Grade,—of "Unbelief" in Christ's *Warnings*, the descent seems inevitable,—they cannot stop.

If God's Solemn *Warnings* throughout the Bible are *false*, why "believe" His "*Promises*"? As for the pronounced, open,—“Atheists,”—the Warnings of our Lord as to Future Loss of the Soul, seem to excite *them* to fury and desperate opposition.

Let us have an example of what Modern "Unbelief" leads to,—this time from America,—the Land of Mormon Smith,—Prophet Dowie,—“Rev. Mrs. Eddy,”—“Spiritualists,”—“Theosophists,”—and a host of Religious Frauds, or Delusions,—examples of frantic Credulity,—“Believing” *too much*,—in contrast to Believing *nothing at all*.

In an “Oration,” entitled “The Dying Creed,”—(Christianity)—before an audience of 3,000,—in America, by the late Colonel Ingersoll (the equally noted lecturer on Infidelity in U.S.A., as Bradlaugh in England),—we read,

UNBELIEF.

“Orthodox Religion is dying out of the civilised World. It is a ‘sick man.’ (Laughter.) It is a Religion which no longer satisfies the intelligence of this Country.”

Note.—*Ten Million* students are reported attending the Sunday Schools in America alone. It has “satisfied,”—and does so still,—Millions of the Noblest, Wisest, and Best of Mankind.

“It is a Religion that warps the Coffin in darkness, and fills the future of Mankind with flame and fear.”

Note.—It will do so,—in the case of the Sceptic,—but, on the contrary, it fills the “Believer” with Peace, Joy, and Happiness on Earth, and the Promise of a Future of Endless Bliss. It takes away the fear of Death, and reconciles the “Redeemed” to a loving Creator. “God is Love!”

“It is a Religion, that I am going to do what I can,—while I live,—to destroy!”

Note.—(He died (65) 29th July, 1899). Every Aggressive Sceptic,—swollen with Conceit,—is going, “while he lives,” to “destroy” the Religion of Jesus Christ, until they drop one after another into Eternity, when God thinks well to remove them. Christ tells us, “I have the Keys of Death and of Hell.”

“I am He that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of Hell and of Death.”—*Rev. v. 18.*

One turn of that key, and these Boasters pass from our view ! Instead of the " Dying Creed,"—the title of the Lecture should have been " The Dying Atheist."

" I would rather that every Planet, in its orbit, should wheel a barren star,—rather than that the Christian Religion should prove true." (Applause.)

Note.—No doubt ! The Enemies of Christ would destroy Him, and His Religion, now, just as they did in the year 33.

HE IS GOING TO TAKE AWAY IMMORTALITY, AND THE BIBLE (!)

" People ask me if I take away the Bible,—what are we going to do ? "

By this time the great " I " or the regal " We " appeared in the Oration ; it is always the way ! No sooner does God, and Christ *depart* than *self-conceit*,—incredible,—blinding,—comes over the human Soul, and we have,—" I defy,"—" We assert,"—etc.

The idea of this miserable Creature,—this American " Wind-bag," " taking away the Bible,"—and Christ ! It is *too* absurd !

It is indeed, the only effort of true, genuine, *humour* in this " Oration." About 14,000 Bibles are being Printed every working day. 5,976,569 volumes were issued by the Bible Society in 1906 ;—in 409 *different* Languages. Its translation, into all dialects, is going on *ceaselessly*. The " Colporteurs," alone, sold 2,200,000 Copies of Scripture in 1906. A century ago, Robert Morrison,—the first Protestant Missionary in China,—landed in Canton. In 1824 the Chinese Bible,—translated by himself,—was printed. Now, for years, there are thousands of Missionaries, and the Chinese buy over a Million Copies a Year. The " Centenary " Fund (1804 to 1904) produced 250,000 Guineas. The Annual Receipts of the Bible Society from a very small sum the first year of its establishment (1804) became £234,725 in 1906,—giving a greatly needed Surplus,—after eight years' deficiency,—of £12,640 over the ever-increasing Expenses to supply the World with the priceless Word of God. In 1808,—only 16,544 could be printed,—against the 5,976,569, of 1906.

One might as well attempt to *empty* the Atlantic with a *teaspoon*,—as to " take away the Bible."

Our Lord foretold that it should be a " WITNESS TO ALL NATIONS."

" And as He sat upon the Mount of Olives, the Disciples came unto Him, privately, saying, Tell us, when shall these things be ? and what shall be the sign of Thy coming, and of the End of the World ? "

" And Jesus answered and said unto them, Take heed that no man deceive you."

" For many shall come in My name, saying I am Christ ; and shall deceive many."

" And many *false prophets* shall rise, and shall *deceive many*."

" And because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold."

" But he that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved."

" And this Gospel of the Kingdom shall be preached in *all the World* for a Witness unto all Nations ; and then shall the End come."

The Sceptic continues :—

"The next thing,—they tell me,—I do, is to take away the Hope of Immortality."

HE IS GOING TO TAKE AWAY IMMORTALITY (!)

Really, one would suspect that the Sceptic was having a *little amusement* out of the "3,000" who were silly enough to listen to such *nonsense*. The idea of a poor, deluded, Christless, Unbeliever, a wretched Apostate, "taking away our hope of Immortality!" Yankee "Buncombe," and Conceit, surely reach their climax here! Such a man must be mad with conceit; a "Self-idolator."

"Compare Athens with Jerusalem. From Athens came the beauty, and intellectual grace of the world. Compare the mythology of Greece with the mythology of Judea. One covering the Earth with beauty, and the other filling heaven with hatred, and injustice."—(Applause.)

Note.—And this was called one of the "great efforts" of one of the "Great Sceptics" of our day!

Why, the very schoolboys of 1908 are disgusted with the absurdities in their "Classical Dictionary," detailing the abominations of the "mythology of Greece,"—describing "Gods," and "Goddesses,"—as childish, and foul, as the Heathens themselves who *pretended* to worship them! *One sentence* of our Blessed Lord, has done more for Mankind,—and Humanity,—than all the Heathen Fictions and Mythologies of Centuries!

Next we come to all the old, old, lampoons, and buffoonery about the Fall of Man.

"What did Adam do? I cannot see that it amounted to much anyway. A God that can create out of nothing, ought not to have complained of the loss of an apple."—(Laughter.)

The Sceptic never points out to the people, that, after *one act of disobedience*, Fallen humanity was capable of *any* Crime! The very *next* development of Sin was *Murder*! The foulest of murders,—*THAT OF A BROTHER*! But the Sceptic "cannot see that it amounted to much anyway!"

"Christ's Miracles. Now let us be honest!"

(*Certainly*,—let us be *honest*! No man needs, however, that advice, more than a Lecturer on Infidelity.)

"Suppose a man came to Chicago (!) and raised one from the dead, would they crucify him? And yet we are told that this worker of *Miracles* was crucified by the Jews!—(Applause.) It was never dreamed that he did a miracle, until 100 years after he was dead!"

Note.—And this is called a "great effort." The "great effort" must have been to listen to such nonsense! *Chicago*

1891, and *Jerusalem* A.D. 33! Different circumstances, different times, different Nations! *Why* did the Jews crucify our Blessed Lord? For the very reason that He *did* work Miracles! *Because* of wondrous *miracles* which they could not *dispute* or *gainsay*. *There they were*. There was Lazarus before their very eyes!

"And he that was dead came forth * * * Jesus said unto them, Loose him and let him go. Then many of the Jews, *who had seen* the things which Jesus did, believed on Him."

"Then gathered the Chief Priests,—

(Very different people to the Mayors of "*Chicago*" and other U.S. cities in 1891,—and very different circumstances.) and the Pharisees called a Council, and said, 'What do we? For this man *doeth many Miracles*'—

(Flatly contradicting the Atheists of 1908.)

'If we let Him thus alone *all men* will believe on Him, and the Romans shall come and take away *our place*,—

(Their *emoluments*, *position*, and *authority*.) and Nation.' "

(Which,—as our Lord clearly foretold,—the Romans certainly *did* do.)

"Much people of the Jews came also, not for Jesus' sake only, but *that they might see Lazarus* whom He had raised from the Dead! But the Chief Priests consulted that they might put Lazarus to death also, because that by reason of him many of the Jews *went away*, and *believed on Jesus*."—John xii., 9, 10.

"Then from that day forth they took Counsel together to put *Jesus to death*."

The Reader will see that the very Enemies of Christ acknowledged the fact of His Miracles and those of His followers.

"And beholding the man which was healed standing with them, they could say nothing against it. For the man was above forty years of age on whom this Miracle of healing showed."

"He had been lame from his Mother's womb."—Acts iii., 2.

He had *sat for years* at the Gate of the Great Temple,—and, of course, was known to thousands in Jerusalem.

"And they conferred among themselves, saying, 'What shall we do to these men? for that indeed a notable Miracle hath been done by them is manifest to all them that dwell in Jerusalem, and we cannot deny it.'"
—Acts iv., 14-16.

When they could not dispute our Lord's Miracles they proposed resorting to Murder. Why? Why is the Atheist, the "Unbeliever," in 1908,—quite as great a Bigot, quite as obstinate as the Unbelievers in Jerusalem in 33,—and while he lives is "going to do what I can to destroy" the Religion of Jesus Christ?

Because he is the *very same* in spirit! He too wants to "destroy" what he,—and all aggressive Atheists hate,—namely Christ, and His Rule and Religion. The Unbelievers in 33 "*did their best*," as every Unbeliever has done since. They utterly failed! Jesus Christ is going to Rule!

"For the Father loveth the Son, and hath given all things into His hand,"—*John* iii., 35.

"For Christ must Reign till He hath put all Enemies under His feet."

CHRIST THE LIGHT OF THIS WORLD.

"I am the Light of the World; he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the Light of life."—*John* viii., 12.

"And this is the Condemnation, that Light,"—(Christianity, Christ's Gospel),—"has come into the World,"—*never more* to go out of it,—"*and men love darkness rather than Light, because their deeds are evil!*"

"Everyone that doeth evil *hateth the Light*," (Christianity, and the Precepts of Jesus Christ),—"neither cometh he to the Light, lest his deeds be reproved."—*John* iii., 20.

Mankind *cannot go back*. The "Light,"—Christ,—has come into this Sinful World,—never again to go out of it till the Great Judgment Day.

THE LIGHT,—CHRIST,—HAS COME TO STAY.

The World may not like it,—(the "Great Sceptic" and the Atheist *certainly* do not,)—may resist that Light,—but "the Light" *has come*,—whether they *like it or not*,—and, what is more, it is *going to stay*.

"Lo! I am with you *always*,—even unto the *End of the World!*"—*Matt.* xxviii., 20.

Of course "the Light,"—Christ, and Christianity,—may be resisted, cavilled at, maligned,—you may resolutely shut your eyes to it, and go after "strange Gods," Dowie, Mrs. Eddy,—or "Modern Progressive Thought,"—or "Atheism,"—but you do it at your Peril!

"He that hateth Me, hateth My Father also."—*John* xv., 23.

For "*the Light is there*."

"If our Gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost!"—*2 Cor.* iv., 3.

The Atheist,—wrought up in his small self, and egotism,—refuses to understand that he is a mere, perishing, little Insect, soon to pass out into Eternity.

"Then shall the Dust return unto the Earth, and the Spirit shall return unto God Who gave it."—*Eccles.* xii., 7.

A Self-Idolator,—he wishes to be his own God. A dependent creature,—supported every moment he lives by God, he

"poses" as an independent self-sustained being,—whereas he could not create one atom of the food God's providence supplies him with daily,—to save his life.

To such a Person the Gospel of Christ,—the speechless importance of now securing Salvation through Jesus Christ,—while God sustains him in life, and health,—seems mere "foolishness."

"For the Preaching of the Cross is to them that perish *foolishness* ; but unto us which are saved it is the Power of God."—1 Cor. i., 18.

The Atheist cannot conceive of a higher Being than *himself*, and his fancied "Intellect" and "Wisdom."

"The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God : for they are *foolishness* unto him : neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."—1 Cor. ii., 14.

"The World by *Wisdom*,—knows not God," (and never will), "it pleased God by the *foolishness* of Preaching to save them that Believe."—1 Cor. i., 21.

"Thou hast hid these things from the Wise and Prudent, and hast revealed them unto BABES."—Matt. xi., 25. (That is, simple-hearted people.)

This exhibits the Folly of all "Discussion" with confirmed—abandoned,—advanced,—Unbelievers,—when they have reached the advanced stage of Atheism and desperate opposition to God.

"The *wisdom* of this World is *foolishness* with God. For it is written, 'He taketh the Wise in their own craftiness.'"—1 Cor. iii., 19.

We see this constantly in the lives of Unbelievers, who think themselves so clever. The Sceptic continues,—

"This is the trouble with the Christian Religion :—'Leave your father, leave your mother, leave your wife, leave your children, leave everything and follow Jesus Christ!' I will not! (applause.) I will stay with the old 'Folks.' (Laughter.) It says in the Bible, I believe, 'Now is the accepted time.' I say there is no World,—there can be no World,—in which every human being will not have the same opportunity of doing right.' (Applause.)

This the Believer totally denies.

"Again, He limiteth a certain day, saying, To-day, after so long a time ; as it is said, To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts."

"While it is said To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts."

"So I swear in my wrath, they shall not enter into My rest."

So we see that they could not enter in because of unbelief.

"These things saith He that is holy, He that is true, He that hath the key of David, He that openeth, and no man shutteth ; and *shutteth*, and *no man openeth*."

Once go too far the *very desire* "to do right" in a "lost" Soul is *lost*,—gone for ever. "I will not" follow Christ,—should have been "I *cannot*,"—probably a solemn Truth to many an "advanced" Infidel.

"Salvation,"—"Following Christ,"—is entirely of God,—*from first to last*,—the result of, and the answer to,—earnest Prayer and application, suggested to the Soul by God, the Holy Spirit, or Holy Ghost.

Nothing seems to exasperate the Sceptic so much as the Character, Teachings, and Commandments, of our Blessed Lord. Where the Believer recognizes the Beauty of that sweet Incomparable Life,—the Life of the "Chiefest of Ten Thousand, and the altogether Lovely,"—Godlike,—because Divine,—the prejudiced, blinded, Unbeliever, appears to see nothing at all! It is "foolishness" to him! Nay! the very word "Christ," seems to stir up intense scorn and animosity! Yet it is *very remarkable* how Sceptics seem unable to get away from the SUBJECT OF JESUS CHRIST!"

A DROP OF BELIEVING TERROR IN THEM ALL.

They seem perpetually at it! The Secret is, that Jesus Christ, our Saviour,—is in the Path from our Childhood to our Grave,—blocks the Way to Perdition,—to every Sinner! He has to *trample* upon those *Wounds*! He must "crucify" unto himself the Son of Man afresh,—else he will never get past!

Thus Paine,—on his death bed,—is heard by the Nurse (and also by Dr. Manley, a respectable, and surely reliable, Medical Man,—in the adjoining Room),—when he thought he was alone, exclaiming, "Oh! Christ, save me! etc.!"

Again, Renan writes a Work, "The Life of Christ."

The last words on Theology, Bradlaugh ever sent to print, while living, was a "discussion" upon "Belief in Christ!" (See Vol. II. of this Book, page 566.)

The dislike, may we not say, the *secret fear* of the Rejectors of Christ, *leaks out* in this *vast* attention they give to the Subject. There is a deep terror apparently in every Human Soul,—once enlightened as to the Doctrine of Salvation through Christ, as to the Awful State of being utterly forsaken by Him,—of missing the only chance of Salvation that they will ever have again for all Eternity!

This secret concern *will out*! The more abandoned by God, the more the Soul seems to hate and fear Jesus Christ!

"Art thou come to torment us *before the time*!" shriek the Devils!
"We know Thee who Thou art,—the Holy One of God!"—*Mark i., 24; Matt. viii., 29.*

There are many amongst the Unitarians,—thoughtful men,—who profess to reject the Divinity of Jesus Christ,—and the absolute necessity of the Shedding of that Precious,

Divine Blood,—who yet feel this same secret dread and anxiety as to the Future!

"Suppose the Bible is *true after all!*" "Suppose that Salvation *does* entirely depend upon Belief in Jesus Christ as a Divine Saviour!" "Suppose Almighty God does pass on with new developments in his Infinite Counsels for Boundless Eternity, and the Day of Salvation is *allowed by us* to pass, never to come to us again!"

A Solemn thought, Reader!

There is a Mystery about the Gospel of Christ. What does Paul mean by the Messengers of the Gospel being,

"Unto God, a sweet savour of Christ, in them that are saved, and in them that perish. To the one we are the savour of death unto death: and to the other the savour of life unto life. And who is sufficient for these things?"—II. Cor. ii., 15, 16.

"No man can come unto Me except the Father which hath sent Me draw him."—John vi., 44.

Note.—This Book has never failed to urge upon the Young Reader the speechless importance of attending to those "drawings," and convictions of Almighty God, in Youth.

"Ye will not come unto Me,"

says our Blessed Lord,—(exactly what the "Great Sceptic" says, "I will not.")

"That ye might have life."—John v., 40.

"He that Believeth on the Son, hath Everlasting Life; but he that Believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the Wrath of God abideth on him."—John iii., 36.

"If I had *not come* and *spoken unto them*,"—

(Christ "speaks" to every intelligent being in 1908—His Words are *everywhere*,—they cannot avoid hearing them from their Childhood to their Grave.)

"they had not had Sin. But now they have no cloak for their Sin; for now have they both seen and hated both Me and My Father."—John xv., 22-24.

"I am the Way, the Truth,—and the Life! No Man cometh unto the Father but by Me!"—John xiv., 6.

Doubtless there comes a day in the life of every obstinate Sinner,—often called,—often warned,—when the "Day of Salvation" has passed by! To every finally lost Soul, there *must* have come such a day! It was a day like any other

day,—it *must* have been,—for it had its morning,—its evening,—and its night ! And yet it was a day of days to that Soul ! He will ponder upon it *throughout Eternity* ! A day when the Eternal sent a final Message,—a message of love,—and yet a message of speechless solemnity !

“Provoking Creature, if thou *will* go to Perdition, thou shalt trample, at least, *once* more upon those bleeding Wounds !”

Yes ! To many a lost sinner there came such a day. He found a dying Saviour,—dying for *his* Soul,—stretched across his wilful and dread Pathway to Perdition !

The Precious One has turned aside many in this way. “I want my sins,—but I cannot do *that*. I cannot tread upon that bleeding form !” And in God’s mercy the lost one stops in his career,—“reasons” with his God,—Repents,—and is Saved !

“Come now and let us reason together saith the Lord !”—*Isaiah* i., 18.

“Have I any pleasure in the Death of him that dieth,” saith the Lord God, “and not that he should Return,—Repent,—and live ?”—*Ezekiel* xviii. 23.

— — — — —
The Unbeliever continues,—

THE WICKED SHALL BE TURNED INTO HELL.

“Rather than the Doctrine of Endless Punishment,”—continues the “Great Sceptic,”—“should be true, I would like to see the fabric of our civilisation fall into unmeaning chaos, and formless dust, and that man should shudderingly scrawl back into savage and barbaric night.”

Note.—How man is to do that amidst “chaos,” and “formless dust,” seems obscure, but it was considered “eloquent.”

“I would rather that every Planet should in its orbit, wheel,—a barren star,—rather than that the Christian Religion should be true.” (Applause.)

No doubt he would ! The Enemies of Christ would destroy Him, and His Religion, in 1908, just as they tried to do in the year 33. The Christian has not the slightest doubt as to *that* !

Fortunately, the “Planets” are in much safer keeping than that of Atheists, and will certainly not “roll barren,” though Myriads of Unbelievers reject their Saviour, and Perish !

So we go on through the *Rigmarole* inflicted upon that unfortunate 3,000. Thus,—

“Missionaries ! I beg of every one who hears me to-night,—I beg,—I implore,—I beseech,—you never to give another dollar to build a church in which that lie is preached.”

viz., that the "Wicked are turned into Hell."

"Never give another Cent to send a Missionary with his mouth stuffed with that falsehood to a foreign land."

Note.—The Good Missionary Societies do not care *one cent* whether the Sceptic and his hearers give or do not! The Gospel of Jesus Christ never yet lacked Funds to spread its blessed influence at home, and to foreign lands, and it *never will*! If *anything* would *sink* a Missionary Vessel, one would be tempted to think it would be the money of such a person,—Christ's cause can well do without him, or his,—plenty of money comes in from *much* sweeter sources!

Towards the conclusion, we have,—

"If Christ was in fact God, why did not he plainly say there was another life?"

It would really appear that the "great Sceptic" had never yet read his Testament!

Our Blessed Lord was constantly,—incessantly,—urging us to *look forward* to a *future life*! On nothing was Christ's teaching more clear and explicit!

"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth,—

(Was His habitual teaching,)

But provide for yourselves a treasure in the Heavens."

It was our Lord, indeed, Who first brought to Mankind that knowledge of a Future Life which sustains the Christian, and upon which his hopes are fixed!

"Why didn't he turn the tear-stained hope of immortality into the glad knowledge of another life?"

Precisely, and emphatically, what our Lord *did* do,—was continually doing!

"Fear not, little Flock, it is your Father's *good* pleasure to give you the Kingdom! I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am there ye may be also! My Father Himself loveth you."

"Well done! Good and faithful servant! Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

The Sceptic continues,—

"Why did he go humbly to his death, and leave the World in darkness, and in doubt? Why? Because he was a man and did not know!"—(Applause) (!)

Note.—Our Blessed Lord never left *His followers* in any "darkness" or "doubt" *at all*, nor does He *now*!

"I am the Light of the World! He that believeth in Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the Light of Life!"

Every Christian feels this light which is shed in the soul of every Believer in Jesus Christ! It is the Sceptic, the Atheist,

the Unbeliever, the Freethinker, the Secularist, the Profane, who are left in "doubt" and "darkness," and if the amazing twaddle in this "Oration" is a fair sample of the efforts of "great" (?) American Sceptics, it must indeed be a "*darkness that may be felt!*"

THE SCEPTIC DOES NOT KNOW.

At length, as a climax, *what do we gain* from his 32 page, rambling, discourse? *Nothing whatever!* At its conclusion, he coolly informs the unfortunate audience that *he* has nothing to tell them. "*I do not know.*" "*We do not know.*" Of course not. Whoever expected that he did?

Unbelief attempts to *destroy!* never able to *construct.*

"We cannot say,"—

(the "great we" once more)

"whether death is a wall or a door;—the beginning or the end of a day. Whether it is the rising or the setting of the sun. We do not know. We cannot say."

Certainly not! No one ever expected that they could. But the *Believer* knows, because our Blessed Lord has informed us. It is a "door," for Christ says,

"I am the Door, by Me, if any man enter in he shall be saved."—*John* x., 8.

It is the beginning of a Day,—an Eternal Day,—a blessed Day to His true followers,—for Christ says,

"Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the beginning of the World."

It is the Rising Sun, for,

"God shall wipe away tears from all faces, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."—*Rev.* xxi., 3-4.

It will be the "Rising of the Sun" *decidedly* to the *Redeemed*. Not a shadow of "doubt" about *that*.

"Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!" "Son, *thou* art ever with Me,—and *all that I have, is thine!*"

And this is all the "immense audience" got! *Nothing!* And that is all they ever will get from Infidelity. Well, but those "3,000" never expected to get anything *good*. They knew from previous experience, or report, that they would hear God, Christ, the Bible, and Religion, lampooned, scoffed at, and satirized. They probably paid for their seats *with this full knowledge*. Without this, a Freethought Lecturer would have disappointed them!

" *Let us be honest!*" The Reader would say that the Lecturer certainly gave them plenty for their money if he could read the whole. Only the mildest extracts have been given.

WHO ARE THE GUILTY PARTIES ?

With whom then does the real Guilt of these "Modern Thought" Lectures lie? Why, with the Audience who *encourage* them by their *Presence*, and their money! With the Public Press who *Report*, and *notice* their Meetings, and call the Apostate who organised them, "Great!" There are Crowds who will go to anything if it is only Evil. They crowd to an Atheist's lecture as they would to a Prize Fight,—a Cockfight,—or a Bull Baiting,—or to listen to Indecent Songs,—or to an Immoral Play! "Fallen" Human Nature,—without God,—is every bit as corrupt as it was 2,000 years ago, in the degradation of the Heathen Times; nothing seems to please the Christless that has not on it something of the Serpent's Slime!

It is nothing but *the Law*,—the *Laws* of a *Christian Nation*, which control the Wicked. It is these Laws,—the outcome of Christianity,—these persons would fain see abolished! This renders the Atheist Lecturer a Curse, and Danger, to any Nation or Country!

Thus, Reader, you have,—in their own words, the Public Teaching of "Modern Progressive Thought," on both sides of the Atlantic. How do you like them?

Are *these* the men you would die with? The same old, old, profane jests and buffoonery,—the same old objections answered a thousand times,—Facts of History distorted,—assertions wilfully untrue,—Truth purposely misstated,—the Common Sense of the Audience abused! The Blessed Truths of Revelation perverted, misstated, contradicted, lampooned, and reviled. Ending in the old, old story,—the Irresistible Climax of all "Unbelief,"—the Confession of *absolute* and *total* Ignorance! "We do not know!"

ATHEISM IN 1908.

The spirit of Modern Aggressive Infidelity is not one of quiescent, hesitating, doubt,—it is rather a dark Scepticism of bitter Hatred, and Scorn, fiercely, and vindictively, active! It is not the Dream of Speculative Intellect returning from its old, old, dreary Voyage in the bewildering round of Philosophical Research, bringing home the usual freight of new

absurdities ! It is rather a boisterous, loud, repulsive, dogmatism, fierce in its desire to dethrone a Deity it secretly Fears as well as Hates ! Desperately resolving,—but in vain,—to banish all dread of a Future Eternity, which it affects to disbelieve !

THE TARES AND THE WHEAT.

TWO DIFFERENT SPECIES.

Imagine, now, Reader, the *immense* Contrast, these two Persons,—whose Lives and Characters have been depicted,—must,—after years persistently following their respective paths,—present to the eye of their Creator ! They must appear absolutely two distinct Species of Mankind ! The one,—with His aid,—everything which God loves, and approves,—the other everything that He despises, and “abhors !” Indeed, our Blessed Lord,—plainly tells us that it is so in actual fact ;—such men,—even in *this* World,—*do* actually belong to two distinct classes, namely, the “Children of the Kingdom,” and the “Children of the Wicked One.”

“ I object to these Views of Religion ! ” Do you ? Well, read Christ’s word for yourself.



PARABLE OF OUR LORD. WHO “ THE TARES ” ARE.

“ The Kingdom of Heaven is like unto a Man who sowed *good* Seed in his Field. But while men slept,—

(Possibly alluding to sleeping, indifferent, Christians, unwatchfulness, and neglect of God.)

his **Enemy** came and sowed Tares among the Wheat, and went his way. And when the Blade was sprung up, then appeared the Tares also ! Then the Servants of the Householder came and said unto Him, ‘ Sir, didst not Thou sow good Seed in Thy Field ? ’ He said unto them, ‘ An **ENEMY** hath done this ! ’ The Servants said unto Him, ‘ Wilt Thou then that we

go, and gather them up ? ' But He said, ' Nay ! Lest while ye gather up the Tares, ye root up the Wheat with them. ' "

" Let both grow together until the Harvest ; and in the time of the Harvest I will say to the Reapers, ' Gather ye together first the Tares, and bind them in bundles to burn them, but gather the Wheat into My Barn ! ' "

Is this the Teaching of " Eternal Hope " for all ?

THE END OF THE TARES. TWO SPECIES OF MANKIND.

" Then Jesus sent the Multitude away, and went into the house. And His Disciples came unto Him,—saying,—' Declare unto us the Parable of the Tares.' He answered, and said unto them,—' He that soweth the good seed is the Son of Man ! ' "

" The Field is the World ; the good seed are the Children of the Kingdom ; but the tares are the Children of the Wicked One ; the Enemy that sowed them is the Devil ; the Harvest is the end of the World, and the Reapers are the Angels. As therefore the tares are gathered, and burned in the Fire ; so shall it be in the End of the World. The Son of Man shall send forth His Angels, and they shall gather out of His Kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity ; and shall cast them into Furnaces of Fire. There shall be *wailing*, and *gnashing of teeth* ! Then shall the Righteous shine forth as the Sun in the Kingdom of their Father. Who hath ears to hear let him hear ! "—*Matt. xiii.*, 24-30 and 36-43.

THE CONTRAST.

What must indeed be the *immense* Contrast in the Divine Sight between say even Fifty years of the Prayerful, Devoted, Pious Life of a true Believer in Jesus Christ's Divinity,—and the Apostate, or the Wicked, in their respective Practice, Lives, and Characters !

THE DELUSION OF " ETERNAL HOPE "—WHAT IT LEADS TO.

It inevitably leads to the conjuring up by the " New Theology," or " Unitarian," of a God of their *own devising*, totally opposed to the Supreme of the Scriptures. Reader, look once more at the Picture of the " Pirates." Can you allow your Common Sense to be stultified by the totally unscriptural delusion that,—“of such is the Kingdom of Heaven,”—that they are “ Still the Child of God,”—and of “ inextinguishable Divinity of soul,—sharing a “ Oneness ” with “ God’s own nature,”—and “ if Christ was Divine,—so in our measure are they ” ?

Such “ New Theology ” teaching is really *Grotesque* !

A DAY OF SHALLOW "SENTIMENT" AND THOUGHT.

This mawkish, feeble, teaching that all will eventually meet in Heaven, naturally leads to thinking lightly of sin, and belittling Christ's Solemn Teaching, Death, and Atonement, and condoning the Guilt of modern Ruffians, Murderers, Swindlers of the Poor,—Atheists,—Debauchees, etc. Who can deny the totally inadequate Punishments meted out to well-to-do Criminals in this World,—if with Money enough to pay the Lawyers, and secure able Legal Defenders? How many a wealthy Villain, or Murderer,—either by Influence,—Corruption,—or the aid of the Press,—after interminable delays,—finally gets off with totally inadequate punishment.

In our day, the morbid,—misplaced,—sympathy of the Public seems ever to be on the side of the Cunning Murderer, Poisoner, or Criminal. "Petitions" are got up,—Newspaper aid enlisted, as in the cases of Dr. Palmer,—Madeline Smith,—the woman Constance Kent (of the "Great Crime" of 1860)—Maybrick, etc. But it is amazing how *very* little Sympathy we ever hear expressed for the Victim, suddenly cut off, sent into Eternity,—probably quite unprepared,—the Family frequently ruined, deprived at one blow of the Father, and breadwinner, the children bereft of all their support.

The victim is slyly poisoned,—or treacherously shot,—sent to HIS account at a moment's notice,—no time allowed him for Prayer, or Repentance, not a Minute's warning often given *him*.

Whereas the murderous Criminal has weeks, or Months, given him. Clergy attend him, Lawyers try every trick to evade the Law,—and he is usually respited, and never hanged after all the fuss made about him. It reminds us of the well-meaning Philanthropist inquiring of the dangerous "Tough," or "Ruffian,"—"I hope you forgive all your enemies,—if our Petition fails?" "Forgive my Enemies"?—said the Villain,—"I have none. I killed them all!"

Judge Parker, of U.S.A., kept a Record in America, some Years ago. There were 43,902 "homicides,"—(called "Murders" in Great Britain) in Six Years in the United States, an average of 7,317 a year (!) while,—during that Period,—only 723 Legal Executions were carried out, and 1,118 "Lynchings." He complained that this terrible loss of human life was increasing. In 1890 only 4,290 persons were killed, whereas, in one year, he recorded 10,502 (!) "Is the Man of Blood to Rule,—or the Law?"—he asked. "The Rights of the

dangerous Brutal Murderer,—the Criminal worse than useless to Society,—are now regarded as supreme,—while the Safety of the Public, and the Sanctity of Human Life, are now ignored. There is a diseased Public Opinion of undue,—unreasoning,—mawkish sentiment in our day towards Crime and Criminals,—but strange to say very little of it is extended to his victims." We read this year, 1907,—

"BRIGANDS" AND THE "ETERNAL HOPE." ARE THEY ALL GOING TO HEAVEN?

"A terrible story of the barbarous methods of the Brigands who still infest Sicily, comes from the village of Pastrinco, where the dead bodies of three Youths, aged *thirteen, fifteen, and sixteen* respectively, have been found just outside the place. The bodies were discovered by an Uncle of the young men, Signor —, and a dead mule and dog were lying beside the Corpses.

"Signor — has informed the Police that he received a letter a few days ago from the chief of a band of Brigands, threatening to murder his three Nephews unless he paid over to the band a large sum of money. He took no notice of the letter, with the result that the Brigands have carried their threat into execution. The band in question has been operating for some time past in the neighbourhood of Palermo."—*Central News*.

Also, we read the following absurd Scene took place recently in the United States:—

An extraordinary Scene was witnessed in the Criminal Court at — yesterday at the close of a sensational murder trial. —, who killed his sweetheart in circumstances of atrocious cruelty, recalling the crime of Bill Sikes, in "*Oliver Twist*," was found guilty by the Jury. Justice —, who was recently appointed to the Bench, proceeded to sentence the prisoner to death. But he was so overcome by the awfulness of the office that he was *unable* for some minutes to *utter a sound*.

Then, with face ashen pale, hands violently trembling, and voice shaking, the judge in inaudible tones read the death sentence. When he had finished he fell back in his chair in a *fainting condition*. The court officials rushed to the judge's assistance, and after *some time* succeeded in reviving him (!)

The Prisoner observed the Judge's trepidation with a contemptuous smile, and when he collapsed, burst into a loud laugh. Still laughing, he was led from the Court to the condemned cell.—*Daily Paper*.

Justice, not sentiment,—is needed to save Public Justice from contempt. Again, lately, in Paris, after an especially brutal assault, and atrocious murder. of a poor child,—

A tremendous conflict is being waged between the influential supporters of the abolition of the Death penalty, and the great mass of Public opinion in France. Since — was, very improperly,—"*reprieved*,"—no fewer than twenty Juries in different parts of France have sent Petitions urging the maintenance of the Death penalty in consequence of the great increase in Crimes, and more especially of homicides, in France. The *ordinary prison* punishment *has no terrors* for the French Criminal.

A life in which they had enough to eat, and a roof over their heads, no work to do, no anxiety, has few terrors for them, *whereas Death—ah! that appals* even the most Callous.—*Daily Paper*.

It is only when his *own life* is in *danger* that the Murderer feels compunction, or fear. He cares nothing for his Victim, his one thought is to save *himself*. We see this constantly. Once the Trial is over, and the reprieve declined, then it, at last, comes home to the most callous. It was so with Rush the Murderer.

RUSH, THE MURDERER.

The old "Blunderbusses" were, at times, "double barrelled." It was with one of the latter that the Murderer Rush, of Potash Farm, shot dead with "slugs" the two Mr. Jermyns,—Father, and grown up Son,—in the Porch of Stanfield Hall, Norfolk, on the night of Tuesday, 28th November, 1848,—also wounding Mrs. Jermyn,—and a Servant,—with his Pistols,—after several nights *watching his opportunity*. Could the Jermyns be got rid of before a certain date (the 30th), Rush would probably have obtained possession of some valuable Properties, by means of forged agreements, which he had prepared, and which they alone could have proved fictitious. The difficult path to the Hall had been strewn, in parts, with straw, to guide the eye on those dark nights. Over banks, ditches, and mud,—along this Path,—the Murderer rushed, disposing of his pistols, (never found), and—secreting his Weapon in a Dungheap,—entered Potash Farm, calling attention to the hour, in the hope, if suspected, of proving an "*alibi*," that no one could perform it in the time; a Witness,—a Farmer,—familiar with the locality, succeeded, however, in accomplishing it.

Rush *fought to the last*,—conducted his own defence,—if reviling the Witnesses,—innumerable appeals to the Almighty,—endless cross-examinations which lead to nothing, and incredible statements, could be called a "Defence." Failing to shake the Evidence, on the fourth of the five days' Trial, Rush, that night, "*behaved in the Cells, more like a Demon than a Man!*" He was *thirteen hours* at a time, on his legs, *talking!* Baron Rolfe was a *Miracle of Patience*. Rush screamed "Murder!" on the Scaffold. Yet the Jury were only out *five minutes*,—and no living creature ever had the slightest doubt that he did the deed! Some months after the Execution the double barrelled "Blunderbuss" was found under a Dunghill, in Potash Farm, the only thing needed to complete the Evidence,—the Ramrod found in the Hall exactly fitting it. A picture of the Weapon appeared in the "*Illustrated London News*," of that date. The "Blunderbuss" usually had a "Spring Bayonet" attached to it. The Guards of the old Mail Coaches were provided with them, and fired them off before entering London. They were usually of Brass, "bell-mouthed," to spread the "Slugs" amongst the Robbers of "His Majesty's Mail."

The Judge's reply to a Criminal who complained of the Death Sentence for merely killing "an old Woman" for her Money,—was instructive. "*You are not hung for killing an old woman: you are hung that poor old Women may not be killed.*"

THE DANGEROUS "MURDERER'S LAW."

It is *outrageous* to spare a *born* *murderous* *scoundrel* for the Criminal,—and thus *set an example* of *not* *feeling* for the Victim, and the

Family,—is actually,—in America,—threatening all "Justice," or "Law," and safety of human life.

Thus,—in recent Cases, it has been held that,—by an "unwritten law,"—a Criminal is to be *allowed to be the Judge* as to the amount of provocation to *authorise* him,—or her,—to Murder slyly, and treacherously, the Enemy, or Person hated,—and then to get off without being hung (!)

Thus,—in one case,—after a life of immorality, we learn that an unsuspecting victim is killed,—evidently a person totally unfit to be thus ushered into Eternity. But we read, the "eloquent Counsel" affirmed, "with great pathos," that "the shot was sped by the Almighty,"—and, turning to the Jury, exclaimed, "Let him without sin cast the first stone," at his client,—that "their duty was plain," namely to "send his client home to the eternal mountains where the sea of America shimmers in the autumn sunlight, etc., etc.," and, he "firmly believed with no stain resting on his client's soul." "The Jury then decided, "*Not Guilty*" ! (See Daily Papers).

But these are cases where Notoriety,—Wealth,—Position,—and ability to engage the best,—*most expensive*—Legal assistance is concerned.—The poor,—uninteresting,—Murderer, when "the Papers" have no inducement to give Publicity, and he is unable to engage the best "Counsel,"—would *find things very different*.

Anyway,—if this "unwritten law" is to prevail,—the Result will be that,—to save his *own* life,—the threatened Victim of the Murderer must *also* be allowed to be the judge of the extent of his,—or her,—danger,—and, *applying* this "unwritten law" themselves, judiciously *dispose* of the dangerous party, and then plead the absolutely *painful* necessity for having done so. *A pretty state of things !*

"*Fallen*" Mankind are no judges of what "*Sin*" really is, or deserves. Much less what it will inevitably lead to in Eternity. (See the remarkable description of "*Sin*," Page 604, Volume II.) Who knows what "*Sin*" deserves or will deserve? What guarantee have we what depths of Sin, Fury, Hatred of God, Rage, and Horror, the Wicked will arrive at, when once *left to themselves*,—cast off by God, and Christ? Why should the Ascent of the Holy, towards an infinitely Holy God, in Eternity, without ever reaching the Infinite,—not be also true, in the awful *Descent* of an abandoned Soul? What is to prevent it? When the murdered, and their murderers, meet in a Future State, what may occur?

THE UNREGENERATE CANNOT "FEEL" SIN.

God,—being the Supreme, and only Source of all Law,—knows alone what Sin is. Human Beings do not. The "Regenerate"—awakened,—"*Christian*"—Soul is terribly troubled with the Burden of Sin,—which Bunyan describes as a heavy Burden on the Christian's back (see page 193)—which only falls off before the Cross.

This is the sure Sign of an awakened, or Christian Soul. The Unregenerate, proud, unchanged, "*fallen*" Nature feels

no distress, or anger at Sin at all. *Not he!* So long as he is *not found out*,—or his real character exposed,—or *he* is not made to *suffer*, he feels no anger at Sin,—and cannot see why God and Christ should feel such anger at it, either!

How can those who are Unbelievers,—dead to God,—dead in trespasses and sins,—be expected to estimate what Sin is, or will deserve, when brought, one day, into the Presence of an Awfully Holy God?



GOD'S AND CHRIST'S WARNINGS NOW TREATED AS A "THING OF NAUGHT."

This is why the "Wrath of God" is unintelligible to the Unbelievers in this day of thinking very lightly of Sin.

Hence come in the Modern Host of Delusions,—of our day,—“Christian (?) Science,”—Blavatsky’s “Theosophy,”—(for which see “*Isis very much unveiled, or the Great Mahatma Hoax*,”—*Westminster Gazette* Office, *Is.*, by Garrett),—the “New Theology,”—and many others. There being admittedly no equable, or adequate Punishment of the Wicked possible in *this* World,—common sense assures us that as certain as an All-Just God exists,—it is surely coming in the Next.

WHAT RESTS UPON THIS SOLEMN SUBJECT.

Until this is “Believed,” why should any earnestly seek a “Saviour” at all? If human crime and sin indulged, and persisted in, for a lifetime does not lead to the Eternal Loss of the Soul, why Sermons, Churches, etc., or why trouble the Impenitent,—the Indifferent,—the Christless, any more about the Subject? Why urge the unspeakable importance of being “born again,” of “coming to,” or “finding” a “Saviour” if no Saviour is needed? Hence the deadly indifference to Religion we observe in this day.

He who can believe that God, and Christ, on His Judgment Seat, will make no difference between him that serveth Him, and him who serveth Him not, can we wonder that such a one shuts his Bible? The Last Judgment will in his view be a Farce! For if all are to enter Heaven, who is left to be “Judged”?

“And they shall be Mine,—saith the Lord of Hosts,—in that day I make up My Jewels. *Then* shall ye discern between the Righteous, and the Wicked,—between him that serveth God,—and him that *serveth Him not*.”—*Malachi* iii., 7.

“And there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth,

neither *whatsoever* worketh abomination, but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life."—*Rev. xxi.*, 26.

Who can deny that this Unbelief is greatly owing to the miserably feeble, poor, Preaching, and deplorable "Sermons" of our day?

"UNBELIEF" THE CAUSE OF MISERABLY POOR "PREACHING."

At how many "Church" Services one attends is there any attempt at really earnest, practical, Evangelical Sermons, like those beautiful solemn discourses of Dean Church when at Whatley,—before he became Dean of St. Paul's,—recommended to the Reader, page 448 of this volume? We have in 1908,—a *vast* deal of wearisome Routine,—*"Ritual,"*—Vestments,—Music,—Solos,—Posturing, etc., etc.,—then, when, at last, the moment arrives that the essential, all-important SERMON can at length be no longer deferred,—*what* does the Congregation too often hear? The *Sinner* warned? The Young exhorted,—encouraged to begin a Christian life? The Sorrowing pointed to Christ? Seekers instructed? The Vital Truths of Religion, Piety, "Conversion" urged? *Nothing of the kind!* With total absence of expression, or earnestness,—in a drawling,—sing-song tone,—and an affected, artificial, intonation, we hear too many Clergymen, Vicars, and Curates,—running off,—with the "Oxford Drawl,"—apparently against time,—a few minutes,—often "read" address. A kind of Martin Farquhar Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy,"—and common-place Platitudes. Then the "Collection,"—and too many of the Congregation satisfied with "having been to church," "dressed to the nines," disperse for another week of amusement, "Bridge," those wretched Theatres, Comic Operas, Novel reading, Dances, Money Making,—in a word the life of the unawakened,—indifferent,—and unconverted! What earthly good can such "Services" be to the Young? It must inevitably produce unbelief in Christ's solemn Teaching when they see its feeble, unworthy, treatment, from professed "Ministers." What words are "Heaven,"—"Hell,"—"Eternity,"—"Salvation,"—to be presented in such a miserable way from the Pulpit? It produces a certain contempt for "Religion."

Well, a Minister may reply,—

"People will not listen now to 'Evangelical' preaching, or the old Divinity Sermons in our day. If I was to attempt to preach a full Gospel, or to present this Awful Subject to a Congregation,—as done in this Chapter,—or as the Great Evangelists, John Wesley,—and Whitfield,—did,—blessed by God to bring back a Revival of Religion to a Christless Age of Sin,—I should simply empty my Church,—or Chapel,—they would not listen to it. The times are changed."

If you do not warn the Christless, who will ? It is the first Duty of every Christian Minister. You are allowing your Congregation,—who look to you as their Spiritual Guide,—to sleep themselves into Spiritual Death.

The times have " changed,"—indeed,—but the " Great Question " is " Has *Christ* changed " ? Does God " change " ?

" Heaven and earth shall pass away : but My words shall not pass away."

" Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no *variableness*, neither shadow of turning.

" Wherefore we receiving a kingdom which cannot be moved, let us have grace, whereby we may serve God acceptably with reverence and godly fear."

" For our God is a consuming fire."

THE " CHRISTADELPHIAN " DELUSION.

" Who only hath immortality, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto ; Whom no man hath seen, nor can see ; to Whom be honour and power everlasting. Amen."

But we have another Method of evading Christ's Solemn teaching on this awful Subject, namely, the views of the " Christadelphians." " He only hath Immortality." " That is what we teach," the Christadelphian will say. Mankind are not all to be immortal ! Immortality is to be a gift for the Good, the Pure, the Righteous only. All the Wicked, Hopelessly Evil, will *cease to exist*. Exactly the view of T. Paine, the Atheist, who taught,—to use his own words,—that the Wicked will be " dropped altogether." A most *convenient* theory to the Wicked Man whose aim throughout his life is to indulge in every Sinful pleasure, Vice or Selfish Crime, no matter what ruin or misery it brings to others,—and then to escape retribution by " ceasing " to exist.

THE SCRIPTURAL VIEW. " THIS MORTAL MUST PUT ON IMMORTALITY."

" Who only hath Immortality,"—*from the Beginning*,—it is true,—*alone* applies to the Supreme Being,—but the Christian Believer claims that He can,—and has,—bestowed " immortality " upon every Mortal.

" And the Lord God formed Man of the dust of the ground,—and breathed into his nostrils the Breath of Life,"—(Eternal Life, " Immortality,")—" and Man became a Living Soul."—*Genesis* ii., 7.

Our mortal bodies, it is true " return to dust,"—but the Soul is " immortal,"—nothing can destroy it.

" Then shall the dust return to the Earth *as it was*,—and the Spirit *shall return* unto God Who made it."—*Ecclesiastes* xii., 7.

An awful " *return* " it will prove to many !

There is not a word in the Bible of the Soul "ceasing to exist." *Far from it!* It teaches a *very* different Lesson!

"It is appointed unto men once to die, but *after this the Judgment.*"

Hence we see the danger of Ministers teaching a false Delusion to those silly enough to believe *them*, instead of "believing" the Word of God *for themselves*, and coming to the only "Saviour" of Mankind.

FELIX AND PAUL. "JUDGMENT TO COME."

"And as he reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and Judgment to come, Felix trembled, and answered, Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee."—*Acts xxiv.*, 25.

If the wicked all cease to exist *who* is going to be "Judged?"

"HE THAT MADE THE EYE, SHALL HE NOT SEE?"

What is the use of desperately shutting the eyes of a Congregation, by your "Namby-Pamby" (so-called) "Sermons" to Facts? How many go to Church, rattle over, complacently enough, the old, old, Confession, "We have done those things which we ought not to have done, &c.," and come home satisfied with "having been to Church?" Merely, to go on just the same.

But put that Man to the test,—attempt to prove to him,—what others recognise clearly enough,—that he is *really* what he has just so complacently called himself "in Church," "a miserable Sinner,"—that he is a Selfish, unprincipled, money-loving, proud, unforgiving, bad-tempered, prayerless, over-reaching, religionless man,—and he will turn upon you in a moment,—Challenge, and Resent it with rage!

The insincere, unreal, "bogus," Christian, will not listen to the PROOFS of his true, REAL CHARACTER for an instant! His "confession" was merely humbug! He never *meant* it! He did not feel himself to be what he said he was!

How often do we hear the expression "Extremely 'Pious' man,—but a dreadful temper!" or, "but desperately conceited man!" "Very 'pious' but *uncommonly* close!" or, "uncommonly selfish!" or, "an unscrupulous,—unprincipled, Man."

Reader! You see the "humbug" in such "Religion" as this!

If it does not deceive *us*,—his fellow-sinners,—surely he cannot imagine it can deceive his God?

THE PREACHING OF WESLEY AND WHITFIELD, 1740.

What an amazing Contrast does the present miserably feeble Preaching bear to the Earnest, True, Gospel enforced by those amazing Evangelists,—and Men of God,—John Wesley,—and George Whitfield, who revived Religion in the World, a Century ago! *They* taught no “Eternal Hope” Delusions!

Fancy vast Crowds of the Working Class,—gathering,—such as these two Sainly Men brought together at 5 a.m., wherever they went,—“listening as for Eternity.” How can we expect it in this day of delusive Preaching? How can any Minister of Christ preach earnestly to Sinners, when he does *not believe* Christ’s Teaching *himself*,—that there is any Wrath, or Judgment from which to flee?

INCAPABLE “CLERGY,” UNORTHODOX, UNBELIEVING,
MINISTRY!

The Laity of the Church of England should now,—like the Nonconformists,—take the Control of their Church into their own hands,—Select, and Support, Ministers of whom they approve, for themselves. They are quite as able to support their own Religious Teachers, without State aid, as the Nonconformists are.

THE NONCONFORMIST BELIEF.

As for Bishops, Apostolic Succession, etc.,—it is fair that the Reader should know that Millions of sincere, earnest Christians in this day, hold emphatically, that the “Bishops” of the Early Christian Church, were *nothing in the world more* than the “Presidents” of the Assemblies of Apostles, and Christian Believers. They occupied the same position as an esteemed and beloved “Pastor” does to his Congregation in 1908;—*nothing more*.

MIRACLES WITHDRAWN.

They believe that since our Saviour brought into the World the “New Dispensation,”—of Inward, Spiritual, Faith, and Belief,—not dependent upon the outward things of Sense and Time,—that all the outward Signs of God’s miraculous Power,—are now withheld. We are now to “walk by Faith, not by Sight.” Is there a “Bishop” now living who can “Talk with Tongues,”—Is there a “Pope” or “Bishop” who can per-

form a Miracle, say, give to a Man with a real wooden leg, one of flesh and bone? Then why believe in this "Laying on of Hands"? We must now "walk by Faith." Outward Miracles,—like these,—have been withdrawn for ages.

A "Bishop,"—"Right Rev.,"—or "Very Right Rev.,"—have no more miraculous power than a "Dissenting" Pastor. *Not an atom!*

Consequently, they believe that the "Laying on of hands," by modern Ecclesiastics, unaccompanied,—as their own after lives too often have proved was the case,—by the "Laying on of hands" by God the precious Holy Spirit,—is totally inefficacious in producing a true Minister of Christ. They believe that the "Laying on of hands" by the early Apostles,—together with their power to work other Miracles,—these Supernatural "Interferences," (if we may reverently use the word) on the part of the Supreme,—are no longer vouchsafed. Such "Interferences" were permitted and entrusted to the Apostles, in the early days of Christianity, as absolutely necessary to found the Church of Christ. Our Lord says:

"If I had not done among them the works which none other man did, they had not had sin."—*John xv., 24.*

Without these wondrous Miracles,—performed before their very eyes,—these outward Signs,—how could the Christian Faith have been established in an almost entirely Heathen World?

This,—once accomplished,—we believe that all Miraculous Gifts,—including the Apostolic "Laying on of hands," were withdrawn. Why? Because such outward Miracles would,—if they had been continued,—been totally inconsistent with that Spiritual life,—that life of Faith, to which we are all now called. Bishops,—loath to relinquish their "Authority," and control of the Church, cling desperately to that delusive "Apostolic Succession," in which Millions of sincere, earnest Christians do not, and never did believe! *We do not believe a word of it!* If this power to work other Miracles is now acknowledged to be utterly lost, we may readily be pardoned for our unbelief in the "laying on of hands" remaining with them either.

READER, the only "laying on of hands," the true young Christian Minister needs, is the essential "laying on of hands" of God,—the Precious Holy Spirit,—once obtain *that*, and all will be well!

It is astonishing that devout Churchmen cannot see that,—in all Ages,—the Priesthood has clung to every obsolete, long passed, miraculous, alleged, powers which are calcu-

lated to *keep their own importance*, and make their presence *indispensable* !

Who does not see,—in this day of intelligence, (1908),—that there are highly endowed, eminent, Christian men amongst the Laity of the Church of England,—Superintendents of Sunday Schools, etc.,—who, on occasion, can deliver a Sermon infinitely more practical, and far more likely to be blessed by God, than too many of those delivered by Curates, or Clergymen, whom the superstitious belief in the long lapsed, miraculous "laying on of hands" places over a Congregation often superior to them, Mentally, Intellectually, and Spiritually.

ECCLESIASTICAL DIGNITY WITHOUT AUTHORITY FROM CHRIST.

"And there was strife among them, *which of them should be the greatest.*"—*Luke xxii., 24.*

Even amongst the Apostles, the old, old desire to Power, Authority, early showed itself !

"But Jesus called them to Him and saith unto them, 'Ye know that they which are accounted to rule over the Gentiles, exercise lordship over them, and their Great Ones exercise authority upon them.'"—*Mark x., 42.*

"But it shall not be so among you ; but whosoever will be great among you shall be your Minister, and whosoever of you will be the chiefest shall be servant of all. For even the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many."—*Mark x., 44-48.*

Not much there about "Bishops,"—Wax Candles, Altars,—"*Hocus Pocus*,"—and Fortunes of £50,000 left,—"*Right Revs.*," etc.,—dear Reader ! *Again*,—

"He asked them, 'What was it that ye disputed among yourselves by the way ?' And they held their peace."

Why ? Because they felt that their Lord would disapprove of the spirit they had shown.

"THE SAME SHALL BE SERVANT OF ALL."

"For, by the way, they had disputed among themselves who should be the greatest."

"And He sat down, and called the Twelve, and saith unto them, 'If any man desire to be first, the same shall be last of all, and servant of all.'"

Not much of "Ecclesiastical Dignity," "Church Authority,"—Vestments, Lawn Sleeves, Mitres, Choirs, Gothic Windows, Holy Water, and Priestcraft, here, Reader !

TRUE WORSHIP. PERSONAL, SPIRITUAL.

"The Most High dwelleth not in Temples made with hands : Heaven is My Throne, and earth is My footstool, what House will ye build Me, saith the Lord ?"—*Acts vii.*, 48-49.

"God is a Spirit,—and they that worship Him must worship Him in Spirit and in Truth."

"The hour cometh, and now is, when the True Worshipers shall Worship the Father in spirit and in truth ; for the Father seeketh such to worship Him !"

What Christian Believer in 1908, does not now recognise that the True Church of Jesus Christ is a Spiritual, and Inward one, independent of all outward things of Sense and Time ?

"The Wind bloweth where it listeth,—and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, or whither it goeth ;—so is everyone that is Born of the Spirit."

"Marvel not that I said unto thee,—Ye must be born again !"—*John iii.*, 8.

A Gorgeous Ritual,—an imposing Priest with Robes, Vestments, and Music, did very well for the Middle Ages,—that awful time of darkness for Mankind,—when Civilisation, Progress, and Learning, seemed to make "an Awful Pause,"—but we, in 1908,—need something more Spiritual,—a return to Early Christianity !

A "STATE" CHURCH. CHURCH RATES.

The earliest remembrance of the Writer, of the "Church," is associated with the arrival at their private house,—(Nonconformists) of two Emissaries of the "Church and State," and their taking off our Silver Plate, etc., for "Church Rates." The "System" being to enter private houses of Dissenters, seize their goods,—sell them at Auction,—and, if any Surplus remained,—(they generally took plenty) the unfortunate Nonconformist was supposed to have it returned to him (!) This was in 1844. On this particular occasion the Church never got any of the proceeds, for the collectors "bolted" with the assets, and the Vicar lost all.

But, dear Reader, what a "System !" Our Nation has great cause to thank the "Quakers,"—and other Dissenters,—in the past, for their sturdy protests, and opposition, to the Tyanny of the then "Church ;" no Reform will ever be produced without strenuous opposition, for the "Priests," in all ages, cling to the MONEY with desperate energy ! Our sturdy brethren, the Welsh Nonconformists, are, it appears, following in the same judicious opposition. Fancy, having to go to Prison in 1908, for Conscience sake !

"PALACES" FOR CHRIST'S SERVANTS! BISHOPS' "PALACES."

Forty-five years ago (1862) the Writer was looking up at Durham Cathedral, on his first visit, one Summer's evening, from the Bridge below, when an old inhabitant opened a conversation. "Ah, sir,"—he said,—“this is a darkish neighbourhood, and population, about us; but I remember the state of things 30 years ago (1830),—and my old Father, now dead,—used to go back 30 years before that (1800). Those were terrible times! No Education, no Schools, no Religion, no Bibles; the Population neglected!” “Well, but you had the Cathedral,—up there,—and the Clergy?” “Yes! They kept the Cathedral going; but how could the rough, untaught, Miners, from the Pits,—10 miles round here,—attend or understand it? We were supposed to belong to the Church,—our Family,—but it was little the Church ever did for us, except take the Church fees. It was little we saw of the Clergy except on *Brass day*!” “*Brass day*?” “*Pay day*,—I mean, Sir! The day when they divided their Stipends. In they would come,—to Durham,—in their carriages,—have a Dinner together,—and off they would go again!”

“It was only when the Methodists began their open air Preaching,—Prayer,—and Cottage,—Meetings,—and got amongst the Poor, and the Miners at the Pits,—that anything was done. Though they say, that, at one time the Bishop of Durham was drawing his £90,000 or £100,000 a year (!) from ‘Royalties’ on the Mining Property, and the increased value of the Land. Ah, they were *bad* times, Sir.”

He said no more,—but it seemed interesting as showing the feeling of the Working Class,—“Church-goers” themselves,—upon this Subject.

There is no doubt that the Bishop, in 1826, was drawing £70,000 a Year (!) In 1891, about £7,000 a Year.

In that wonderful Book,—the New Testament,—these times were “*foreseen*!” Again, and again, did our Blessed Lord warn His Apostles and Disciples, of the danger, and deadening, effect of Riches, “*Lucre*.”

THE EARLY CHURCH “BISHOPS.”

The “Bishops” mentioned in these Early days of the Church of Christ, were evidently much in the position of our Modern Nonconformist “Pastors.” They were constantly exhorted against the love of Money, or Worldly Possessions. No doubt, the Early Christian church placed their common Fund to a

great extent into the hands of these devoted men, selected as prominent for their Piety and Zeal, men whom all could trust, to "dispense to every man according to his need" (See iv. Acts, 35). There is no suggestion that they kept it for themselves.

"This is a true saying, If a man desire the office of a bishop, he desireth a good work."

"A bishop then must be blameless, vigilant, sober, of good behaviour, given to hospitality, apt to teach."

"Not given to wine, not greedy of filthy lucre; but patient, not covetous."—I. Tim. iii., 3.

"For a bishop must be blameless, as the steward of God; not self-willed, not soon angry, not given to wine, *not given to filthy lucre.*"—Titus i., 7.

EXCELLENT MEN IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

The Writer protests that he has no animus whatever against "the Church," or the "Clergy." Twenty-four years after that first visit (viz., in 1886), he was introduced to, and shook hands with, the late Bishop Lightfoot, in his "Palace" at Durham, and was shown round the Palace by him. He would as soon hear a sincere, Christian, Minister of "the Church" preach a Gospel Sermon, as listen to a "Nonconformist" Pastor. All Sects to him are one. Why? Because an excellent, and faithful Clergyman, proves his true "Apostolic Succession,"—that Spiritual succession, carried on by the true Ministers of Jesus Christ,—let their "Religious Denomination" be what it may!

THE "SYSTEM" OPPOSED,—NOT THE MEN."

Still, the time to test a "System" was when it *had all its own way*:—then it *showed* itself in its *true colours*!

Here was a Population sunk in the deepest spiritual, and moral, ignorance, men working their lives out, in the Coal Pits,—and "Bishops" in "Palaces," "drawing a hundred thousand pounds a Year, from royalties on their mining property!" While around them thousands of precious Souls, for whom Christ died, were going out into Eternity, untaught, neglected, unvisited! And that never-ending "Service of the Church of England, with its paid choir, *grinding* away to half-a-dozen well-to-do Visitors, who, no doubt, thought the Cathedral Music "very fine," "delightful," "solemn," and "well worth hearing!" It was *solemn* enough, dear Reader! Such a travesty upon the Religion, Teachings, and Example, of our Blessed Lord, will prove "solemn" enough, one day, to some!

We sorely need,—in this day,—Preachers like those amazing Evangelists, JOHN WESLEY and GEORGE WHITFIELD.

NOTE.—To avoid misconception,—the Writer is not a Wesleyan,—knows little of them,—he wishes he knew more,—but has,—like thousands of others,—for years,—read, with amazed respect,—and admiration, the wonderful Lives of those Saintly Men of God,—John Wesley, and George Whitfield.

John Wesley was born 17th June, 1703,—and was spared to bring about a Revival of the Christian Religion,—which had almost died out,—till 2nd March, 1791,—dying in his 89th year. George Whitfield was born 14th December, 1714,—dying in America (56) 30th September, 1770. Although both were ordained Clergymen of the Church of England they were driven, by the senseless Folly of the corrupt Church of their dark day, from the Pulpits. Forbidden by the Bishops and Clergy of that day of Sin, Neglect, and Vice, to preach the true Gospel of Jesus Christ in the Churches; they both took to "Field Preaching,"—in the open air, like the GREAT MASTER. Whitfield is believed, in 33 years, to have preached 18,000 times, to immense audiences. No opposition, or danger deterred him. His voice was of such power that it was heard from Tor Point to the New Passage, nearly a Mile across the water. Not a trace of his ever preparing a Sermon was ever discovered among his Papers at his death. His torrent of eloquence,—pleading with Sinners,—seemed to carry all before him. Brutal crowds, hounded on,—one blushes to say it, by the Authorities, Clergy,—and Gentry,—no doubt under Satanic influence, in vain tried to assault, and stop him. Brutal Ruffians, with their pockets full of stones, approached to injure the good man. One of these relates how,—as he got near,—Whitfield was exclaiming with tears,—“Oh! dear Hearers! Remember the Wrath to come! That Wrath to come!” The wretched man paused,—stood transfixed,—God,—no doubt,—spoke to that sinful soul! The Stones fell from his Pockets,—he stopped,—listened,—prayed for forgiveness,—and like thousands more, joined the “Methodists.” Whitfield practised rigid economy in travelling,—poor in this World’s goods,—without any visible means of support,—he lived a Life of constant dependence upon God, nor did he trust in vain. Constantly,—mostly from unknown,—private sources,—the means came in. Yet it is known that he collected £14,000 for his “Orphanage” alone. He would never touch the Collections made, for years, by the huge Crowds who thronged to hear him in Great Britain and America. Amazing to state he was never struck by a stone, or injured by the half savage, neglected, ignorant, brutal crowds. The only

time he was injured,—we blush to say it,—was by,—let us hope,—a drunken officer in the Army, who forced his way into the house and room, and attacked Whitfield with a Stick (!) Urged to proceed against him,—though covered with the Blood,—the saintly Man declined on the ground that “he had something better to do.”

He *had* indeed! He crossed to America,—in the small Ships of that day,—13 times!

John Wesley followed his example in “Field Preaching,”—surviving Whitfield 21 years. He was undoubtedly the greatest Evangelist,—since the Apostle Paul,—the English Church ever produced.

For fifty years this astonishing Servant of God, John Wesley,—visited every part of Great Britain and Ireland, year after year, through howling fierce Mobs,—encouraged by the depraved Church and corrupt authorities of that Age of Sin; in constant danger of his Life.

Through terrible Roads,—only passable upon horse-back,—through Snow, Rain, Flood and Storm,—struck by Stones,—one once cutting open his cheek,—clods of Mud,—exposed to all kinds of weather, this amazing Evangelist preached to immense Crowds,—sometimes 15 Sermons in one Week! It was estimated that in 50 years he travelled 225,000 Miles over roads we can have no conception of, and amongst a neglected Population by the Church more like wild Savages than a civilised Nation. No Schools,—no education,—no one caring for them till the good Methodists began their Home Missions and Societies. Amidst the desperate opposition of “the Church,” this Saintly Man penetrated,—upon horse-back,—through Wintry Storms,—to the remotest parts of this Kingdom, carrying,—to all,—his Master’s Message! “*The World is my Parish*,” exclaimed Mr. Wesley. It was indeed! Wesley lived to “live down” early, frantic, opposition! The Furious,—Unintelligent,—Besotted Mobs,—inspired,—who can doubt,—by Satanic influence,—who had sought so often, the good man’s life,—had, years ago, become but as a Memory of a Brutal Past.

Vigorous to the last,—even at his great age,—he had indeed,—survived most of that Evil Generation! As the well-known figure of Mr. Wesley,—personally known to more people than any other Living Man,—was seen approaching, on his Annual visit to a Town or Village,—respectful Crowds would now come out, to meet the good man. His Visit had long been looked forward to! The Windows filled,—the word passed,—“He

is coming,"—and Children were held up by their Parents and told "That is good Mr. Wesley!"

"They that honour Me, I will honour."—I. Sam. ii., 30.

It is ever so with the Blessed God! Reader, you will find it so in your own experience! The Ages pass! 3,000 years have passed since Samuel's day, yet those words are still as truly fulfilled, as on the day they were uttered!

The tide had turned! God grant that it may never ebb in England again!

The Pulpits were now at the Saintly Man's service to preach from,—the Gentry would urge a Stay,—if only for one night,—at their houses!

It is with no wish to hurt the feelings of earnest, well meaning people, but truth compels the remark that there seemed no need,—in Wesley's time,—of Drums, Flags, Bazaars, Processions, and Noise! There was something *deeper*! The Modern John the Baptist,—the "Bill-sticker,"—and "Advertisements,"—were then, happily, unknown.

Mr. Wesley visited, for half a Century, the remotest parts of England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. He was known by sight to countless thousands,—a household word,—as he had been to their Fathers, and even their grandfathers, who had long since passed away!

The Funeral of John Wesley took place at 5 o'clock in the morning,—for fear of the consequences, had the Burial been postponed later in the day, and the Immense Multitudes, who desired to attend, had assembled!

Reader, contrast such a life, for a moment, with the Modern Practice, and System of our (*Financially*) "successful" Christians in 1908! You, too, have *your* choice to make in life! A life of "Success,"—or rather, in other words, of selfish extravagance, and money-loving example of others,—or, however humble the attempt,—to follow,—however feebly,—the lives of Christ our Great Master, and His true followers.

Whichever you elect, *never* say that God has not had His Witnesses, and did not send Examples even to us,—“upon whom the end of the world has come,”—of “early Christian” life, and practice!

Instead of the Young Christian looking round, in our day of Covetousness and intense desire for accumulation,—saying,—“But look at so and so,—a rich man, it is true,—lives in *style*, no doubt,—splendid House and Grounds,—costs *something* a year to keep them up,—but, *surely* a man of *undoubted*

—*eminent*,—*Piety*,"—*far better* picture to yourself good John Wesley,—sorely in need of Money for his many Schemes for advancing Christ's cause,—*taking down his Pictures*, from the walls of his *little Room* to sell them !

" It struck me,—will the Good Master say, ' Well done ! thou Good and Faithful Servant ? ' Thou hast embellished thy walls with money sorely needed for My cause ! ' "

Though very imperfectly acquainted with the Routine of " Methodism,"—(he wishes that he knew more),—the Writer ventures to express the utmost respect, and esteem, for the followers of that Servant of God,—**John Wesley** ! What this Country,—or,indeed the World, owes to the "Methodists," who shall say ?

Reader ! Do you think these two Great Evangelists believed the **Eternal Hope Delusion** ? or the delusive Rubbish now preached in London,—the " New Theology " ?

THERE IS NO " ONE ONLY " TRUE OUTWARD " CHURCH OF CHRIST."

There is not now, nor ever has been, nor ever will be, one only true outward Church of Christ. It was never intended that there should be in this outward world. That man must be a Bigot beyond the reach of argument or reason who can shut his eyes to the fact that there are pious, true followers of our Lord Jesus Christ in the Roman Catholic, Protestant, Wesleyan, Baptist, Congregational, Quaker, &c., Churches. All these,—however they may differ in outward worship,—possess alike the one needful Rock Foundation of true Christianity, namely, firm Belief and Dependence upon Christ and His atonement ; and the desire to promote Christ's Cause the World over. Without this all outward ritual is a Delusion.

THE ONLY TRUE " CHURCH OF CHRIST " IS AN UNSEEN,—SPIRITUAL CHURCH.

Christ is drawing His true earnest Followers,—His loved ones,—His " Sheep,"—His Chosen,—from *all* known " Churches " alike, always has done, and will do, to the End who accept Him as their Divine Saviour.

" And they shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God."—*Luke* xiii., 11.

All " Consecrated " Ground,—all pretended " Regenerating "—of unconscious Infants,—before they have even begun their

life of trial on Earth,—in fact, all Priestly assumptions, may well be allowed to pass away as mediæval, dark age, Superstitions.

For 50 years,—Steps,—wisely gradual,—have been preparing Public opinion for the dissolution of the now useless Union of "Church and State." (1) First came the Repeal of the Test Act. (2) Roman Catholic Emancipation. (3) Acts withdrawing Matrimonial, and Testamentary causes from the Jurisdiction of Ecclesiastical Courts. (4) The abolition of Compulsory Church Rates. (5) The opening the Universities to Nonconformists. (6) The Gorham Judgment which imperilled the Doctrine of Baptismal "Regeneration." It is still deplorable to see the Bishops still rapacious after the control of the Schools,—still in 1908, interfering with Secular, and Social, Public Concerns, and looking on, approvingly, while "Nonconformists" are still fined, or imprisoned! The case of Bishop Colenso proved the impotence of an Established Church to cope with flagrant Heresy. The Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Church will free its excellent "Evangelical" portion from Ritualists,—and is a necessary safeguard for our civil and religious Liberty. The worst of an Established Church, has ever been (1) the difficulty the Laity have in getting rid of a totally unfit "Parson." (2) It gives a false idea of True National "Religion," by encouraging the Masses to believe that religion is something that can be done for them by Proxy by the "Church." That, if they "attend Church," pay their "rates," &c.,—individual Citizens of a "State Church,"—who are "Baptized,"—and properly buried in "consecrated" ground,—need not themselves trouble much about *individual* belief, or, even conduct. The "State Church" will see them *safe*.

Like the old French lady,—who,—having lived a gay, frivolous,—not to say, immoral,—life, and was now fading into age,—on being expostulated with,—exclaimed,—in a tone of astonished contempt, "What *Religion*? Oh! *my Priest sees to all that!*"

It was no business of *hers*! Never had been! It was not *her* department! She had paid her fees,—she attended Mass,—she threw all responsibility—(and how many are there like her?)—upon the *System*,—"the Church." She declined all responsibility in the matter; her spiritual advisers and religious teachers must "see to all that!"

THE PRAYING WHEEL.

The "Praying Wheels," or "Praying Machines," met with in the Bhuddist Idol houses or temples of Thibet and India,

(the Writer failed to obtain one, 40 years ago),—are surely but an *expression* of the French lady's idea.

Having *paid the fee* to the "Priests,"—which will be found *essential* in all Countries, and without which nothing can be done,—you write your prayers on slips of paper,—and go about your daily affairs. These Praying Wheels work upright on a pivot, and have wooden projecting cross-bars to work them by, not unlike the movement of a Ship's Capstan. Water-power is sometimes employed, at times they are turned by the Wind. It is, however, the Priests' duty to keep the wheel going,—not yours,—"*they see to all that.*"

What a relief to be able to see to other things,—go about your Business,—and yet to know that your *prayers* are *at work*,—satisfactorily spinning round in a brisk Wind,—at so many revolutions to the minute!

Is not the Religion of many modern so-called Christians, and the heathen Buddhists, pretty much on a par? The melancholy,—deplorable,—thing,—noticeable in both cases, is the *dense* stupidity such worshippers *must attribute* to their Gods, to suppose the latter capable of being "bamboozled" in this childish manner!

"HE THOUGHT IT WAS THE CLERGYMAN, WHO MADE THE PRAYERS."

Teaching some 40 Youths,—for many years,—(in an Unsectarian Sabbath School)—from 14 to 21 years of age, the Writer,—after giving one of the Addresses in this Volume,—was "astounded" by an otherwise intelligent Scholar. Will it be believed that he was struck with the advice as to *daily private Prayer*. Until he came to the School he had "always understood that it was the Clergyman who made the Prayers"!

It was satisfactory,—meeting him years after,—to learn that he had adopted the suggested essential life of Piety,—like other attenders of the School,—with very happy results. "The best hours we ever spent," one remarked, years after he had left the School.

A CONTRAST, 1730. £28 A YEAR!

RICH MINISTERS OF CHRIST.

"The Will of the late Rev. —, Canon — of — and Rector of —, has just been proved, with personality of £342,000."—*Daily Papers*, January 8th, 1892.

What a change has come over us,—and our ideas of a

consecrated,—self-denying, "Christian," life, since Wesley's day!

The House of Prayer, made a "House of Merchandise."



THE FORMER TEMPLE OF GOD.

"And Jesus went up to Jerusalem, and found in the Temple those that sold oxen, and sheep, and doves, and the Changers of Money sitting. And when He had made a scourge of small cords, He drove them all out of the Temple, and the sheep and the oxen; and poured out the Changers' Money, and overthrew the tables; and said unto them, 'Take these things hence; make not My Father's house a house of Merchandise. It is written, My House shall be called the House of Prayer, but ye have made it a Den of Thieves.'"

THE PRESENT TEMPLE OF GOD.

"Know ye not that ye are the temple of God? And what agreement hath the temple of God with idols? For ye are the Temple of the living God. Wherefore come out from among them and be ye separate, saith the Lord.

"For from within, out of the heart of man proceed theft, covetousness. Take heed and beware of Covetousness. But Covetousness let it not be once named among you as becometh Saints. 'Mortify therefore your members which are upon the earth; Covetousness, which is idolatry: for which things' sake cometh the wrath of God on the children of disobedience.'"—*Colossians* iii., 5-6.

"Nor Covetous, nor extortioners shall inherit the Kingdom of God. No Covetous man, who is an idolater, hath any inheritance in the Kingdom of Christ and of God."—*Ephesians* v., 3-5.

We hear many complaints of the Poverty of the "Clergy," that they are the "worst paid Professional Body in existence,"—that hardworking Curates, and Young Clergymen, "sadly need Books to enable them to do themselves, or their Congregations, justice," too poor to obtain even these needful aids to their Ministry,—while in a little over one year's "List of Wills," appeared among others, the following "Personalities," left by the "worst paid Professional Men in existence," appeared in the daily papers.

Rev.	—	£44,570	} Personal Property alone; add Freehold Houses, or Land.
"	—	20,000	
"	—	18,977	
Dean	—	46,947	
"	—	32,021	
Canon	—	28,043	
"	—	30,000	
Rev.	—	76,353	
"	—	29,885	
"	—	29,000	
"	—	105,227	}
"	—	173,720	

That is £634,743 left by only twelve Clergymen of the Church of England.

While another "Canon" and "Rector" (*Daily Paper*, January 8th, 1892) leaves £342,000 !

Thus thirteen only of the "undisputed worst paid Professional Body in existence," left behind them, £976,743 ! An Average Fortune, accumulated, of £75,134 per Minister !

Now these gentlemen must have seen these Reports. They knew perfectly well that numbers of their poorer Brother Clergymen were terribly in need !

"It is simply a flagrant Scandal, in these days, that Clergymen should be permitted to hold Cathedral stalls of £1,000 a year, *in addition* to their valuable 'livings.' The worst pluralists now in the Church of England are Canons —."—*Daily Paper*.

(Here follows a list of their names.)

If the immense Sums drawn by the Church from the State were employed, *as they were intended to do*, to teach, raise, and assist the Toiling Masses, there has been enough Money in the Church, for the past 90 years, to have kept the "Sunken Faith" of the Poor from "sinking" *at all* !

If 13 Clergymen can leave nearly a Million sterling to their Families, *what could they all do* ?

And what does the Nation gain ? What *are* the Bishops doing ? We read :—

"High Churchism of a very glaring character is becoming the liturgical order of the day at — Cathedral. Yesterday the 'dedication festival' services were more than usually ornate, a 'solemn procession' prefacing the 'Missa Cantata,' and an orchestral accompaniment being provided for the 'High Celebration,' with music selected from Weber's Mass in E flat. Dean — knows his own mind, and the usual Anglican service is by no means impressive in — Cathedral. But it is a mistake to suppose that the introduction of ornate services does not give pain to old-fashioned Churchmen, who detest Sacerdotalism and all its functions ; while Nonconformists must observe with acute anxiety another departure from the sober Evangelicalism of the past, in the time of Thirlwall or Mansel, or Milman."—*Daily Paper*, January, 1892.

It is "Professionalism," — "Preferment," — "Money-getting," in the "Church" which is its ruin !

SPLENDID YOUNG MEN NOW IN THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH.

There are now earnest, sincere, devoted, hardworking, Young Clergymen in the Church of England,—splendid men,—only too anxious to follow their Master, and to aid the Sunken, the Neglected, the Ignorant, the Very Poor,—the Hopeless,—the Depraved !

They are not, at any rate, attached to Christ's cause merely for the *Money they can save* out of it !

They are real,—not sham,—Christians, and no more afraid of the " Slums,"—no, nor the Devil either,—than " General " Booth's " Soldiers " are, but they lack the needful Funds,—the organization,—to commence a Vast Church of England effort to deal with the Sunken, Neglected, Masses in our vast Modern Cities. How can poor Curates,—however earnest and devoted,—or the poorer Clergy with families to support, be expected to do much unless backed up by the wealthy Clergy who secure the " Plums," and Rich " Livings " drawn from the State, and leave £40,000 ?

THE TRUE EXAMPLE OF REAL " APOSTOLIC SUCCESSION,"
THE TRUE, PRACTICAL, " CHURCH OF CHRIST."

" And if ye salute your brethren only what do ye more *than others* ? do not even the publicans so ? "



The good " Salvation Army," at night seeing to Poor Creatures
" Sleeping Out."

"Surely you could hardly expect to see a Bishop, Dean, "Canon," "Archdeacon," or "Very Rev." going round to the poor creatures—sleeping out in our streets,—on a wet night?"

Why not? *Their Master* went out amongst the Poor, the Diseased,—the Sinful!

EXAMPLE, DECEMBER, 1907.

The following appeared in the Daily Papers:—

"HIS LIFE FOR HIS FLOCK." TRAGIC STORY OF A YOUNG
"CLERGYMAN'S SACRIFICE.

TWO BISHOPS PRAY AT HIS BED AT THE HOSPITAL AFTER HE
HAS DIED.

The Tragic Story of a young Clergyman's heroic sacrifice of his life by over-exertion in rescue Work among the hooligans and slum Children of Shoreditch was brought to light by the Bishop of — yesterday, in the course of a remarkable Sermon at St. Martin's Church, Ludgate Hill.

"I am a most enthusiastic lover of the Church of England," declared the Bishop, "but I must confess that we, as a Church, cannot be self-complacent.

"Only last Saturday I was kneeling by the body of a young Priest who had been killed in the prime of life by sheer overwork and worry in a slum parish. He was left to himself, and he died of a disease which had undoubtedly been brought on by Worry.

"By his body," continued the Bishop, with great emotion, "I prayed for the forgiveness of the Church which had left him in so much despair. While such a Tragedy as this is possible in our midst, the Church, I say once more, cannot remain indifferent."

On Saturday he collapsed unexpectedly, and an urgent message was sent to the Bishop of —, who had previously visited him while lying ill at his Vicarage. Mr. Eliot's curate arrived at the Hospital a little before four o'clock in the afternoon. Mr. Eliot died at four.

Five minutes later the Bishop of —, and the Bishop of — reached the hospital. Stricken with grief on hearing of Mr. Eliot's death, the two Bishops knelt by the bedside and prayed.

SCHOOLS CLOSED.

Through lack of funds he saw his Church Schools closed. To add to his troubles, his church fell into a terrible state of disrepair, and the claims of the poverty-stricken and hungry he rightly considered more urgent than the restoration of the church fabric.

So much did he give away that often he had not got enough to eat. He saw his parish becoming poorer, and poorer, as one by one, his principal subscribers to parish work were compelled through bad trade to leave the district.

One of the chief causes of the worry which led to Mr. Eliot's fatal illness was the fact that the New North Road Boys' Club, in which he took such a deep interest, was in debt to the extent of £300.

It seems he was a splendidly endowed young vicar, an athlete, popular, energetic, but worn out for lack more of Funds than assistance.

As a Correspondent who knows the locality, well says :—

"The Scene brings vividly to light the sad fact that many a high-souled parish priest is worn down in a brave effort to stem an ever-widening current.

It is, indeed, sad to think that an utterly unselfish life, devoted to the noblest purpose, should be suddenly cut short, and find too early and premature a grave. Such men are sorely needed, and can render far more essential service, not merely to a particular locality, but to the whole country, than many of us realise. If they do not at once fill empty churches, they do at any rate diminish the throng going headlong to our prisons.

As one who knows Hoxton well, having worked for nine years in a neighbouring parish, I can testify to the urgent need of its many vicars. It is not an increase of staff so much as a more generous and reliable financial help. To increase the staff means only to increase the financial responsibility of the vicar, who has to meet the strain of all deficiencies. An additional worker too often means a fresh anxiety and a draw upon his own modest income. It is no wonder if many a Vicar breaks down when he is driven either to accept help which brings further serious inroad upon a scanty endowment. To avert such a calamity as the loss of a noble and valuable life more financial support must be given."

PRAYERS FOR THE DEAD ARE PATHETIC BUT FINANCIAL AID WHILE THEY ARE ALIVE, IS SURELY MORE PRACTICAL.

'That Hoxton, with all its depressing surroundings, is by no means an unpromising field, I can fully testify, after years of happy experience. I had in my parish a nest of young thieves, who were a perfect pest to the tradespeople. They met together in a cellar at the end of each day, bringing the spoils they had snatched from the shops in passing. They could easily escape, even if observed, down the narrow courts and alleys. I felt the greatest pity for these poor lads, for what with drunken fathers and drinking mothers and fighting neighbours, they were driven to the streets, and sometimes well thrashed if they did not bring home somewhat of each day's pilferings. Some forty of these lads were gathered into a night school, where a band of brave teachers began the work of reaching their hearts and helping to amend their lives. When I left the parish, the chief butcher, who had suffered severely from youthful depredation, expressed his regret at my leaving. As he was a man who seemed indifferent to Religion, I felt astonished. "Well, sir," said he, "you see you cleared our streets of the young thieves."

THE TRUE "APOSTOLIC SUCCESSION."

What a change from 1730,—and the £28 a Year! Fancy, dear Reader, the astonishment of that servant of God,—John Wesley,—being informed *his* "Publishers" were prepared—as a Business "Spec." to offer him the £3,000 for three of his Works, Farrar got,—and then *quarrelled* with his Publishers for more, alluding to it in a Church Conference. The letter in the Daily Papers,—giving their Reply,—was indeed, an "extinguisher."

In answer to a Challenge,—Mr. Wesley,—in his later life,—confessed that, when, at one time, his Income was but £30 a Year, he succeeded in supporting himself on £28, and gave away £2. When it reached £60 he still made the £28 do,—and gave away £32 in his many Schemes of Philanthropy.

For, it must ever be remembered that John Wesley was the Pioneer of our "Medical Missions,"—"Schools for the Poor," "Loans to struggling, but honest tradesmen," "Cheap, pure Literature," &c.,—his little Band of fellow labourers, starting a small Printing Press.

John Wesley was a "many-sided Religious Evangelist,"—he saw, as if by inspiration, the immense importance of such Agencies,—and gradually he and his small, devoted, self-denying Band of Fellow Workers, became a Ray of Light amidst the prevailing gloom!

When his Income was £90,—£62 of it was devoted to these Philanthropic Schemes.

An "Exciseman,"—thinking that the Great Preacher of 1750-90,—must be "doing remarkably well,"—and had a store of taxable Silver Plate,—found only 4 *poor silver spoons!* That official was a Century before his time!

It reads like a return to the Simplicity, Vital, Self-denying, Piety of the Early Christian Church. Rather different to trotting about in Shovel Hats, and Gaiters,—at Garden Parties,—amongst the Aristocracy,—in 1908!

"They *forsook all* and followed Him."—*Luke v.*, 11.

"Whosoever will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me."—*Mark viii.*, 34.

"And whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after Me, cannot be My disciple."—*Luke xiv.*, 27.

"He that taketh not his cross, and followeth after Me, is not worthy of Me."—*Matt. x.*, 38.

"Lo! We have *left all* and followed Thee."—*Mark x.*, 28.

"And he *left all*,—rose up,—and followed Him."—*Luke v.*, 28.

Let the devout, and sincerely Christian Laity of the Church of England,—throw off their Superstitious Beliefs,—and Childish surrender of the control of their Church to Bishops, etc.,—let them separate from the State,—assume the control of their own Church,—*select their own Ministers*,—men really converted, leading devoted, Christlike, lives,—(the only men worth listening to),—let them support such Ministers themselves,—as their fellow believers, the Dissenters, do,—and then,—and not till then,—we shall have that true "Reformation" which *began* with Martin Luther, but, unfortunately, was never *thoroughly carried out* in the Church of England.

THE TRUE "APOSTOLIC SUCCESSION." THE TRUE CHRISTIAN MINISTER.

In the Memoirs of the late Rev. Calloway, Independent (?) Minister,—printed for private circulation,—is a letter in reply to the wish of the Congregation to increase his Stipend after many years devoted to them, and as his family were now growing up. A beautiful letter truly. The good man's heart, it seems, was set for Years upon clearing off the Debt upon their Chapel. That was the *first* thing. "He thought he could do fairly well without any increase,"—he thanked them for their constant love and consideration; he had passed many happy years amongst them; he was quite happy and contented. Only one thing,—adds this true Pastor,—"*I wish we could see more Conversions!*" Reader, *there* speaks the true Minister of our Lord Jesus Christ! Like the Great Apostle longing for *them*, not *theirs*!

"The third time I am ready to come unto you; but I will not be burdensome to you; for I seek not yours but you."—II. Cor. xii., 14.

"For yourselves know that neither did we eat any man's bread for nought, but wrought with labour, and travail, night and day, that we might not be chargeable to any of you. Not because we have not the power, but to make ourselves an example unto you to follow us."—II. Thess. ii., 8-9.

We read also of the wonderful Apostle Paul, that,

"Because he was of the same craft, he abode with them, and wrought; for by their occupation they were Tent makers."—Acts viii., 3.

Yet, what priceless benefits did this wondrous Evangelist, and Servant of God, bestow upon them!

"God wrought special Miracles by the hands of Paul, so that from his body were brought unto the Sick handkerchiefs or aprons, and the Diseases departed from them, and the Evil Spirits went out of them."—Acts xix., 11-12.

He says, himself,

"Remember, that by the space of three years I ceased not to warn every one of you night, and day, with tears. I have coveted no man's Silver or Gold; yea, ye yourselves know, that these hands have ministered unto my necessities, and to them that were with me."—Acts xx., 31-34.

"And when he had thus spoken, he kneeled down, and prayed with them all. And they all wept sore, and fell on Paul's neck, and kissed him, sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake" (By the Holy Spirit, verse 23) "that they should see his face no more!"

Would that we could see in our 1908 Professing "Ministers" of Jesus Christ a little more of this Spirit!

"If ye have not the Spirit of Christ *ye are none of His.*"

Solemn words these will prove, it is to be feared one day to many in this Age of Speechless Worldliness, and Ungodly

Greed! Devoted Clergymen, and Dissenting Ministers, thank God, are now realizing more clearly their true position before their God, and instead of leaving fifty thousand pounds behind them, can echo the words of good Mr. Calloway, *But "I wish we could see more Conversions."*

NOTE.—The Writer is not an "Independent," or "Congregationalist,"—but has the utmost esteem for their Denomination. He only heard Mr. Calloway once,—an excellent, earnest, Discourse.

"WHAT DO YE MORE THAN OTHERS?"

Had they been content to leave £25,000 *each*, to their Families, these 13 *men alone*, could have contributed (*the remaining*) £651,943 for Christ's Cause,—supplying Libraries to their Poorer Brother Clergymen,—and commencing a "Social Scheme" under the Management of the Church of England, to raise the "Sunken Masses!"

The following appeared in the daily Papers.

"It is stated that the forthcoming returns of — Cathedral Chapter Estates, will show that out of an Annual Income of £28,000,—barely £900 a year is expended on the maintenance of the Musical part of the Services,—viz., the Organist, Singing men, and boys, education of four Foundation singing boys, and Rent of School Room." (!)

What becomes of the other £27,000? Yet everything connected with "the Church" seems to need "Collections" begging for, or demanding, money!

It is these **Examples in "the Church,"**—the grasping Money,—and Preferment, which naturally demoralises the Laity who are taught from childhood to look up to the Clergyman, as the Man who makes the Prayers!"

HUNGER AFTER MONEY.

There never was an age to equal the present one, for fierce Competition, and Greed after Money; that transactions are frequently conducted, in this day, under plausible names, which are indistinguishable from downright Swindling and barefaced Robbery,—no observant person either in England or America can deny! The Rage after money pervades all Classes of Society! "With every new Commercial Scandal, and Unprincipled Swindle,"—a Correspondent in America, writes,—"which comes to light, the Names of such leading Men are involved,—holding positions as Sunday School Superintendents, leading Members of Congregations, &c.,—men of such standing in the "Religious" World,—that Juries hesitate to convict."

Christ's words,—the words of One who spake as "no man spake," are true,

"No man can serve two masters, ye cannot serve both God and Mammon."—*Matt.* vi., 24.

"And again I say unto you, it is easier for a Camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of God."—*Matt.* iii., 24.

"The Recent Exposures,"—the Americans can reply,—in London, etc., show,—that *you* English have *little* to boast of. Corruption, Jobbery,—“You scratch my back,—I will scratch yours,”—“Guardians,”—(so-called) elected and trusted as men of honour, and honesty,—instead of “Guarding” the Public, combine to rob them. Defrauding the Ratepayers whenever possible to line their own pockets.”

The “Pirates” of old have left the Sea. *He* was,—at least, a *bold* Ruffian, who risked his life, and the Penalty of “the Gibbet.” The “Pirates” of 1908,—now Swindle on the quiet,—on the sly,—and get, at the worst,—only a Period of detention in a comfortable Prison,—kept at the Public Expense. It is their Victims,—robbed, in old age of their all, who get the TRUE “HARD LABOUR” *really* “FOR LIFE”!

As in that infamous “Liberator” Smash, the poor Victims who were deprived, at one blow, of their life savings. Their little homes broken up,—all their little treasure taken, and they,—in their old age,—just when a lifetime of toil had secured rest, all their little treasures taken, independence lost.

THE REAL “HARD LABOUR,” REALLY “FOR LIFE,”—VICTIMS OF MODERN “PIRATES.”

As an instance, no more Scandalous Tale of Fraud, and Criminal Corruption than the “Liberator” Scheme has occurred in our Generation. It was backed up by *Great Names*,—*professed Piety*,—wonderful alleged Security, etc. The very last year £600,000 was drawn from the poor People! Shareholders lost £1,661,065; Depositors £1,652,292; Lands Allotments £72,145; Depositors £1,581,365; Building Society, £263,490; Hobbs & Co., £61,162. Total £6,057,954! Add capital called up 1 January, 1892, to the fatal Winding-up day, 5 September, 1892, £200,000. The Stories of poor old creatures' little all being swept away thus were terrible. Many deaths ensued. It took thousands to bring back the head Villain to justice! Where were those who with criminal carelessness, permitted him—would it be believed—to the supreme control? It is stated that there would have been



some half Million after all, rescued for the poor creatures, but the vultures, we are told, descended upon the carcase, and took even it away!

The Heroic Rev. S. Watts,—2, St. David's Road, Southsea, (Subscriptions greatly needed),—has, the past 14 years, supported 3,353 Sufferers, three-fourths widows, or old women of 60 to 70,—whose losses were close upon £800,000. Nearly 1,000 poor things have now died, and some 33,000 Grants have been made. About £6,000 a year is now spent in keeping aged Survivors. It has cost a generous Public about £136,000 to assist these. What terrible distress all this means! It is indeed the Victim,—not the "Pirate" who suffers *real* "hard labour for life"! Write for Rev. Watts' "Beacon Lights,"—"God's Jewels,"—"Released,"—also "An Open Letter to the President of the Board of Trade."

MANKIND NEED AWAKENING,—A REVIVAL OF EVANGELICAL BELIEFS.

How can the absurd preaching of Modern days awaken such Sinners to their real Position in God's sight, or the Eternity to which they are hastening?

THE "NEW THEOLOGY."

Modern Reader, "But this is all the old Evangelical Teaching,"—you belong to some "old World" Sect. You must be more "Tolerant,"—less "Narrow,"—the present Religious teaching is the "Larger Hope" as taught thus in the "New Theology,"—

"Perhaps it would help to clear up the subject if I were to say frankly, before going any farther, that there is no such thing as Punishment,—no far off Judgment Day,—no Great White Throne,—and no Judge external to ourselves" (*New Theology*, page 213).

NOTE.—One would venture to ask the dogmatizing "I" as frankly,—“before going any further,”—*where* he got that piece of information from? *Who* told him? What authorises the “there is no such thing,”—coming from one who knows absolutely nothing more about it than a Baby in a Perambulator, except what has been revealed to us?

It is to be carefully remarked how this Modern Theology through dangerous “Unbelief,”—attacks, at first, the Teaching, and Writings of the Great Apostle Paul. Why? Because it does not dare to face the task of challenging the habitual Teaching of Jesus Christ, our Saviour. Farrar *dare* not. He *evaded* Christ *altogether*, in his dangerous Work, and Unbelieving Ministers are aware they must do so to *retain their Pulpits*.

TOLERATION.

Surely we Modern Christian “Believers” exhibit Toleration enough. The Writer of this Book has been four times at India (Ceylon), interviewed the intelligent Buddhist Priests, and been taken into their Idol, or “Cave” Temples,—and obtained their “Tracts” on Religion in Cingalese,—has read the Koran of the Mahommedans,—and been instructed in the “Shinto” Religion of the Japanese. Has been in Salt Lake City, and has the “Mormon Bible,” and other Works of that extraordinary Community. He has attended with respect,—and interest,—the Places of Worship of almost every known Sect of our fellow Believers, in almost every part of this World! The Church of England,—“High” to “Low;”—The Church of Rome;—The Greek Church, and Armenian;—and obtained the Armenian printed books. The Jewish Synagogue, The Scotch, Free and Presbyterian, &c., Churches;—Baptists, Independents, Congregationalists, Wesleyans; Methodists; Calvinists; Friends; Plymouth Brethren; Unitarians; Irvingites; Swedenborgians;

Christadelphians; Shakers, visiting their interesting Settlement at Albany, U.S.A., and last,—but not least,—our good,—and *most useful* friends,—“The Salvation Army.” In the places of Divine Worship,—of *most* of the above named Religious Bodies, has the Writer sat,—in every part of the World, and would do so again.

In most he observed the Essentials of true Religion,—Faith,—Belief in Christ,—and Prayer.

The Worship of the Great and Blessed God, was conducted with Reverence. In many places,—after the Service,—the Elders took the Stranger into their houses, and would quietly, pleasantly, answer enquiries, and explain their own peculiar Views; but usually without dogmatism, or presuming to condemn those of others. Would that all Believers could see their way to do the same. The Roman Catholic alone declines this. They say, “To attend a *Protestant* Service would be a Sin (!) WHY? They believe in Christ, like us Protestants. Protestants attend each others’ Religious Meetings. For,—however much they differ,—they are all “Believers.” They are all “Worshippers,” All have a faith. All had something to *impart*;—there was much to interest,—much to instruct,—much calculated to do good.

But he has marked,—with amazement,—the astonishing inability,—after 1908 years,—on the part of Mankind,—to grasp the fact that “God is a Spirit,” and that “Religion,” to be true, must be a “Spiritual,”—Individual,—Worship, not done by *Proxy*,—“Priests.” What all this bowing down to Images,—or Pictures,—as in Russia,—means,—these “Prayer Machines,” turned by Priests,—these “Bells,” and “Processions,”—gorgeous vestments,—“Candles,”—“Incense,” all originally copied from the Heathen Roman “Temples,” by the Priests of Jupiter,—Venus,—Bacchus,—&c.,—mean in this day of increased Intelligence is unintelligible. What can God care for such Childish Show?

WAS JESUS CHRIST “NARROW”?

Christ never taught the Universal Salvation of all Men,—on the contrary, Jesus taught,—habitually,—all through His Ministry,—*precisely*,—and *thoroughly* the opposite!

God and Christ, have—through the Ages,—been calling His Sincere,—Loving,—Earnest Followers, whether Protestant, Catholics,—Greek Church, Wesleyan, Methodists, Congregationalists, “Salvation Army” adherents,—Quakers

("Friends"), etc., and, who doubts, His chosen amongst enlightened Heathens,—out of this "Fallen," Corrupt, Wicked, Careless, Ungodly, World,—to Christ.

WHAT THIS WICKED WORLD OWES TO CHRIST'S FOLLOWERS.

Oh! Careless, Unholy, — "Fallen," — Ungodly, World! Thou feelest little, nor considerest what thou owest to God's People! Why art thou allowed to go on through the ages in thy Sins? Know that it is only for the Sake of God's People that thou art spared! But the "Day of the Lord" will come! But for "Christians,"—Christ's beloved ones,—in all these "Denominations,"—God would have blown this Wicked,—Blood-stained,—World *into atoms* ages,—and ages,—ago! or Melted it,—or He *will* do one day with "*Fervent Heat.*"

CHRIST IS GATHERING HIS "REDEEMED."

"But he said, Nay; lest while ye gather up the tares ye root up also the wheat with them."

"Let both grow together until the harvest; and in the time of harvest I will say to the reapers, Gather ye together first the tares, and bind them in bundles to burn them: but gather the wheat into my barn."

"The field is the World; the good seed are the Children of the Kingdom; but the Tares are the Children of the Wicked One."

"The Enemy that sowed them is the devil; the harvest is the end of the world; and the reapers are the angels."

"As therefore the tares are gathered and burned in the fire; so shall it be in the end of this world."

"The Son of man shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity."

"And shall cast them into a furnace of fire; there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth."

"Then shall the Righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father. Who hath ears to hear, let him hear."—*Matt. xiii., 38.*

"The Lord is not slack concerning his promise, as some men count slackness; but is longsuffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance."

"But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall also be burned up."—*II. Peter iii., 9.*

The last Cathedral Service the Writer attended with two young friends—was conducted by an old Gentleman,—a "Bishop" who ought to have retired years ago, whose feeble voice,—even at a moderate distance,—was inaudible,—lost in the recesses of the Gothic Roof above! It was interesting to learn that he was drawing £3,000 a Year! and evidently

meant to stick to it to the last ! Totally unable to hear anything, they quietly withdrew, and on comparing notes, all three were unanimous, that the only single word which they had heard of what is known as the " First Lesson," was the —no doubt valuable,—but not *deeply* instructive word,— " Jeroboam ! " These old men should give way to Young and able Men.

How, Reader, is it possible that such " Services " can meet the Spiritual Requirements of the Masses of this Country, ever increasing in Intelligence ?

No wonder that it drives many to neglect all Public Worship, and in time, into practical Unbelief and Infidelity !

We read ominous words too often now, indicating that it is so,

" The prevailing feeling,

(Of a large Conference of Working Men,)

evidently was,—

(a woful and terrible feeling, Reader, leading to Socialism, and " Atheism.")

that Christianity —after all,—has not solved the Problem of our lives,—and that church-going is therefore useless."—*Daily Paper.*

But, Reader, how can " The Gospel," or " Christianity," possibly avail, or reach the Masses, under such extraordinary conditions ?

The immense majority of our Fellow Countrymen,— " the Working Class," do not attend the Church who claims them,—probably tired out by Services totally unsuited to them,—and thus never hear " the Gospel " effectively preached at all ! For countless Sundays,—for whole years together,—this goes on. How then can " Christianity " have a fair trial, or be expected to affect their Personal characters,—Lives,—and Beliefs ? A " State " Religion, Cathedrals, wearisome, Stereotyped, Services, and Prayers,—Vestments,—Candles,—Priests,—Relics of by-gone Superstitions,—what have they ever done for the Masses ?

LOOK AT SACERDOTALISM IN FRANCE, SPAIN, OR ITALY.

It has driven half the Male Population of Continental Nations into *Atheism and Unbelief* ! The Labouring Population require very different " Places of Worship " and " Services " to induce them to attend,—or to give " Christianity," or the " Gospel," a *chance* of Success ?

Cathedrals, Rituals, Superstitions,—Sacraments, Vestments, *Bogus* " Miracles,"—old " Relics," Bones, etc.,—surely they have been tried long enough the past 1800 years !

What our Nation,—and this World,—needs, is a Revival of the Apostolic, pure, simple, “Christianity,” of our Blessed Lord. Our Nation wants more men of the John Wesley and Whitfield and C. H. Spurgeon type.

Men of the People,—sincere, hearty, humble, earnest, devoted Ministers of Christ. Pastors who warn Sinners of the “Wrath to come,” who can truly say with the Great Apostle, Paul,—“We seek not *yours*,—but *you*.”

“Behold, the third time I am ready to come to you; and I will not be burdensome to you; for I seek not *yours*, but *you*.”

“I was chargeable to no man: and in all *things* I have kept myself from being burdensome unto you, and so I will keep *myself*.”

“And because Paul was of the same craft, he abode with them, and wrought: for by their occupation they were tent-makers.”

“Wherefore we labour, that, whether present or absent, we may be accepted of him.”

“For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things *done* in *his* body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad.”

THE BLIGHT OF “UNBELIEF.”

Who doubts that the great Cause of the feeble Preaching in 1908, is the “Unbelief” which is settling down like a Blight upon the Churches,—both “Church” and “Dissenting.” When the Minister does not himself believe that there is any “Wrath” from which to “Flee,”—or any “Hell” to “Shun,” how can he help soon exhibiting it, in his Sermons? How many a self-deluded person ought never to have presumed to undertake the Solemn Duties of Preacher to others,—ought never to have “touched the Sacred ark,”—as a “Profession,”—*God only knows!*

UNBELIEF IN THE PULPIT.

The Traitor Judas in the Garden was a *despicable* figure enough,—but fancy Judas *in the Pulpit!*

How many occupy the false position,—as fatal to himself as to others,—of the elderly Vicar,—evidently an honest man, who,—without the least invitation from the Writer,—or any desire on his part to hear the confession,—gave,—unsolicited,—his experience,—as follows:

“When at College, having decided to enter the Church, I had doubts upon the Truths I knew I should have to Preach; but concluded that, with Youth, these doubts would disappear. On the contrary, they have become more confirmed; I candidly admit that I do not believe what I am expected to Preach. I therefore decline to preach for other Ministers, and in my own Sermons I keep to Morality. As an honest man I know I ought to have left the Church years ago; but I have a

Family, am poor, and am entirely dependent upon the Church for a very inadequate livelihood."

The Writer saw a notice of his Death not long after. He had held that "*Living*" for many Years!

Reader, can you imagine a more painful Position,—or one more dishonouring to God, and the Cause of Religion? Fancy Pious Families,—and their Children,—"*sitting under*" such a Minister for years! Is this the "*Minister*" to "*Baptise*,"—"*Confirm*,"—"*Regenerate*" Infants, administer the "*Sacrament*,"—or to conduct the Solemn Burial Service, or to be called in to Pray with the dying? It is the System that is fatal. A Nonconformist Church would have turned him out, and chosen an earnest, sincere, believing Christian for their "*Pastor*." This "*the Church*" cannot do. The People have as yet no Power of choice. They must take whoever the Bishops send them. And "*empty Churches*" is the natural result in many a Country District.

The following two letters appeared in the Daily Papers,—and may be of interest to the Bible Student to conclude our Chapter.

A LETTER, AND A REPLY, IN DAILY PAPER.

I. A LETTER (No. 1).

Allow me to point out that the "*immortality of the Soul*" is not a Scriptural term, as it does not occur at all in either the Old or the New Testament, but is of Platonic origin, and, as Gladstone stated, found its way into Christianity by a back door.

As a reverent student of Scripture, I wish to say that I am certain that its teaching is not immortality for all, but for the righteous only. "*To them that by patience in well doing seek for glory and honour and incorruption, eternal life.*"—*Rom. ii., 7* (R.V.) "*The world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever.*"—*I. John ii., 17*. And this immortality is treasured up in Christ, "*For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have eternal life.*"—*John iii., 16* (R.V.).

As to the good class among the heathen who would have received Christ, had He been preached to them (*John iii., 21*), the blessing also comes to them, though, I think with a secondary position in the future. For Christ "*gave Himself a ransom for all; the testimony to be borne in its own times.*"—*I. Tim. ii., 6* (R.V.). The Church of Christ is the first fruits.—*James i., 18*.

The destruction of the wicked is one thing; absolute chemical annihilation is another. The latter is not (I believe) predicted of the wicked. "*The wicked shall perish, and the enemies of the Lord shall be as the fat of lambs; they shall consume; into smoke shall they consume away.*"—*Ps. xxxvii., 20*. To all intents and purposes they will finally cease to exist as individuals in the second death.—*Rev. xxi., 8*.

2. A REPLY.

The interesting articles on this all-important subject fail to give any satisfactory reason why the soul of one individual is not—from its very constitution—just as “everlasting” as that of any other. Admit immortality has been already given to the soul, or spirit, nothing but an equal Almighty Power will be needed to take that immortality away—as was required to bestow it. If the Creator “Formed man, and breathed into him the breath of life, and man became a living soul,” then He gave this “soul” to all alike. Once admit the indestructible, immortal, nature of the soul, or spirit—then an extremely evil-living person's soul is as everlasting, in its constitution, as that of the most righteous.

Your correspondent somewhat dogmatically concludes his letter—without giving us the *source* of his *information*—or *who* told him the fact, if it be one—“To all intents and purposes they (the wicked) will finally cease to exist as individuals.” Surely his “reverent study of Scripture” has been of a *limited* character; for anything more *totally* opposed to the constant, habitual, unceasing, teaching of our Lord, and all His Apostles, cannot be conceived. The word “reverent” seems to indicate that he is a “believer”; namely, believes in the Divinity of our Lord. If so, he will at once admit, that—as our Saviour distinctly asserts that He will be Judge of all mankind—our Lord *must* know more upon this awful subject than *he* does. What then does Christ say? It is simply a question of veracity. “The Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the Son.” If the wicked “cease to exist,” who is going to be “judged”? If all the wicked—as Thomas Paine taught—would, to use his words, “be dropped altogether,” there would be no one left to be “judged.” Paine's and your correspondent's idea is a most acceptable, convenient, one to all the Criminals this world has ever been cursed with.

Nothing suits such better than to grasp every vice—at whatever loss or misery it may cause to others during a long life of sin—and then “cease to exist.” Quite apart from every teaching of the entire Bible, such an idea is in itself monstrous. Farrar, Beecher, Parker, etc., all had to devise a God of their own liking, to suit their delusive, dangerous, totally unscriptural teaching, certainly not the God of the Bible, or of “justice.” It is all a delusion. God, Christ, the Apostles, our consciences, our common sense, tell us that there is a “heaven to gain,” and most certainly, a “hell to shun.”

LETTER (No. 2).

In reply to the letter in your issue of to-day, firstly, the term “living soul” is applied in the Old Testament in the Hebrew to the lower animals, as well as to man. See also the words “living soul” applied to lower animals in Rev. xvi., 3. Also, in I. Cor. xv., 45, the term “living soul” is used in describing natural life as contrasted with resurrection life.

The Reader will, it is thought, recognise the amazing efforts,—the far-fetched, irrelevant, objections to our universal Immortality,—which have to be made. The text alluded to runs thus:

“And so it is written, The first man Adam was made a living soul; the last Adam was made a quickening spirit.”—I. Cor. xv., 45.

What, on earth, is there here in St. Paul's amazing, noble, assertion of our immortality, chosen, for ages, as our “Burial Service,” to lessen the Belief that the Souls of the *Lost Wicked* are *just* as immortal as those of the *Saved*?

Secondly, I do not deny, but strenuously maintain, the judgment of all. Also, that "it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." But I do deny the endless existence of sinful man in torment, on the ground of the repeated declarations of Scripture. "God is able to destroy both soul and body in Gehenna." The wicked "shall utterly perish in their own corruption." "All the wicked will He destroy." The passages proving this are most numerous and emphatic.

If the lost Wicked cease to exist,—why they should find it a "fearful thing to fall into the hands" of an awfully Holy God who hates Sin with a steady, undying, unchangeable Anger and Hatred,—is simply *unintelligible*.

How many Wicked Murderers having killed, or tried to murder, their Victims,—thus securing their Revenge,—turn the Weapon upon themselves with the *express purpose* of avoiding execution,—and,—as they fondly hope,—"cease to exist." So far from the latter being a "fearful thing,"—it is the *very* thing the vile, cruel, dangerous, villain, having spread misery, ruin, all round him during a lifetime of Vice and Crime,—*desires*.

The "*Fearful thing*" is that such will never,—as individual,—lost,—souls,—ever "die,"—they will live as long as God lives.

The two texts referred to in which the word "destroy" occurs never intended by that word anything less than the "eternal loss,"—or "endless ruin" of a lost Soul. Only two texts are given, *where* are the "most numerous" others?

Against these two texts our Lord distinctly tells us "When the Son of Man cometh," and sits on His judgment seat,—

"Then shall He say unto those on His left hand, Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared,"—(not for them, had they not chosen to be Followers of the Devil, and obstinate Sin),—"for the Devil and his angels."

Is *this* "ceasing to exist"? It is a question of veracity! Was our Lord mendacious, deceptive, false? Are His awful Warnings to be treated as falsehoods? "as things of Nought"? If His Warnings are false, why "believe" in Him, or His Promises?

Letter No. 2 continues—

Thirdly, I maintain that the horrible and cruel doctrine of endless torment, is opposed to the revealed Character of God, both in His justice, and His mercy, and outrages the conscience of man. I cannot in the columns of a newspaper enlarge on this point, but each can well work out the conclusion for himself in quiet meditation, by the aid of the Scripture and the Holy Spirit.

And too many of our "Religious" false Teachers in 1908, do not "believe" our Lord's Words,—and Warnings,—any more than the unbelieving Jews in the year 33.

"And because I tell you the Truth, ye believe Me not."

"Jesus answered them, and said, My Doctrine is not Mine, but His that sent Me."

"Then spake Jesus again unto them, saying, I am the Light of the world : he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the Light of life."

The "Revealed" Character of God,—was revealed to us Mortals,—for the first time,—by His Divine Son, our Saviour, to Whom He has committed all Judgments,—habitually,—unceasingly. All through His Ministry, Jesus warns Mankind to "Fear Him Who, after Death, hath Power to cast into Hell, —yea ! I say unto you, Fear ye Him," So far, then, from "outraging the Conscience of man,"—Christ "reveals" to us a God to be feared. In four different places Christ solemnly warns Mankind that it is better to be maimed,—to pluck out the offending eye if it leads to Sin,—rather than having two eyes to be cast into Hell,—"where their Worm dieth not, and the Fire is not quenched." Again, we read "there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth,"—how can that be if the Wicked have "ceased to exist" ? The idea is absurd ! God is a God of Justice as well as of Love. The fact is the "horrible, and cruel doctrine" is the Doctrine of our Divine Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ,—it is the obstinate unbelief of that fallen creature Man, who is utterly incapable of looking into Futurity, or recognising what the dangerous, vicious, abandoned, detestable, Wicked will become in Eternity !

Until Death happily hides such from our Mortal View, there seems no limit to their frightful Descent, into every kind of Vice, Sin, and Crime. Not being on the Platform of Infinitude,—mortals cannot see into the Future. God alone can,—and does,—He has borne with awful long-suffering,—often during a long life-time,—with this dangerous, vile, Creature, contaminating all he came into contact with. He goes out alone to meet his God.

"Cease to exist" ? Nonsense. We read, "He that is filthy let him be filthy *still*." The moment a lost Soul hears that God and Christ have cast him off *for ever*, he will burst out into a Demon's Rage, Blasphemy, and Frantic Hatred, of God, and Christ.

Who doubts the never ending ASCENT towards "God" ? If the Holy, and Righteous,—the Forgiven,—Saved Souls,—will,—with ever-increasing joy,—go on throughout Eternity,—ever upwards towards infinite Goodness,—without ever approaching it,—what Guarantee have we that the immortal Wicked will not continue their frightful DESCENT in a World of Untold Rage, and Misery ?

What is to prevent it ? God alone. Will He ? No ! They have opposed Him for a lifetime,—rejected His offers through Christ,—belittled Christ's Veracity,—Truthfulness, and Warnings,—and God *leaves* them to themselves. He

swears, by an oath, that they shall "never enter *into His Rest*"!

The Reader will observe how,—as always happens,—this Letter **avoids Jesus Christ**. It is *always* the way! Christ's Words, put aside, *in* comes, as ever, the great "I." "I maintain"! "I assert." "I strenuously deny." Whereas the Writer knows only what Christ has "revealed" to us of God, Heaven, Hell, or Eternity. How His "reverent Study of Scripture,"—and recommendation for us to "work out the conclusion for ourselves," with the aid of the Holy Spirit,—when it all ends, as in his case, of beginning at once, to make out that the Lord of Heaven and Earth is a Liar,—a Deceiver,—a False Teacher. *does seem grotesque*. God the Precious Holy Spirit, upon Whose Blessed aid,—and Presence,—every true Christian Believer entirely depends,—we may be sure will never give His aid or countenance to those false, deluded, Teachers who begin their dangerous assertions, by contradicting Jesus Christ to His Face!

Letter No. 2 concluded.

Finally, it is predicted that eventually God will be all in all, and that death, the last enemy, will be destroyed. This implies not the restoration, but the destruction of the wicked.

Finally,—false to the last,—we have a text perverted into a Statement, exactly the reverse of the Scriptural reading. So far from "Death being destroyed," the text asserts the exact opposite,—

"And the Devil that deceived them was cast into the lake of fire and brimstone, where the beast and the false prophet are, and shall be tormented day and night for ever and ever."

"And I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them."

"And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened; and another book was opened, which is *the book of life*; and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works."

"And the Sea gave up the dead which were in it; and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them; and they were judged every man according to their works."

"And death and Hell were cast into the lake of fire. This is the Second Death."

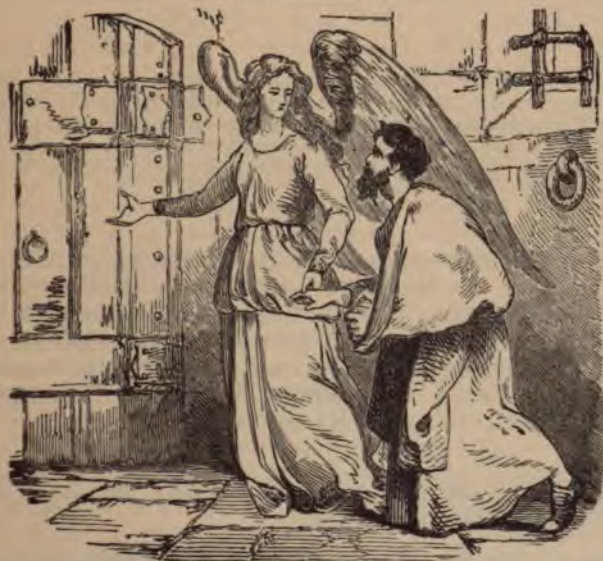
"Death and Hell," so far from being "destroyed," we are distinctly, here, told, will be cast into the same lake in which the Devil is. And,—so far from the Lost, Wicked, "ceasing to exist," we learn here, and are distinctly told, that they will share the same awful Fate!

"And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire."

Reader, Believe Jesus Christ,—believe His Warnings,—and come to Him while Time and opportunity are *yours*!

This **Chapter** is divided here,—the Reader being asked to peruse the remaining "**Part II.**" and decide whether Christ's Teaching is to be "*believed*" or *not*.

PETER AND THE ANGEL.



Peter therefore was kept in prison: but prayer was made without ceasing of the church unto God for him.

And when Herod would have brought him forth, the same night Peter was sleeping between two soldiers, bound with two chains: and keepers before the door kept the prison.

And, behold, the angel of the Lord came upon him, and a light shined in the prison: and he smote Peter on the side, and raised him up, saying, Arise up quickly. And his chains fell off from his hands.

And the angel said unto him, Gird thyself, and bind on thy sandals. And so he did. And he saith unto him, Cast thy garment about thee, and follow me.

And he went out, and followed him; and wist not that it was true which was done by the angel; but thought he saw a vision.

When they were past the first and the second ward, they came unto the iron gate that leadeth unto the city, which opened to them of his own accord; and they went out and passed on through one street; and forthwith the angel departed from him.—*Acts xii.*

CHAPTER XLV.

PART II.

THE "ETERNAL HOPE" DELUSION.

The "Old Theology" versus the "New Theology,"
which will you "Believe" ?

NOTE.—The Reader who has perused the previous chapter is asked to give his earnest attention,—especially,—to this "Part II." Why ? Because if our Lord's Solemn Teaching here given upon this AWFUL SUBJECT does not carry conviction that we have "a Heaven to gain and a Hell to shun," by seeking the Saviour of Mankind,—NOTHING ever will do it.

TWO GREAT VOICES IN THIS WORLD,—CHRIST'S AND SATAN'S.
A QUESTION OF VERACITY,—GOD DID NOT SPARE HIS
BELOVED PEOPLE. WILL HE SPARE HIS ENEMIES, OR THE
WICKED ? THE COLOSSAL IMPUDENCE OF FARRAR. A
"LONDON CLERGYMAN'S" DELUSIVE TEACHING CONTRASTED
WITH OUR LORD'S.—THE FINAL PARTING OF "BELIEF"
AND "UNBELIEF." THE BRIDGELESS GULF,—HEAVEN OR
HELL ?

"Now,—for the Great Secret,"—were the last Words
of the Murderer on the Scaffold.

READER,—Are we to understand that the Writer is about seriously to ask us to "believe"—in direct opposition to many of the Modern Clergy,—and Dissenting Ministers,—that Christ's Solemn Teaching was *really true* ? That not only all the countless Millions of detestable Characters,—(omitting the Untutored Heathen who never heard of Christ),—once instructed in the Truths of Religion,—Blood-thirsty Tyrants,—Oppressors of the Poor,—Murderers,—Pirates,—Swindlers of Needy and the Poor,—Debauchees,—Drunkards, are now "lost" Souls,—but also false Teachers of Religion like those Priests in our Lord's day, "Unbelievers," and their deluded obstinate adherents,—in a word, all the "Christless,"—impenitent,—unchanged,—Sinners this World has ever seen,—have shared the same awful Fate ? Have all had to go and are still going out,—ALONE,—not in Crowds,—but alone,—one by one,—as if no other Soul existed,—to "meet" an

Awfully Holy Lord God,—an Almighty Being in Fearful, Unchanging, Anger against all “Sin,”—such as we Mortals have no conception of ?

“Then shall the Dust RETURN to the Earth, as it was,—and the Spirit shall RETURN UNTO GOD Who gave it.—*Eccles. xii., 7.*

“Vengeance *belongeth* unto me, I will recompense, saith the Lord. And again, The Lord shall judge His people.

“*It is a FEARFUL thing to fall into the hands of the living God.*”—*Hebrews x., 31.*

Are we asked to believe that all such,—the moment they understand that they are rejected by Christ, the Judge, and that God swears that they shall “never enter into His Rest,”—will be filled with Frantic Rage,—Hatred,—Fury,—and Blasphemy against God, and Christ for ever more ?

In a word become demons themselves to join the Fallen Angels in a World of Woe, Hatred, and Misery throughout a **Never Ending Eternity ?**

Yes ! That is **precisely** the Solemn Question ! No one can Answer that Awful Question but Jesus Christ,—our now “Saviour,” if we choose to earnestly seek Salvation through His Merits, and precious Sacrifice,—but one day our Future Judge. The Final Judge of all Mankind.

The Reader,—therefore,—is asked to give this Part II. especial attention, and to decide for himself,—not what he, or the Writer of this book, or Bishop——says,—or believes,—but whether he will say “Yes” or “No” once for all to the Question,—“Does our Future Judge,—in His own Words,—and His habitual Teaching,—answer the Solemn Question we are considering,—or **does He not ?**

If Christ is the “Light” of this fallen World,—what is the use of *saying* so,—if we do not *believe His Teaching* ? It seems an *Absurdity* !

CHRIST THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

“I am come a Light into the World, that whosoever believeth on Me should not abide in darkness.”

“And if any man hear My Words, and believe not, I judge him not : for I came not to judge the World, but to save the World.”

“He that rejecteth Me, and receiveth not My Words, hath One that judgeth him : the Word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the Last Day.”

“For I have not spoken of Myself ; but the Father which sent Me, He gave Me a commandment what I should say, and what I should speak.”

“Then spake Jesus again unto them, saying, I am the light of the world : he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.”

THE UNREGENERATE DO NOT "FEEL" SIN.

It is the sure Sign of the "Child of God,"—if he "feels" and "hates" his sins very deeply.

The "Unregenerate" *do not!*

"Of course, I suppose that I must be a Sinner,"—said an elderly man, to the Writer,—*"but, for the life of me, I do not know where it is!"*

Again, *"I never was much of a Sinner,—and I am sure I am not now!"*—was another remark. They both came from men passed middle life,—made many years ago, and both have long passed away! Neither of them gave *any indication* of a true Christian life, yet they were perfectly contented, and satisfied, *with themselves!* Others could have given them a very different idea of their characters. How many are there like them? One of them some time after killed himself.

More hopeless words could hardly be imagined! But what these men candidly spoke boldly out, thousands *secretly feel* and not only feel, but act upon it!

Past middle life,—fading into age,—60 or 70 years in this world, and yet the very first Lesson every true Christian must learn,—never yet recognised. Both still blind to their own real characters,—clear enough to others,—or their position as Sinners in God's sight never yet learned. Such feel no distress, much less anger at Sin or Sinners,—and such cannot see why God should feel such "Wrath" at Sin either. The New Book upon the "New Theology,"—recently published,—illustrates this blind condition of "fallen" human Nature.

READER, "But these paper reports of Sermons, of Addresses, are very unreliable. They may not, very often, convey the true meaning of a Speaker." True! Let us then allow the "New Theology" to speak from its own Book for itself.

That many Ministers are inclined to favour it, is seen from the writing of a Church of England Clergyman. "The ordinary man cannot, now, believe the outworn theories still taught by so many of the clergy—a New Movement is dawning. The ordinary man wants the God of the New Theology,—the all-prevailing principle of the Universe."

What the "all-prevailing Principle of the Universe" is must be left to the Reader's decision.

What possible "New Theology" is to come, what it has to tell us, or why the "ordinary man" in our day should desire, or need one, seems obscure. The Faith which has proved sufficient to lead millions of Christian believers to God, Christ, and Heaven, must surely be good enough for us.

EXTRACTS FROM THE NEW THEOLOGY BOOK.

Yet, with amazing assurance,—ignoring the entire Experience of Mankind, and the Teaching of Christ,—we are asked to believe that

“The divergence between the ‘New Theology’ and the ‘old’ goes deep,—but does not touch the Foundation of Truth.”

On the contrary, every true Christian will claim that the “divergence” of such teaching,—not only “touches” but attempts to abuse our common sense,—ignore the Bible,—and thus destroy “the Foundations of Truth,” upon which our Christian Belief has rested on a Rock for nigh 2,000 years, and will rest,—in spite of delusive modern heresies,—for ages to come.

Thus we read,

THE NEW THEOLOGY.

“Perhaps it would help to clear up the subject if I were to say frankly,—before going any further,—that there is no such thing as Punishment,—no far-off Judgment Day,—no White Throne,—and no Judge external to ourselves” (!)—“New Theology,” page 213.

Then what is this ?

“And as it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the Judgment.”

“For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ ; that every one may receive the things done in His body, according to that he hath done, whether *it* be good or bad.”

“For the Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the Son.”

“For the hour is coming in the which all that are in the graves shall hear His voice.”

“And shall come forth ; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life ; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation.”

“And I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away ; and there was found no place for them.”

“And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God ; and the books were opened ; and another book was opened, which is *the book of life* : and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works.”

No such thing as Punishment ?

“Surely the Tears,—the Groans,—the Deaths,—of countless Millions of human beings, for thousands of years,—have proved to Mankind that God’s warnings are something more than ‘Instructive Parables !’ ‘Thou shalt not eat of it,—for in the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt *surely die !*’—Gen. ii., 17. And we all die !”

“Punishment” enough ! Who wants “to die” ? While

as to God's Judgments in the punishment of Sin, and Sinners the entire Bible is full of it,—from Genesis to Revelation !

Well may the Scriptures say,

"The Heart is deceitful above all things,—and desperately wicked, who can know it" ?

THE "NEW THEOLOGY."

"At present, Paul's opinion on the great subject of the Atonement, by many people, is supposed to be decisive. Paul says this,—and Paul says that,—and when Paul has spoken there is no more to be said. But why should it be so ? Paul's opinion is not necessarily a complete and adequate statement of truth (1)"—New Theology, page 188.

We read in the papers: "Although the sitting accommodation provides for 7,500, the building was filled to its utmost capacity,—the utterances being frequently endorsed with emphatic bursts of applause." (1)

Surely a more "emphatic" proof of the "Fall" in human nature cannot be asked for than in this eager rushing to hear and applaud such errors. What,—on earth,—were these silly crowds "*applauding*" ? *Reject* the New Testament,—who is going to give them anything *else* ? It indicates the eager joy with which crowds of Fallen Mankind would hail the news that there was no Hereafter,—no Future Life of Weal or Woe,—or even no *God at all* !

PAUL'S, PETER'S, AND JOHN'S "DECISIVE" OPINION WITH THE OTHER APOSTLES.

PAUL'S OPINION.

It is instructive here to turn to the certainly "decisive" opinion of that amazing Servant of God,—that devoted Evangelist,—the Great Apostle Paul. This wondrous Teacher had reached the close of his glorious Career,—his painful journey, his ceaseless Labours for his Master,—were now drawing to their close,—he was now looking forward to crown all by following that Lord to a painful death.

PAUL'S FAREWELL.

"But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the Ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God."

"For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine, but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears ;

"And they shall turn away their ears from the Truth, and shall be turned unto fables."

"And now, behold, I know that ye all, among whom I have gone preaching the kingdom of God, shall see my face no more."

"And when he had thus spoken, he kneeled down, and prayed with them all."

"And they all wept sore, and fell on Paul's neck, and kissed him."

"Sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more."

"But there were false prophets also among the people, even as there shall be false teachers among you."—II. *Peter* ii., 1.

"Ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth."—II. *Tim.* iii., 7.

"For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine ; but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears."

"And they shall turn away *their* ears from the truth, and shall be turned unto fables."—II. *Tim.* iv., 3.

"But though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other Gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed."

"As we said before, so say I now again, If any man preach any other Gospel unto you than that ye have received, let him be accursed."—*Gal.* i., 8.

"For many walk, of whom I have told you often, and now tell you even weeping, that they are the enemies of the cross of Christ."—*Phil.* iii., 18.

"Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God : because many false prophets are gone out into the world."—I. *John* iv., 1.

There can hardly be a greater proof of the Divine Inspiration of the New Testament than the vitality of its warnings. The above exhortation of the Apostles might have *well* been written for the year 1908 !

The First thing the modern "Biblical Critic" has to attempt is the old, old, attack upon the Bible. It must ever be so ! Until that is done Unbelief has no standpoint ; it cannot exist.

PAUL,—PETER,—JOHN,—CONTEMPORARY WITNESSES,—OR
THE "BIBLICAL CRITICS" OF 1908,—(MANY "MADE
IN GERMANY,")—WHICH IS IT TO BE ?

PAUL'S CONCLUSIONS AND "OPINION."

No European Scholar of repute now challenges the Letters or "Epistles" of "Saul" or "Paul" as fabrications. It is admitted that these Letters are as genuine as the Letters of Pliny, or Cicero, or the Commentaries of Julius Cæsar.

What was the result of Paul's investigation? We have it, in his wondrous "Letters,"—or "Epistles."

Paul was converted to Christ,—not long after the Crucifixion.

If the Crucifixion took place about the year 33,—Paul's conversion and reception by the Early Christians must have occurred shortly after,—at most three years later. Every detail was fresh in their memory. Paul must have had endless opportunities of learning all.

THE GOSPEL "INVESTIGATED" BY PAUL.

Paul was no child, no uneducated fisherman, but a Jewish Scribe,—evidently a highly-trained, leading man amongst the Pharisees, the most cultured men of their day.

In the Great Apostle Paul, we have an acute,—powerful,—most intellectual,—highly trained,—observer, *actually on the spot*. The Early Christians *lived all together*, there was Mary the Mother of our Lord,—taken care of by the Apostle John,—the beloved disciple to whom she had been entrusted by Jesus,—constantly with the Apostles,—required incessantly, with them, to relate to all comers all that had taken place,—their flight into Egypt,—the Miraculous Birth, etc. Our COMMON SENSE tells us it MUST have been so! WHAT ELSE were the Apostles living for, but to spread the knowledge of the Gospel events? There were His brothers,—some of them no longer "Unbelievers" in Him. They would relate all the early incidents of the Life of our Lord, His Childhood and Boyhood, to the new converts constantly, now joining the Christian Early Church. And here was Paul *living with them*, with every opportunity of *hearing all* that the *twelve Apostles* had to relate of our Lord's Ministry,—Deeds,—and Teaching.

Paul would subject their Testimony to the "highest" "Criticism"; gathering from Mary, the Mother of our Lord, Peter, John, and numberless others, every detail he could obtain of the marvellous events of the past years.

Peter, James, and John were there to Record our Lord's Life,—Teaching,—Miracles,—Death,—and Resurrection,—so were the other Eleven Apostles who were with Jesus "from the beginning."

"And ye also bear Witness, because ye have been with Me from the Beginning."

No one would know better than Paul, a highly-trained Pharisee,—brought up amongst them, and the "Scribes,"—the value of *documentary Evidence*; the importance of having the details of our Lord's Birth, Ministry, Death, Resurrection,

taken down from the mouths of the Disciples, etc., who had been eye-witnesses, and "with Jesus," from the beginning.

Numbers of Converts to Christianity were now joining the Early Church,—new Churches were being formed at a distance. The Converts had to hear what had actually taken place.

Who can doubt that Paul and the Apostles employed the "parchments" and Scribes of that day to duplicate Authentic Records of the "Gospel"? These duplicates would be sent to all the new Churches to be read, and taught, daily, just as we read the New Testament in our Churches, Chapels, or Families, in 1908.

Thus, the "New Testament" was completed. Before such contemporary Witnesses of our Lord's Birth, Boyhood, Ministry, Death, and Resurrection,—how colossal the impudence of our 1908,—modern Biblical Critics! Pretending after nigh 2,000 years have passed to know more than the Apostle Paul, and others *on the spot!*

Yet, with barefaced effrontery, up comes some "Pfleider," with something "New" to tell us, when we all are aware that such "Critics" know no more than we do ourselves!

DOCUMENTARY EVIDENCE.

"The Cloak that I left at Troas with Carpus, when thou comest bring *with thee*, and the books, *but especially the parchments.*"

Who can doubt that these were the "Parchments" or copies Paul "especially" reminds Timothy to bring with him?

Before our Lord left His followers He distinctly promised that when the Holy Spirit came, "Whom the Father will send in My Name, He shall teach you all things, and bring *all things* to your *remembrance* whatsoever I have said unto you."

"But when the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, *even* the Spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the Father, he shall testify of Me."

DOCUMENTARY EVIDENCE.

As men of culture, like Paul, Luke, etc., joined the Early Church, can we imagine they would not employ the Scribes of that day, to produce copies of the accounts given by the Apostles—thus helped by the Holy Spirit—of their three years' experiences with their Master?

Undoubtedly these Copies would be needed to be read constantly, and sent to distant Churches as they were being formed all over the Roman Empire. Even Paul requires the

parchments, "The Cloak that I left at Troas, with Carpus, when thou comest, bring with thee, and the books, but *especially the parchments.*"

Surely, when our choice lies between these inspired records of the New Testament and modern eccentricities, we may wisely follow the example of the judicious taster of the new wine,—“No man also having drunk old wine straightway desireth new; for he saith, The old is *better.*”

Whose record, then, would any *sane* person *prefer*? Those of the actual eye-witnesses,—from whom Matthew, Luke, etc., *distinctly* say they obtained *their's* from, or the teachings of persons in our day,—nearly nineteen centuries after,—who know absolutely not a *word*, not a *syllable*, more about what really took place than we do?

The Epistles of Paul are now allowed to be as authentic as those of Pliny,—Cicero,—or the Commentaries of Cæsar.

We have done with the ignorance of the old School of Atheists. Modern Criticism and Scholarship, for instance, no longer permit the Renan, or Strauss, School of Infidelity, to disallow the authenticity of the letters of the early Christian Writers; such as the Epistle of Clement, A.D. 97, the letters of Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch, A.D. 110, or the Epistles of Paul to the Romans, Galatians, etc., written about A.D. 58, or, as some think, a little earlier.

The Believer claims that the “Epistles” or Letters of Paul, written, say, about A.D. 60,—had for their contemporaries, even at that early date, Manuscript accounts or written Records of the Gospel Events, established by Witnesses still then alive, and able to confirm them. Indeed, Paul more than once appeals to these witnesses for their confirmation. Also, that the Apostle John wrote at the close of his prolonged life, some 30 years after this. Thus completing the “New Testament.” That the “Gospel,” “New Covenant Gospel,” Narrative, or “New Testament” existed in the form of Manuscripts, at a very early Period, cannot be doubted.

Nor can our Common Sense decline to believe that the accounts of what had taken place, thus produced, were sent to,—and read, before the early distant Churches precisely as the Gospel has been read in our English Churches of a Sunday for Ages past.

THE RESULTS OF THE “NEW” PREACHING.

The following “impressions” already made upon the Hearers of such Teaching,—were sent to the Daily Papers.

They should indeed awaken the Promoters of the New Movement to a Sense of their Solemn Responsibility.

No. 1.—“ Permit me to record the impression made upon my Mind—and I think I went with an ‘ open ’ one,—after attending the Modern Theology preaching. I believe it had the same effect upon many present in that crowd. It appeared to shatter all certain Belief either in the Divinity,—the Miraculous (or Virgin) Birth, or the Resurrection of our Lord,—and to convey to, and leave the impression on the vast Audience that Christ,—being thus born of a human father (consequently,—like us born in Sin,)—was in reality merely a human being like other great Leaders in Religion of Past Ages.”

No. 2.—Another writes :—“ The New Divinity Movement will have many followers ; for there is a vast number of Persons in this Country,—as in France,—on the edge of the same land of doubt these preachers boldly teach,—and doubts, too,—upon very vital points touching the Christian Religion. It will bring Misery to thousands of Minds.”

Will it ? Then why on earth do “ vast audiences ” go,—not only to listen,—but to cheer, enthusiastically, such Preaching ? Why swallow the delusive,—verbose, so-called “ eloquence ” of our day of chatter and shallow thought,—when they could stay at home, and read in a penny “ New Testament ” every single thing about the “ Christian ” Religion any living Mortal can tell,—or ever will,—tell them ? Whose fault is the “ misery ”—alleged to be caused—but *their own* ? Who is going to tell them *one word*,—one syllable *more* than Christ has already told us ? No “ Fall ” of Man ? Can any clearer Proof be wanted of the “ Fall ” than in these eager,—cheering,—crowds,—only too desirous* of hearing the true, solemn, Gospel of Jesus Christ frittered away ? Multitudes would be only too glad to hear that there was no Personal God,—no Hereafter,—no Future Judgment,—no Eternity !

A DAY OF APOSTASY.

“ For this people’s heart is waxed gross, and their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes they have closed ; lest at any time they should see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and should understand with their heart, and should be converted, and I should heal them.”

No. 3.—A third attender writes :—“ Upon that large Class of intelligent Young Men in our Cities, whose faith is already tried by the Example of their fellows, and their surroundings, the new teaching,—presented with verbose eloquence, comes as a master-stroke to sever the Sacred Influences of pious Homes,—and to shake their Belief in that Holy Book their faithful parents love and taught their children to reverence. Thus depriving them of the safeguard of Religion against the many fearful Temptations of City Life.”

Finally comes,—this time from an evident admirer, and supporter, of the New Theology,—

No. 4.—“ If this Movement is never able to do more than convince men that their Eternal Hope lies in the Divine Fatherhood,—and not in

the Substitution and Punishment of an innocent Christ,—it will have accomplished a work which will live and will have brightened the lives of thousands of despondent souls."

If the English language has any meaning, this is to say,—that, if the New Teaching can but dispose of the Atoning Sacrifice,—the only Redemption, and Reconciliation of fallen Man, with his awfully Holy God, through the all-availing precious Blood of Christ, shed, "the just for the unjust to lead us to God,"—and He can be put aside as a thing of naught,—a Mistake,—uncalled for, an Atonement not needed,—that all this will "bring brightness to thousands of despondent souls"! READER! Did you ever encounter more astounding nonsense? The Christian Believer is the last person in this World to be "despondent."

Well may the Promoters of the Movement say to this admirer, "Preserve us from our Friends!"

The fact being that unless Jesus our Saviour had told us, of "Our Father Who art in Heaven,"—speaking, let it be remembered to His "believing" Disciples alone, not to Unitarians,—we should never have known about the "Divine Fatherhood" the writer alludes to at all. It was this fact,—the utter apparent indifference of Nature to the most awful catastrophes which maddened the Heathen World. The Sun shone pleasantly on to the most awful scenes in human history, utterly regardless of the most terrible events. So far from being "despondent" the Believer in the "Atonement" looks upon the Unitarian rejector of it as a Madman! It is *he* who will,—one day,—be "despondent" indeed!

"No man having drunk old *wine* straightway desireth new: for he saith, The old is better."—*Luke v.*, 39.

"Preach the word: be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all long suffering and doctrine."

"NEW THEOLOGY" BOOKS TO SUPERSEDE THE BIBLE.

THOUGHTLESS BIBLICAL DETRACTORS.

"The Young People in our Sunday Schools, and various Christian Societies,—all over the World,—need well written."—popular manuals presenting in succinct form the best results of Biblical Criticism.

NOTE.—Written by New Theologians, or Unitarians,—we may presume,—who know really no more of Religion,—apart from the New Testament,—than a Baby in a Perambulator.

"The way the Bible is taught to Young People at present is most regrettable (!) At present it is interpreted by many People in a way harmful to the moral Sense." (!)—New Theology, page 262.

NOTE.—It is “interpreted” so in the “New Theology.” No question about *that!* Very “harmful”!

“Will anyone seriously maintain that the trickeries of Jacob, etc., are healthy reading for children,—or a mark of Divine Inspiration?”—New Theology, page 262.

Emphatically we maintain it! The honest way in which the Bible gives us the failings,—and terrible “Falls” of its Saints, and Heroes,—David,—Jacob,—Peter, etc., etc., is the very best proof of its “Inspiration,” and the “fallen” condition of our human Nature. Had it not chosen to record them, we should never have heard a word of the “Fall” of David, and of Peter, or of Solomon,—or the trickeries of the *then unchanged* Jacob!

“THE ‘TRICKERIES’ OF JACOB.”

INSTRUCTIVE BIBLE STUDIES.

Reader, will you turn for a moment to page 461 of this book, on the “trickery of Jacob,”—as a Bible Study,—also the History of Boy David,—page 359,—and the Boy Joseph,—page 371? More instructive Reading for the Young than the study of these beautiful stories of the Old Testament cannot be conceived!

Let us read these beautiful old Bible Stories with Common Sense explanations, as in this Book,—upon all occasions, and at the same time offer up the humble Prayer, “From Modern Biblical Criticism,—and New Theology ‘Manuals’—Good Heaven preserve them!”

UNBELIEF.

The cruel part of this sort of Teaching is that if it came from the Press,—or Platform of open, advertised, “above-board” Infidelity,—it would not pay to Print it. It is the fact that it comes from the (alleged) Pulpits of Christ that the novelty attracts Crowds of silly hearers upon whom it has the following deplorable effect they relate to us.

If such Teaching only extended to a Solitary Sect,—or isolated “crank,”—so common now in U.S.A.,—no notice need be taken. But when Ministers in both Church, and Dissenting Chapels, publicly approve,—and,—it is understood,—are willing to unite with a “Society for the Encouragement of Progressive Religious Thought,”—it is well clearly to understand what these Ministers intend, in future, to preach from their Pulpits. For, once they join the “New Movement,”

they will, naturally, feel it incumbent upon them,—if they can do it without losing their Pulpits and Stipends,—to enforce their "New Beliefs," or, rather, "Disbeliefs,"—upon their respective Congregations.

Judas in the *Garden* was a despicable Figure enough! But what shall we say to Judas in the *Pulpit*?

We are told,

Man is not a "fallen" Creature. Man's nature is essentially the same as that of God and Christ (!) There is an essential,—intrinsic,—fundamental,—"Oneness," common alike to human nature with the Divine (!)

If Christ was Divine,—so, in our measure, are we (!) Man is, in fact, a potential "Christ" himself, inasmuch as he who by toil, and pain, draws others upward, is helping to fill up that which is lacking in the sufferings of Christ (!)

"The 'Fall' of Mankind is a Myth."

NOTE—Then it is the most awful "Myth" upon Record!

It is a Romance of an Early Age,—intended for our Ethical instruction! The crude,—early,—doctrine that Christ bore all human Sin is wrong. The true interpretation of the Atonement is that the Sacrifice of Christ is repeated in our human hearts, and this is the only power to lift Mankind (!)

It would seem difficult,—in an equal number of words,—to convey a greater number of absolutely erroneous statements,—so entirely contradicted by the irresistible logic of Facts,—by what we see on every hand, around us,—and by the entire experience of Mankind.

I. The Christian Believer utterly denies that there is anything whatever "lacking" in the "Sufferings of Christ." That they were absolutely complete,—all-availing,—perfect,—and "Finished" upon the Cross. Our Lord said so.

"When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar, He said, It is finished: and He bowed His head, and gave up the ghost.—*John ix., 30.*

The New Theology Teaching strikes at the very root of the Gospel Belief. Christ's work was complete,—His Precepts,—His Example Perfect,—it is Man who refuses to obey! This false Modern Teaching claims that our Saviour's "Redemption" was not,—after all,—a Finished Work,—all availing,—complete,—"finished,"—when He said,—upon the Cross,—upon which alone all true Christians for nigh 2,000 years have happily, joyfully, placed their entire trust for "a sure and certain hope of a joyful Resurrection." It asks us to believe that our Lord's Redemption was, after all,—incomplete,—and that a continual Sacrifice is still needed, and is still going on, in which we,—not Christ alone,—have an important,—nay, "potential" part to take. Thus, it is the old, old tale! Christ is to be belittled, "fallen" Mankind to be exalted

Man becoming in his measure a miniature but "potential" Christ to himself.

NO CONVICTION OF SIN.

The secret of all this delusive Teaching is lack of Conviction of Sin. There never existed a true Christian,—nor ever will,—who has not first felt "Conviction" of his utter sinfulness by Nature. Without this very first step to seeking, and "finding" Christ,—Salvation is impossible! Why? Because no human being, in his Senses, ever earnestly seeks a "Good Physician,"—while absolutely convinced that he is in perfect health, and has no need of any Physician at all. The first step to Salvation is "Conviction of Sin," and the modern teaching lacks it altogether,—with evidently a resolve not to admit or feel the awful Thing Sin really is.

"If our Gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost."

"In whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the Image of God, should shine unto them."—II. Cor. iv., 3-4.

This "Binding of the Minds of them that believe not,"—cannot well be better illustrated than in the following teaching of another "New Theologian" leader.

UNBELIEF.

"How is it possible to suppose Christ's alone,—of all the World's Religious Leaders,—was a Virgin Birth? As an Historic Fact, it is impossible. The Legendary Story of the Life of Jesus has twined itself about that noble, Central figure of the historical Founder of Christianity. Harnack, Pfeiderer, and a host of other theological authorities have come to the inevitable conclusion that the Story of the Virgin Birth is without historical foundation."

READER. What,—on earth,—do Haeckel,—Harnack, and Pfeiderer know, after 1908 years have now passed, more than we do? What are their "conclusions" worth? One Contemporary Writer of the "Early Church," Paul, whose letters or "Epistles" are allowed to be as authentic as those of Pliny or Cicero,—is worth "hosts" of modern (so-called) "authorities,"—who pretend to instruct others while utterly dependent,—as we are,—upon the New Testament for all they know, or ever will *know of what* took place 1907 years ago. Kant, Straus, Renan, Hume, Mill, Colenso, Hess, Herder, give us their contradictory "Theories,"—pulling each other's ideas to pieces,—for 100 years,—and nothing is gained. **THE BIBLE REMAINS.**

"PROGRESSIVE" OR "NEW THEOLOGICAL" TEACHING.

THE BATTLE OF THE AGES PAST IN RELIGION HAS BEEN EVER ABOUT OUR LORD.—IT IS THE BATTLE OF TO-DAY,—IT WILL BE THE GREAT BATTLE OF TO-MORROW! IT IS "CHRIST,"—THE DIVINE,—"OR NOTHING."

Why? Because though all other "Religions" can dispense with their founders—we cannot! The Mohammedan can go on, without the dead, and gone, Mohamed. The Buddhist can continue his weary, weary belief without Gautama Buddha. But, without Christ, we can do nothing. The fact is, this is Christ's World,—He has always been in this Fallen World,—"before Abraham was, I am." The Unbeliever very truly claims that the Teachings of other Great Religions, Teachers, ages before THE MASTER appeared upon Earth,—"Emanuel" (God with us), were in many points very similar to those of our Lord. Certainly they were! It would have been extraordinary if they were not, for all the good in former Prophets and Teachers,—came from Christ,—through His Holy Spirit. Buddha, Socrates,—all the truly great Religious Teachers,—in all ages,—were taught by Jesus Christ.

"Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

But the followers of Buddha, Confucius, Plato, Socrates, Mohamed, etc., never alleged that their Prophet ever rose from the dead,—or ever said, "I and My Father are one,"—"Before Abraham was, I am,"—"I am the Resurrection and the Life," etc.

Thus, true "Christianity" cannot exist a moment without Jesus Christ,—the Divine,—the Personal Saviour.

Find one Flaw in our Lord,—or His Teaching,—and our Christian Religion falls to pieces!

"Without Me ye can do nothing.

"Abide in Me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in Me."

"I am the Vine, ye are the branches: without Me ye can do nothing."

"If a man abide not in Me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered, and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned."

Delusive, unscriptural, preaching has no effect upon the true Christian, except as one more decisive proof of the "Fall" and man's perverted intellect. It is only upon those who neglect the prayerful study of God's Word, who are a prey to these dangerous Heresies. We "Believers" "know not the Voice of Strangers."

"And a stranger will then not follow, but will see them and know they know not the voice of strangers."

"But ye believe not, because ye are not of My sheep," said Jesus to you."

"My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me. And I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand."

"But ye believe not,"—here is the true cause given by Him Who "spake as no Man spake." READER, there is something *worse* than childish, incredible, credulity in intelligent reasoning, audiences allowing themselves to be duped by modern Heresies! What means this readiness,—almost at a moment's notice,—to Apostasy from our Holy Religion? Nothing more clearly proves the "Fall"—the very feeble hold the masses have upon our Christian Faith. It shows the existence everywhere in our day,—in spite of an open Bible,—Light,—Education,—to "An *evil heart* of Unbelief, in departing from the Living God."—*Eph. ii. 12*.

THE "NUMBER OF THE LOST" DELUSION.

This long Chapter will be read by the "Believer," and the "Unbeliever," with precisely opposite feelings and results! The "Unbeliever" will read it with a calm smile of Incredulity,—*"How instructive!"* This merely shows what "Belief" in the Bible,—the old "narrow," "bigoted" belief leads to! The Creator will never cast away so many Millions! I don't believe a word of it! And the Unbeliever never *will*, until he *himself* comes into contact,—as he will do one day, with the Spiritual World! The "Believer,"—on the other hand,—knows that it is the emphatic teaching of the Bible, and of Christ,—and never ceases,—in however humble a way,—to

"Warn men to flee from the Wrath to come."—*Matt. iii. 7*.

OBJECTIONS. "WRESTED TEXTS."

But there will be others who cling to two or three isolated and misunderstood Texts for their Unscriptural delusions. Such may say, "I read,"

"God hath not appointed us unto wrath, but to obtain Salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ."—*I. Thess. v., 9*.

Undoubtedly, but this is spoken of Christians. The *Christless* forget that the "us,"—all through the Apostles' writings, allude to "Christ's People," "Believers," not to His Rejectors.

What if that Salvation is *rejected*, or *neglected*, as it is by

Millions? In the *very next* chapter the *same* inspired Writer adds,

"The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from Heaven with His mighty Angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that *know not God*, and that *obey not the Gospel* of our Lord Jesus Christ; who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord."—II. *Thess.* i., 7-9.

"But I read, of Christ, that,"

"He is the 'Saviour of all men!'"

So our Blessed Lord undoubtedly is,—*if only*,—and it is indeed an important "if"—if they "obey the Gospel," and permit Him to become so!

"But I read that Christ says,"

"I will draw *all* men unto Me!"

So our Blessed Lord undoubtedly *does*!

That He does "draw,"—especially in early life, "all men," who doubts? But He "draws" too many absolutely in vain! Their Sins they *will* have, and Christ they will *not* have!

"Well! I cannot deny that your Book gives, in every case, the Bible references, and that it is undoubtedly the Teaching of the Scriptures, but I boldly give up the "Scriptural" view. I take the simpler view of my *own intellect*, and refuse to believe that *so many* can be lost! I refuse belief on the ground of *Numbers*. Had it been merely a few notorious Murderers, Blasphemers, etc., I could believe in *their* condemnation, but that Millions perish eternally,—many of them merely for being 'unprofitable servants,' seems to me,—no matter what Christ says,—simply incredible. I fall back upon the old Truth, 'God is love.'"

"GOD IS LOVE."

It is indeed an old, and most blessed Truth, that "God is love!" But it is a Truth which may be misunderstood, and misapplied. Undoubtedly,—during our "day of grace," our day of Trial, and Probation here upon Earth,—"God is love." The *present* aspect of God is Love. This is a day of grace and long-suffering,—"*not willing that any should perish*," but that all should obtain Salvation through Christ's atonement. God's "love" to us all, in *this* life is abundantly exemplified by the Life, Death, Suffering, and unceasing Warnings, of our Lord, and the constant Persuasions of God the Holy Spirit, whom he sends to us as His Ambassador! But that "time of Grace" *rejected*,—and once gone past,—does God always continue "Love" to all alike? The *entire*

Bible,—God Himself,—Christ,—all the Inspired Writers,—nay,—our own Common Sense, all answer “No!” The Believer,—the Christian,—does not believe a word of such monstrous,—delusive,—and false teaching!

“*Merely an Unprofitable Servant?*” *Is he going to stop there?* Rejects his God, and His Service, upon Earth, *as long as he can,* and *not yet* a “notorious” Sinner? He will *never stop* at that stage! God knows that he only wants time to become as wicked as the *worst!* The “Unbeliever,”—the Rejector of Christ, in *this* World will be a Devil in the *next!*

“God is love?” Why, the “*Wrath of God*” hereafter, is spoken of upwards of a hundred times in the Scriptures! God “loves” the Impenitent, Obstinate, Wicked, if once they go *too far?* *It is false!* The whole Bible,—and Christ’s solemn teachings,—teem with warnings of *quite another,* and an awful, Phase in God’s character hereafter.

“And said to the Mountains and Rocks, ‘Fall on us and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the *Wrath of the Lamb,* for the Great Day of his wrath is come.’”—*Rev. vi., 16-17.*

God is certainly no “God of love” here!

“Because I have called and ye refused, *I also will mock* when your fear cometh! For they hated knowledge and did not choose the fear of the Lord. They would none of My counsel; they despised all My reproof!

“The Wicked shall be turned into Hell,—and all the Nations that forget God!”

“I tell you Nay! But except ye repent ye shall *all likewise perish!*”

TWO GREAT VOICES IN THE WORLD.

WHICH WILL YOU BELIEVE?

There are two Great Voices in this World (1) The Voice of JESUS CHRIST,—it’s would-be Saviour,—but Future Judge.

“For the Father judgeth no man but hath committed all Judgment unto the Son.”

“That all men should honour the Son, even as they honour the Father. He that honoureth not the Son honoureth not the Father which hath sent Him.”

Christ’s warning voice will always be in the World to guide Believers.

“And, lo, I am with you alway, *even* unto the end of the world.”—*Matt. xxviii., 20.*

(2) The Second Voice is the Voice of Satan—Unbelief in Christ,—necessarily permitted in a World expressly intended as a place of Trial,—Free Will,—Free Choice,—to exist. See **Page 404-8.**

"Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour."—*I. Peter v., 8.*

Both are ever striving to do a Mighty Work upon this Earth.

(1) Our Lord to SAVE all who choose persistently to apply to,—and "believe" in Him. Believers in His Divinity,—Veracity, and Solemn Warnings against Satan and Sin.

(2) Satan's Voice,—though his Emissaries,—and he does not usually send fools upon his Errands,—ever seeking to DESTROY,—all who choose to listen to his lies, and madly prefer to follow his Siren voice, instead of applying to Christ to save them. These Siren voices belittling the necessity of Christ's Atonement,—that there is "no danger"—in a word the "Eternal Hope" delusion.

Our Lord tells us of the Devil that he was a Liar

"from the beginning, and abode not in the truth, because there is no truth in him. When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own: for he is a liar, and the father of it."—*John viii., 44.*

The "Larger Hope,"—other than Christ,—doctrine of our day is but a modern phase of old, old "Unbelief." It began in the Garden of Eden. It is the old, old Falsehood of Satan's,—“God is too merciful”! “And the Serpent said unto the Woman,—ye shall not surely die.”—*Gen. iii., 4.* “God merely said it to frighten you; it is intended merely as a wholesome deterrent, not that He really intends to do it; Go on! go on! There is no real Danger! God's Warnings to you are merely to be understood as an instructive Parable.”

But the Other Voice says,

"Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour."

The Tears,—the Groans,—the Deaths,—of countless Millions of human beings,—for thousands of years, since that day have proved to Mankind that God's Warnings are something more than "Instructive Parables"!

THE OTHER VOICE.

But we have the other Voice in the World, the Voice of CHRIST, which says,—“I alone can save. I am the Resurrection and the Life,—Believe My words,—I can and will, then, save you to the uttermost. But I cannot save unless you believe Me.”

“But Jesus said unto them, A prophet is not without honour, save in his own country, and in his own house.”

“And He did not many mighty works there BECAUSE OF THEIR UNBELIEF.”—*Matt. xiii., 58.*

Why could not,—why cannot Christ " save " those who believe in Satan's Voice in contradiction to His own ? He " cannot " do it *simply* because He is not "*believed*." It makes Christ a Liar ! Instantly,—when the true Gospel,—the " Wrath to come," is preached, another Spirit rises up,—another Voice,—Satan's,—is heard,—and says " Oh ! that is the ' old Theology,'—not suited for *your* day. Now, you have the New Teaching. Then this lying Voice says something,—however plausible,—or " eloquent "—which nevertheless *contradicts*,—the Warnings of God, and Jesus Christ. If any *choose* to " believe " that false Voice, Christ cannot do His Mighty Work for,—or in us,—*simply because we will not believe Him*. We " believe " the Spirit which contradicts Him and makes God a liar.

But if we say to this Spirit,—no matter how he approaches us,—whether with " eloquence " in the Pulpit, or in Books,—*" I do not believe you," " Get thee behind me,—verbose,——plausible,—Satan,"*—then this voice and lying Spirit, cannot do *his* mighty work in us, because we refuse to " believe " *him*.

What false Teaching,—what false " Unitarian " hopes and " refuge of lies," about " God's Mercy,"—" New Theology,"—" Eternal Hope," etc.,—would be *swept away* if proud Mankind—unchanged,—unsanctified,—Souls,—would but recognise that unless we " believe " in Christ,—God has *no power to save us* ! Had there been ANY OTHER way in which a Just, all Holy God, could have provided for our Salvation, He would have spared His Only Begotten Son !

But there was NO OTHER WAY, and in this way alone can, or will God save any one.

Our Lord and Saviour has died for us,—once,—and ONCE ONLY, for all ETERNITY. He says, " Believe My Words ; My Religion,—left you in My " New Testament ' by Me and My inspired Apostles,—come at once to Me,—individually,—for yourself,—without depending upon any Forms, or Parsons, trust to Me,—not to ' Churches,' or ' Sacraments,' etc.,—and I *can* then Save you, and I *will* do it."

(2) **Instantly** the other Voice, Satan,—the other (lying) Spirit, starts up to contradict our Lord, and at once to raise up *innumerable* objections, to simple belief in Christ's veracity. " Oh, that is not what the ' Church ' thinks, or says, or believes,—you must have Religion by Proxy,—the " Priest " must be called in,—Better believe in " the Sacraments," and what the " Bishops " think, or Dean Farrar, or the " Eternal Hope " advocates. Then we have a host of False Instructors, who write a vast deal of plausible nonsense,—

Farrar's verbose "Preface" alone to his "Eternal Hope," takes 56 pages,—and goodness knows what it is all about, except to disguise the attempt to contradict Jesus Christ. If,—then,—we choose to believe such,—we must inevitably *disbelieve* our Lord,—and if we do,—Christ solemnly assures every one once instructed in the Christian Religion, that He then *cannot*,—and *will* not Save us! Because we will not believe Him, or his Words. When Man *will* not,—Christ *cannot*!

"And He could there do no mighty work, save that He laid His hands upon a few sick folk, and healed *them*."

"And He marvelled because of their unbelief."—*Mark* vi., 5.

What must be the Power of Man's resolute Unbelief that even our Lord "Marvelled" at it!

How many cling to delusive hopes,—their "Church,"—"Sacraments,"—outward "Ritual," etc. (like the drowning man who catches at the straw),—but without this honouring and trusting Christ, it will merely end,—as Satan desires it should,—in Ruin.

RESIST THE DEVIL AND HE WILL FLEE FROM YOU.

But if we say to the other Voice, or Spirit,—no matter how he approaches us,—whether from the Pulpit, or as an Angel of Light,—"I do not believe you!"—"I do not believe a word of it!" then Satan, in turn, cannot succeed or perform his fatal work, because we will not believe in *him*.

If we hold Satan and his delusions,—however plausible, whether he is in the Garden,—with the traitor Judas,—or appears in the Pulpit with the Unbelieving Minister, or, on the Platform of Christian (?) Science,—"Theosophy,"—"Spiritualism,"—"Secularism,"—or Aggressive Atheism,—to be a Liar, and Deceiver from the first,—he can do no mighty work with us, or delude us.

Satan began the "Eternal Hope" in the Garden. "No danger at all! Trust to *me*,—do not *believe* Him!"—"God only says those terrible things to frighten you,—there will be no fatal 'Fall' from your God,—none whatever! It is merely 'deterrent,'—this talk of 'Hell,'—and 'Eternity,'—not that there is any real danger! In 1908, 'Bishop'—says so,—the Clergy say so,—they agree, you see, with *me*!"

But the **Other Voice** also **will** be heard,—the Voice of Christ,—

"Ye are of your father the Devil. He was a murderer from the beginning, and abode not in the truth, because there is no truth in him.

When he speaketh a Lie, he speaketh of his own : for he is a Liar, and the father of it."

" And because I tell *you* the Truth, ye believe Me not."

God did not interfere to save His own good Servants,—and loved Followers. Will He then Spare His Enemies,—the Wicked ? Certainly He *will not* !

" What shall the end *be* of them that obey not the gospel of God ? "

" And if the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear ? "

We have all read of the awful Persecutions,—the Dreadful sufferings of God's own People,—the Early Christian Church,—Christ's beloved ones,—the Martyrs in all ages,—the frightful Tortures,—terrible sufferings,—which they had to endure for long years,—from the Wicked,—in this fallen World of Sin.

THE FIRST MARTYR OF OUR CHRISTIAN RELIGION.



THE DEATH OF STEPHEN.

" And the word of God increased ; and the number of the disciples multiplied in Jerusalem greatly ; and a great company of the priests were obedient to the faith."

" And Stephen, full of faith and power, did great wonders and miracles among the people."

" And they were not able to resist the wisdom and the spirit by which he spake."

" Then they suborned men, which said, We have heard him speak blasphemous words against Moses and *against* God."

" Then they cried out with a loud voice, and stopped their ears, and ran upon him with one accord."

" And cast him out of the City, and stoned him : and the Witnesses laid down their clothes at a young man's feet, whose name was Saul."

" And they stoned Stephen, calling upon *God*, and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit."

"And he kneeled down, and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge. And when he had said this, he fell asleep."—*Acts vii., 60.*

Now,—God permitted this,—for reasons surely conclusively submitted to the Reader in pages 404-8 of this Work. Then do we imagine that an Angry God,—roused at last,—will spare *His Enemies*,—the detestable,—utterly worthless,—when He did not spare His "Jewels,"—His Noblest,—greatest,—best beloved People,—and faithful Martyrs? *Certainly He will not!*

"For our God is a consuming Fire" (to the Wicked). "He will not be Slack to him that hateth Him! He will repay him to his face"!—*Deut. vii., 10.*

As the Apostle Peter says,—who there is little doubt suffered Martyrdom,—if Judgment began with them,—Christ's loved Followers,—what will the Christless suffer? *Where* will the Unbeliever or Sinner appear?

"For the time *is come* that judgment must begin at the house of God: and if it first *begin* at us, what shall the end *be* of them that obey not the Gospel of God?"

"And if the Righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?"—*I. Peter iv., 18.*

"And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither *whatsoever* worketh abomination: but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life."—*Rev. xxi., 27.*

FARRAR'S "ETERNAL HOPE" DELUSION.

From his Position of Dean of Westminster,—delivering his Sermons on the "Eternal Hope" from the Pulpit of Westminster Abbey,—he may be considered the most prominent,—and, therefore, dangerous,—Promoter of this entirely Unscriptural and False Doctrine. A delusion well calculated to lull his hearers,—and subsequent Readers,—into that fatal "Fool's Paradise" of Sinners from which many never seem to be roused again!

It seems these dangerous Sermons,—which have encouraged others to follow the same delusive Teaching,—were first Preached in Westminster Abbey in November, and December, 1877. Afterwards published,—and reprinted,—it is deplorable to note,—unretracted,—till his Death. It is ominous that the first some of us ever heard of Farrar was the following remarkable letters in the Papers of that day.

A QUESTION OF VERACITY, CHRIST'S TEACHING OR
MODERN DELUSIONS ?

"RELIGION PAYS NOW, SIR!"

"Well! You know the Times are changed!"

Undoubtedly, no question about *that*; but the Question the Young Christian asks in 1908, is, "HAS CHRIST CHANGED?" Are His commands now *obsolete*? Have our Ministers found out some other way to Heaven than "the Cross?" If so, it is indeed important to let it be clearly known! Was it impossible to serve two Masters in A.D. 33,—but possible to do so in 1908? What meets the Public eye,—is Public Property,—and the following from the Newspapers—is *forced upon us*, whether we like it, or whether we do *not*.

A Modern "Teacher," it seems, had recently, the incredible indiscretion, in his position, to deplore publicly the Grasping, Money-loving, tendency of the Commercial World,—especially condemning the oppressive "sweating" "advertising," "puffing" and "grossly inequitable, "dishonourable" disposition of Modern Publishers.

"Worldly," "Commercial" folk have a great respect for "the Church,"—can stand a good deal of "preaching at;" but this seems to have been *too much*, even for the "grasping (?) Modern Publisher," who sent the following terrific reply to the Daily Papers:—"It is the last straw that breaks the Camel's back."

"Mr. Farrar's attack on the Commercial Morality of Publishers has called forth a letter from his own publishers, in which some interesting facts are given. One passage in his speech was as follows:—'I might expose the *dishonourable* customs which have tainted the trade of the publisher, and speak of *sweating Publishers*, who, without a blush, would toss to the Author perhaps a hundredth part of what, by *bargains grossly inequitable*, they had obtained.'"

After quoting this passage, Messrs. — say:—"We shall now proceed to show how far this language is applicable to ourselves in our dealings with the gentleman who has made use of it. More than twenty years ago we projected a Work which was to be a 'Popular Life of Christ.' The whole Scheme of that Work, as well as its general character, was conceived in this house. The idea having been put into concrete form, we entered into negotiation with one or two popular Writers for the production of the book; but the negotiations falling through, our attention was drawn to Mr. Farrar. It is no disparagement to say that at that time (1870) he was *comparatively unknown*, and had certainly not gained any great reputation in literature. We laid before him the proposal that he should write on the lines suggested by ourselves, and offered him for the Copyright of this Work the sum of £500, with an additional £100 as a contribution towards the expenses of a visit to the Holy Land in connection with the writing of the Work. This offer he accepted, and he duly produced the book which has since attained so wide a fame. We were the first to recognise, not only the exceptional merit of his work, but the popularity which it quickly attained, though we venture to point out that such popularity was at least in part to be attributed to the *heavy expenditure* on which we embarked in order to make it known to the reading world. In fact, we doubt if any book of the kind has ever been so *extensively advertised* as this work written by the Clergyman who now protests against the iniquity of advertising. He duly received, in 1873, the sum we had agreed to pay him, but in consideration of the success of the Work, we paid him, in 1874, an additional sum of £200, in 1875 a further sum of £350, besides an honorarium of £100 for the preparation of an index; in 1876 £200, in 1877 £250, in 1878 £200, and in 1881 £100. Thus for the Work for which we had covenanted to pay £600, and which was *absolutely our own property*, we voluntarily paid in addition £1,405 making £2,005 in all. We leave your

readers to determine whether such action is to be regarded as *dishonourable*, or whether those who take it are open to the taunt of being 'sweating publishers.' This, however, does not exhaust the story of our dealings with him. After he had written the work mentioned, he agreed to write for us a similar one. By this time both he and ourselves knew the *pecuniary value* of his work. For writing this we agreed to pay him the sum of £1,000 down. Subsequently he informed us that in consequence of the great success of the previous book, he had received an offer of £2,000 and a Royalty from another firm of Publishers for a similar book. Although under no compulsion to do so, we at once raised our own payment to the amount thus offered to him by another house. The result is that he has received up to the present date, including a Royalty of £2,333 17s. 1d., a sum of £4,333 17s. 1d., for this particular book. Again we leave your readers to judge whether there was anything *inequitable* in a bargain which had results such as these for its Author. A third Work was also written for us. We agreed to pay him the same terms as before. He received £2,000 on writing the book, and it is only because this work has failed to attain the success of his earlier books that the additional royalty paid to him has amounted to the comparatively small sum of £400. We have thought it only just to ourselves to give an explicit statement of our relations with him as Publishers, and can only repeat that we leave your readers to judge whether the language he used at the Church Congress has any application to us."—*Daily Paper*.

Total for Three Books.

£	s.	d.
2,005	0	0
4,333	17	1
2,400	0	0
<hr/>		
£8,738	17	1

A Critic adds the following in the same Paper:—

"No answer has been given to the statements as to his agreeing to write a work for the sum of £1,000, and with which bargain no doubt he was perfectly satisfied. But he fell a Victim to the spirit of competition he so ardently denounces. Another Firm of Publishers made him an offer of £2,000 for the book and a royalty upon the sale. Why did not the *nobility of soul* he so ardently desires to see in the *trading Community* of this country, reign supreme over his own conscience, and compel him to resist the temptation to ignore the offer, and to *fulfil the agreement* into which he had voluntarily entered, and upon the terms for which he had agreed?"—*Daily Paper*.

NOTE.—"You disliked Farrar,"—Not a bit! Never heard,—never saw,—indeed knew nothing of him save (1) The above Newspaper "Cutting," fully vindicating his excellent,—and liberal,—publishers, (2) A later one, stating that he left £37,391,—(3) The dangerous, false, unscriptural "Sermons," printed in the "Eternal Hope." It is the Teaching,—not the man,—which is challenged. With the *Man*,—or the *Men*,—necessarily alluded to in this Work,—neither the Reader,—or the Writer,—have anything whatever to do. But we *have* to do with false religious teaching from the Pulpits of England.

"Why?" Because it is a Charge upon every true Christian Believer to do our best to preserve intact that only,—and Sole,—Depository of Sacred Truth,—the Gospel teaching of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Once admit that our Lord was mistaken,—or insincere,—in His habitual Teaching as to the Eternal Loss of the impenitent,—Wicked,—why believe Him in His Promises? Wrong,—mistaken,—in His solemn repeated Warnings,—why may He not be equally wrong and mistaken in all else? It throws doubt upon the Divinity of Christ! Mistaken in this one all-important,—vital,—point, why believe in His Church, Sacraments,—Resurrection,—and Ascension? In a word,—it implies—as Colenso, the unbelieving Bishop, maintained, when giving up belief in our Lord's Divinity,—"Jesus knew no more than a fairly educated Jew of His day." Find one flaw in Christ,—away goes the Gospel! A "Ritualist" may place his hopes upon the Sandy foundation of elaborate Ritual,—and his "Church,"—whatever he means by the latter,—but the "Evangelical" cares nothing for either compared with the importance of maintaining that the Words, Warnings, and Teachings of our Lord Jesus Christ in the New Testament,—are worth all the Priests,—and Ritual in the World,—and are indeed the Sole Light,—and Life of us fallen Creatures.

We want no Ritual,—Mitres,—Candles,—Holy Water,—and nonsense,—we need as dying Sinners,—a PERSONAL SAVIOUR,—a “coming to” trusting in, and belief in His all-availing Atonement. Nothing short of this is Salvation !

A PERSONAL SAVIOUR.

We need Thy Presence,—every passing Hour,—what but Thy grace can foil the Tempter's power ?

What but Thyself,—our Guide and Stay can be ? In Life, and Death, oh ! Lord ! Abide with me !

How incredibly injudicious,—coming from so prominent a pulpit as Westminster Abbey, are these attacks upon the Historical Truths of the Bible, may now be seen by their being quoted in our day, by Sceptical writers in support of their destructive views. No one can estimate the injury such teaching does to the cause of true Religion, and upon the hearers' Minds,—especially of the Young. Such teaching, allowed by the Church of England to pass unchallenged, naturally conveys to Young People, that their “Church” endorses the delusions taught, instead of being the efforts of an egotist to display his wonderful learning. It is ominous to see a recent Sceptical Writer,—quoting the following from Farrar,—triumphantly remarks, “These are not the words of an ‘Atheist,’—they are the words of the late Dean Farrar.” Of Daniel,—Dean Farrar wrote :—

“The immense majority of Scholars of name, and acknowledged competence in England and Europe, have been now led to the irresistible conclusion that the Book of Daniel could not have been written by the Prophet Daniel, B.C. 524,—but it could only (?) have been written in the days of Antiochus Epiphanana,—about B.C. 164, and that the object (?) of the Writer was to inspirit his desponding Countrymen,” etc., etc. (See “The Bible and the Child.”)

NOTE.—Fancy Farrar, after 2,500 years,—telling us what the “object of a Writer then was ! Still, the above is in the unbelieving Bishop Colenso's style, anything to throw doubt upon the Bible Histories. True. Colenso was excommunicated by another Bishop, but,—by appeal,—he secured his stipend till his death.

Again, the Sceptical Writer gives us another Extract, thus :—“Compare these opinions with the following from Farrar,”—

“The change of view,—respecting the Bible, which has marked the advancing knowledge of our Generation, is the culmination of the discovery that there were different (?) documents in the Book of Genesis,—a discovery (?) of Jean Astruc in 1753. Parents and Teachers may go on inculcating dogmas.”

NOTE.—“Parents and Teachers,” and the Reader,—will note how invariably unbelief terms the Truths of Revelation,—in God's Holy Word, “dogmas,” and then coolly expects us to substitute for the Priceless Word of God its *own* “dogmas” and delusions. Fancy “Jean Astruc” after 1,753 years “discovering” anything beyond what millions of Hebrew Scholars have known all these Centuries ! It is absurd !

“These dogmas about the Bible have long become impossible to those who have followed the manifold discovery (?) of Modern Inquiry. There are persons whose minds are simply incapable of grasping New Truths.”

NOTE.—It would appear that Farrar was really the pioneer of the “New” Theology delusions. It is cause for devout thankfulness that

the "minds" of the sincere Followers of Christ are quite "incapable" of swallowing such errors. Small blame to them either!

"They become obstructive, and not infrequently bigoted obstructives. Those whose intellects have been thus petrified by custom, and advancing years, are of all others the most hopeless to deal with."

NOTE.—"Intellect," once more! It is always the way! It is ever the intellect when the fatal "Shipwreck of Faith" occurs. Such will indeed find "most difficult to deal with," established Christians who can say, with the Great Apostle Paul,—

"I know in Whom I have believed," II. Tim. 12. Such are, "No more children tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine,—by the light of men, and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive."—Ephesians iv. 14.

The chief danger is to the Young hearers.

"They think that they can by mere assertion overthrow results arrived at by the life-long inquiries of the ablest Scholars. Off-hand dogmatists of this stamp think they can refute any number of Scholars, however profound."

NOTE.—They have no need to trouble to do so! Why? Because these "Profound" Scholars, for some hundred years, have been most effectually "refuting" each other in a merciless manner! No sooner does one "profound" Scholar appear, than up comes another to put him down! Thus, Strauss wrote his "Life of Jesus," first in 1835,—he issued a "popular" Edition in 1863, and died 8th February, 1874. Renan issued his "Life of Jesus" 23rd June, 1863; selling 60,000 copies by November. Who reads these now? Strauss has been "refuted" for 70 years. Kant, Strauss, Renan, Hume, Hess, Mill, Colenso, Spencer, Herde, Paulus, Hare, Schleiermacher, Haackel, Harnack, Pfleiderer, Huxley,—follow each other, and the "Cry is, still they come!" Already their Theories, like Darwin's,—and even Adam Smith's, are considered by more modern "profound" Scholars to require modification. In plain English, they are already becoming obsolete. "New" Teachers have now "New" Theories, and pull each other's to pieces as before. In truth, there is nothing very "new" about any of them. They are as old as Voltaire and Paine.

During a Century of these efforts,—mostly from Germany,—nothing has been gained! They appear. The Thoughtless Public buy their books—(else they would not print them),—then they die. They appear to "tear each other's ideas to pieces before the Lord," and then disappear! THE BIBLE REMAINS!

The fact being that these "profound" thinkers,—apart from what they,—and we,—read in a PENNY "TESTAMENT,"—really know no more about God,—Christ,—Heaven, Hell, and Eternity, than we do. And they never will unless enlightened by God the Blessed Holy Spirit, in answer to humble Prayer.

"The ONE remains!—the Many change,—and Pass!
 HEAVEN'S Light for ever Shines,—Earth's Shadows flee!
 Life,—like a dome of many-coloured Glass,
 Stains the bright Radiance of ETERNITY!"

Shelley.

THE BLIND LEADING THE BLIND.



"And He spake a Parable unto them. Can the Blind lead the Blind? Shall they not both fall into the Ditch."—*Luke vi, 39.*

"We preach Christ Crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling block,—and unto the Greeks foolishness.—*1 Cor. i., 23.* NOTE, and it is "foolishness" to too many in 1908.

"Because the foolishness of God is Wiser than men, and the Weakness of God is stronger than men. But God hath chosen the foolish things of the World to confound the Wise."—*1 Cor. i., 27.*

ALL "MONEY"—AND GRASPING IN OUR DAY.

What a change from 1730,—and the £28 a Year of good John Wesley. Fancy, dear Reader, the astonishment of that servant of God,—John Wesley,—being informed *his* "Publishers" would publish, and "extensively" "advertise,"—or "Puff" his Works,—at £1,000 each, or would send him to Palestine,—on a strictly "Business" "Spec."—to write a "Life of His Lord and Divine Master!" See Wesley and Whitfield, page 497 of the previous Part of this Chapter.

The "Times have changed, *indeed!* It is impossible to deny that all this money-getting, by "Ministers,"—obtained by such means, inevitably takes away that veneration "the Clergy" seem to expect from the Public.

"What do ye more than others? If ye have not the Spirit of Christ ye are none of His."

THE MASSES NEED EXAMPLES OF THE JOHN WESLEY TYPE.

In this Money loving,—Pleasure seeking age,—if "Christianity" is to prevail, the Religious Leaders,—*"Ministers,"*—*"Clergy,"*—in a word, all who pose to teach the Truths of Christianity,—must practice what they preach. People are too intelligent, too acute, in this day to be put off with mere show and talk.

WHY DO WE VENERATE MINISTERS ?

But surely a "Minister" may make Thousands out of his Books,—leave a large Fortune,—and yet remain a good Christian ? "

Certainly, undoubtedly,—if he holds it,—as Wesley and Whitfield did,—in trust,—consecrated to God's service ;—not otherwise.

Why ? Is it not his own ? No ! *it is not !* A true "Minister" of Jesus Christ, whether "Church" or "Dissenter," is a *marked man*,—he is not an *ordinary* follower of Christ ! He stands out before the Public, claiming, in virtue of his sacred office, the Veneration, Respect, and Submission, of all he comes in contact with !

Why ? What is the ground for that veneration ? The "Minister," or "Priest," is considered to be set apart, by "The Church," or by "Dissenters,"—consecrated,—time,—talents,—Property,—heart, and soul,—to the Service of God, and Christ,—and, for this reason alone, men look up to our "Ministers," hoping, amidst a day of speechless grasping after Money and Covetousness,—to find, at least, in the Lives and Examples of Ministers of Religion, *some* copy of that Self-denying life,—unworldliness,—and devotion,—which our Blessed Lord taught, and exemplified in His own Sweet, and Holy Life, while upon Earth !

If, then, these examples are lacking in 1908, they prove as fond of this World, and of Money, as the Christless, and large Fortunes are left, what wonder that our veneration ceases ? Well may our Lord's question be asked, in our day, of too many of His professing People,

"What do ye more than others ?"—*Matt. v., 47.*

How can we wonder at shrewd, Business, men, who know the value of money perfectly well,—saying,—as we hear them everywhere saying in 1908,—"Religion ? Pooh ! *Nonsense ! Business* you mean ! Religion *pays* nowadays ! I only wish I could get my Money as easily ! "

"But many of these rich 'Clergy' are of good Family, and wealthy before entering 'the Church !' "

Indeed ?

Then, if they are, *why do they require* the Funds of the Church ? Why cannot they *allow their share* of the "State Endowments" to go to *promote Christ's* cause, having already more than they themselves need ! Intelligent Christians in 1908 cannot thus have their common sense abused ! How often do we see in the papers, under "Ecclesiastical Preferences," the Notice : "The Living of ———, of the value of

£970 a year, has been offered to the ———, the son of Lord ———." What does that mean? *That* does not look as if the Poorer Clergy,—however sincere and devoted to the Work,—have much chance against "Patronage."

What might not have been done, if the 12 old Clergymen mentioned on page 504 of last chapter had been content to leave behind them moderate Fortunes of £15,000 apiece to their Families, and given the rest to Christ?

These 12 Ministers of Christ alone,—after leaving, thus, ample fortunes,—could have spared £454,000! Allowing that Bishops, Canons, etc., from their superior class and Education, cannot effectively visit the Very Poor,—the "Slums,"—themselves, is it too much to ask them to be content with £15,000,—(surely not *too great* a Cross to professedly consecrated Servants of God,)—and to leave the rest of their savings from the State "Livings" which they have accumulated during the past 70 years, to raise the Sunken Masses of whom they are the Professional Pastors, and Teachers?

What might not the Wealthier Clergy have done the past 150 years, when 12 of them alone "Willed" £454,000 away without feeling it? They must have known the Misery around them! They have had the Means, the Prestige,—they would have met with no opposition. Imagine £500,000 alone wisely spent in a Vast Church of England Scheme, superintended by active, brave, well-educated Young Ministers of the Church of England! What a Power for good and blessing such an effort would have!

The Neglected and Sunken Masses,—hundreds of thousands of them,—will never come to your Churches,—they never *have done*, and they *never will*! The Church,—like their GOOD MASTER,—must go to them!

CHRISTLESS EXAMPLES.

The Young Reader will be wise to look less at "those extraordinary examples of Money hoarding," too often given us by the "Professional" Religious Teachers of Religion in 1908, and what they are pleased to call the "Authority of the Church,"—and to look rather to the Example and Teachings of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Millions of earnest, devoted, sincere, Christians, in this day, know no other "Authority" than that of our Lord.

THE ONLY "AUTHORITY" OF THE CHURCH.

"But be ye not called 'Rabbi,' for One is your Master, even Christ,—and all ye are Brethren."—*Matt. xxiii., 8.*

How can men, professing their life-long consecration to God, see Missions languish, the Church of Christ impeded in her efforts to grapple with the Sin, and Misery, around them, and the hundred means in our day, open for promoting Christ's Gospel, languish, for lack of Money, while these men are hoarding up their thousands? Dribbling out their guineas to Christ,—leaving these large Fortunes of Fifty Thousand Pounds, to their Families,—and yet posing to be our Religious Teachers, and claiming "Apostolic Succession."

Dear Young Reader, it is all stuff and nonsense!

DELUSIONS OF THE PAST.

"Apostolic Succession!" Let us *first*, see, dear Reader, the Lives, and Practice, of the humble, devoted *self-denying Christian*,—before we talk about,—or claim to be "Apostles!" The entire System is a Delusion!

The words "Minister,"—"Deacon," etc., simply mean "Servants." "Be ye not called 'Rabbi,'—'Reverend,' 'Right Reverend,' 'Very Right Reverend,' and all such nonsense. The immense corruption in the "Church" has arisen from ignoring and disobeying Christ's Commands, and Example,—Priests thrusting *themselves* into the position of "Rabbi,"—insisting upon levying Tithes and assuming Authority over a Nation foolish enough to believe in them!

Hence arose a Money hoarding, grasping Clergy, a showy, meaningless, Ritual,—alleged "Apostolic Succession,"—alleged power of "laying on of hands,"—"regenerating" unconscious Infants at Baptism, *even before* their lives and trials, as Responsible Beings, have begun! It has ever been so! Priests,—in all ages abrogating the Power which Christ alone possesses!

THE COLOSSAL IMPUDENCE OF FARRAR.

If the Reader will turn to the Illustrations (Page 576 to 587), of the Stupendous Universe in which our Earth is but a Speck of Dust, is the expression used above too strong for a man who knows no more than we do to presume to pose in a Pulpit as Dictator to Christ, impudently impeaching the veracity of our Lord? We read,

"And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: and another book was opened, which is *the book of life*: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books according to their works."

"And the sea gave up the dead which were in it; and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them: and they were judged every man according to their works."

"And death and hell were cast into the lake of fire. This is the second death."

"And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire."—*Rev. xx.*, 12-15.

Yet Farrar says,—

"I repudiate these crude and glaring Travesties (!) of the Holy Will of God! I impeach them as a falsehood against the Christ's universal and absolute Redemption (!) I denounce them as Blasphemy against God's Eternal Love."—Farrar's "Eternal Hope," page 72.

NOTE.—The Writer has just obtained the following 5 Works of Farrar at 1s. *per volume* from a "Clearance" Catalogue of "Unsaleables,"—in as fresh state as when issued. It would seem the Public estimate of their worth is even less than the Writer's.

FARRAR, F. W., The Life of Christ, cr. 8vo., soft morocco, gilt, illustrated	2	0
— Eternal Hope, 1878; Great Books, 1898; Truth and Wisdom, The Amelioration of the World, 1892, 4 vols., cr. 8vo., the four for	3	0

The Christian Believer absolutely denies that our Lord ever taught the "Universal," and "absolute" Redemption of all men,—or, that such a thing exists. There is no such thing! Our Saviour, on the contrary, taught habitually the precisely contrary truth, that His "Redemption" was *absolutely* rejected by numbers, to their Eternal ruin.

"But it has been proved" (?) "by the many Theories of wise (?) and holy (?) Men that God has given us no clear or decisive revelation as to the Final Condition of those who have died in Sin" (!).—"Eternal Hope," page 86.

Then what is this?

"Ye shall seek Me, and shall not find me: and where I am, thither ye cannot come."

"Then said Jesus again unto them, I go my way, and ye shall seek me, and shall die in your sins: whither I go, ye cannot come."

"I said therefore unto you, that ye shall die in your sins: for if ye believe not that I am He, ye shall die in your sins."

"Then shall He say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels."

"And these shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal."

God has given us no "clear or decisive revelation"? Why, in this one,—out of numbers of others of our Lord's Solemn Warnings,—we have, in this one, "revelation" of God, to us, through Christ,—the *definite*, *precise*, and *final* condition of those who have died in sin,—in words the most *decisive* that can be imagined! (1) We learn that they are to "depart" from Christ. *Depart from Christ!* Why it is in Christ our only hope exists! (2) They are "cursed." Cursed by God and Christ, and to associate with "the Devil, and his Angels." Yet Farrar has the impudence to tell us there is nothing "clear" or "decisive"! So this Conceited Preacher goes on,—

"I say with the calmest,—and most unflinching sense of responsibility,—I say, standing here in the sight of God and of my Saviour,"—(whose words and teaching are carefully excluded from the book in question),—"that not one of the three expressions,—"*everlasting*,"—"hell,"—or "*damnation*,"—ought to stand any longer in our English Bibles,—being simply *mistranslations*!"—(Eternal Hope, page 77.)

Here we have a man posing to be a Minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ,—"*standing in the sight of his Saviour, with the calmest sense of responsibility*,"—contradicting that Divine Saviour to His Face, while carefully omitting to mention that the *very same* Greek word for "*everlasting*:"—*Aionios*—is used by our Lord for the Future of both the *saved* and *Lost*! A Fact known to every Greek Scholar for Centuries; and this false Teacher, as a Greek Scholar, *knew it too*!

There is no "mis-translation" whatever!

WHERE ARE CHRIST'S WORDS?

The first thing that strikes the Christian on opening Farrar's "*Eternal Hope*," is the Inquiry, "*Wherever are Christ's words?*" 227 Pages,—extracts from Thomas Hood, Shakespeare, Dante, Robespierre, and various Poets, but not a *text*,—not a *verse*,—not *one quotation* from the express teachings of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, upon this Subject appears to be introduced,—much less explained,—from one end of the Book to the other! It is an ominous and significant Sign! *Something very wrong here!*

It amounts to deliberate deception. It merely proves what totally unfit men get into the "Church" Pulpits.

Again, we are told,—("Eternal Hope," page 74) "*But I would ask you to believe, my brethren,*"—

(We *certainly do not*,)

"that I speak now no longer with natural passion,"—

(24 pages having exhibited a good deal),

"but with the most accurate theological precision (!) when I say that,—though texts may be quoted,"—

(A few have *certainly been quoted* in this criticism, but there are plenty more to follow.)

"these texts are founded on interpretations which have appeared to many wise (?) and holy (?) men to be demonstrably groundless" (!)

What does "*groundless*" mean? Are all these awful warnings given by Christ to be called "*groundless*," from a Christian Pulpit?

When our Blessed Lord,—well knowing the Unbelief of men,—in infinite compassion, and resolved that there shall be no error as to His meaning,—solemnly warns us, *three times over*, in the above texts, that the remorse, "the worm," of a lost soul "dieth not," and the agonies ("fire") of those "cursed" by God and Christ,—is "not quenched,"—are Christian Believers to be told with "most accurate theological precision" that such warnings are "demonstrably groundless?"

Why did Farrar shirk these texts,—these words of our Lord,—why did *he* not "demonstrate" them to the People to be "groundless?" Because Farrar knew,—without blasphemy,—it cannot be done! Either our Blessed Lord, for nigh two thousand years, has wilfully deceived His People upon this awful Subject, or the "Eternal Hope" is a *falsehood* and a *delusion*!

After 56 pages of "Preface," will it be credited that he inflicts upon us some twenty pages of fusty, musty, opinions of old Jewish Rabbis,—the Talmud, etc., and heads all this obsolete rubbish, with the delusive title, *The voice of Scripture respecting the "Eternal Hope,"*—while *systematically* ignoring the Teachings of Jesus Christ (!)

Considering the License of our day, its Sins,—its Vices,—could anything be more *incredibly* injudicious than to preach the doctrine of the *non-existence* of the everlasting agonies of the Wicked, when cast off by God,—on such miserably, "*ex-parte*," one-sided,—far-fetched arguments?

Why, throughout this "Eternal Hope," did the Writer systematically ignore Christ's words? Why are not the *following* distinct, express, teachings of *Jesus Christ*, now given, even referred to,—much less *explained*,—throughout its 227 pages?

Is it not that the author *dare not face*,—*does not dare to attempt* to "explain away," the following teachings of our *Blessed Lord* on the Subject? In exact opposition to the method adopted in these amazing Sermons, (as they decline to allude to Christ's warnings to us), let the following habitual Teaching,—of our Lord,—(not the Talmud),—decide once for all.

HELL. WHAT IT IS.

"*Voice of Scripture*,"—*being the words of Christ Himself, respecting the eternal, final, and everlasting, Perdition of the Impenitent and lost souls.*

As, however, Farrar's book is far too Verbose,—indirect,—

and evasive, to attempt to follow,—the following more concise, and bold writer,—also a Clergyman,—will more ably express Farrar's delusive Teaching:—

THE "ETERNAL HOPE" DELUSION.

In the *Westminster Review* for August, 1896, appeared an Article by "A London Clergyman," entitled "The Case against 'Eternal Punishment.'" This Reply which the present Writer sent the Magazine, takes exactly the opposite view of the subject, leaving it for the Reader to decide which argument best commends itself to his intelligence, conscience, and—we may be allowed, perhaps, to add—his common sense.

In approaching this very Awful Subject, the use of such words as "The Case against,"—cannot be repulsive to the devout Believer,—there is no "case" in the matter possible. It is a simple question, "Did Jesus Christ utter the truths recorded, or did He not?"

"Heaven and earth shall pass away: but my words shall not pass away."

"He that rejecteth me, and receiveth not my words, hath one that judgeth him: the word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the last day."

It is however, presumed that the Writer, being a "Clergyman," throughout the Article above alluded to believes in the Divinity of our Lord, and consequently, holds—in common with all believers—the authority of Christ as final.

Were this not so, all further discussion would be hopeless. The Authority of Christ, as "God the Son,"—once admitted, as common ground, or basis, for belief, the entire question must rest upon the teaching of Christ, what our Lord did,—or did not,—say, upon this very awful subject.

What, then, were the words of Christ, and the habitual teaching of our Lord, and His chosen Apostles, who "were with Him from the beginning," and received the Holy Ghost, and His commission, to Preach to all Nations?

Instead of verbal quibbles as to Greek words, what are the general, sustained warnings of Christ on this dread subject?

Let us boldly confront the following, and let us see if there is in our Lord's teaching the slightest hint of 'Eternal hope' for the impenitent Wicked to be found in any one of them:

"Then one saith unto Him, Lord, are there few that be saved? And He saith unto them, Strive to enter in at the strait (difficult) gate ('agonise'—to enter, in the Greek); for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able, when once the Master of the house is risen up and shut to the door."—*Luke* xiii., 23.

"For the hour is coming in the which all that are in the graves shall hear His voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good unto the resurrection of life, and they that hath done evil unto the resurrection of damnation."—*John* v. 28, 29.

"He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still."

Translate the Greek as we will, there is certainly no "eternal hope" for all, in this teaching of our Lord. Our Saviour says,

"The Son of Man shall send forth His angels, and they shall gather out of His kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity; and shall cast them into a furnace of fire; there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth."—*Matt.* xiii., 41, 42.

The Writer of the Article reviewed, asserts as follows:

"Now He tells us in the Bible that His punishment of us in the next world *will* be corrective and remedial. Therefore, at some time or other, its purpose will have been effected. Therefore it cannot be 'everlasting.'"

What grounds the Writer has for the above assertion, in these awful warnings of Christ, must be left for the Reader to decide. *Where* is the "wrath of God" presented as "remedial"? Certainly not in the Bible! Far from it! Exactly the reverse! The Devil's punishment has not proved "remediable"; quite the contrary.

The "Wrath of God" is alluded to some hundred times in the Bible. David, stumbling at the peaceful death of the wicked of his day, "who have no bands in their death," says:

"But as for me, my feet were almost gone; my steps had well nigh slipped, when I saw the prosperity of the wicked. Their strength is firm; there are no bands in their death; they are not troubled as other men."

How should there be when God has departed,—and Conscience is dead?

"Until I went into the sanctuary of God; then understood I their end. How are they brought into desolation, as in a moment! They are utterly consumed with terrors."—*Psalms* lxxiii.

Terrors? Terrors at *what*? "Universal salvation" to all sinners, ultimate "eternal hope"? Much rather the alarm and agony expressed in the Old Testament inquiry, "*Who among us?*"

"The sinners in Zion are afraid; fearfulness hath surprised the hypocrites. *Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? Who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?*"—*Isaiah* xxxiii., 14.

"And I say unto you, Be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do. But fear Him, who after He hath killed hath power to cast into hell: yea, I say unto you, Fear Him."

"It is better for thee to enter into the kingdom of God with one eye, than having two eyes to be cast into hell fire: where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."—*Mark* ix., 47, 48. (Repeated three times.)

The next surprise to the Reader is, that it is considered

necessary to inform us at some length that there is no *material* fire in hell. But is there an intelligent Sunday-school scholar in 1908 who needs laboriously to be told *that*? We all perfectly understand—always *have* done—that our Blessed Lord used the expression, “furnace of fire,” etc., merely in condescension to our poor, finite, human comprehension, as conveying *some* idea of what the “loss of the soul” really means—by the figure, or symbol, fire—undoubtedly the most terrific form of physical pain we are acquainted with. We all know that—with death—for us mortals, everything “material” disappears: “This Mortal must put on Immortality!” But the Christian Believer firmly believes that Christ teaches by these solemn expressions, that the impenitent, lost souls, when this Mortal shall have put on Immortality, are banished *for evermore* from heaven—are abandoned to the society of “the devil and his angels”—in short, become devils themselves! Indeed, some of them *before* they (happily for mankind) leave this world, appear to be very little better than demons *already*.

“For we must all stand before the judgment seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in the body according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad. Knowing therefore the terror of the Lord, we persuade men.”—II. Cor. v., 10.

“Know ye not that the unrighteous shall not enter the kingdom of God? Be not deceived! God is not mocked! Neither fornicators, nor adulterers, nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, shall inherit the kingdom of God.”—I. Cor. vi., 9, 10.

“And Death and Hell delivered up the dead which were in them; and they were judged every man according to their works. And death and hell were cast into the lake of fire. This is the Second Death. And whosoever was not found written in the Book of Life was cast into the lake of fire.”—Rev. xx., 14, 15.

“But the unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and idolaters, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the Second Death.”—Rev. xxi., 8.

The Writer has the following remark upon this:

“‘Well,’ perhaps some may reply to this, ‘here are Christ’s own words about the “fire.” They seem plain and definite, and to admit of but one interpretation. If they don’t mean what they certainly appear to mean, how are you going to explain them?’ Why, easily enough. Christ was not talking about ‘everlasting’ fire at all. He was referring to something very well known to those whom he was addressing, as well as to every Jewish man, woman, and child of the time. He was speaking of the Valley of Hinnom, and that only *figuratively*. This Valley of Hinnom, this *Ge Hinnom*, of which the Greek equivalent is *Gehenna*, translated in our Bibles as ‘hell,’ was a precipitous ravine outside the south-west wall of Jerusalem, watered by the brook Kedron and ‘Siloam’s sacred stream.’”

What shifts Unbelief is put to!

Really we might, it is thought, be let off the old, old, worn-out

"symbol" of the "Valley of Hinnom." It would seem incredible that any one should attempt to persuade us that our Lord, in His awful warnings, is merely speaking to us Christians of 1908 of a "precipitous ravine" near Jerusalem, 2,000 years ago!

That unfortunate "Gehenna" of some 2,000 years ago has surely been "dragged in" in too obviously an absurd manner to require further argument.

Throughout our Lord's Ministry He never made the remotest allusion to "Gehenna," or the valley of Hinnom. He spoke of the Eternal loss of the Soul.

"When the Son of Man shall come in His glory, and all the holy angels with Him, then shall He sit upon the throne of His glory. And before Him shall be gathered all nations, and He shall separate them one from another, and He shall set the sheep on His right hand and the goats on the left. . . . Then shall He say also to them on the left hand, Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels; . . . and these shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal."—*Matt.* xxv., 31-46.

What on earth has *this* got to do with the "Valley of Hinnom" at Jerusalem?

Upon this teaching of our Lord Himself as to His sentence on the impenitent wicked from His "Judgment-throne," the Writer of the article reviewed, has the following:

"Christ then really says in verse 46 of St. Matthew xxv., 'The wicked shall go away into (or for) age-long pruning.' Words which are clearly capable of being thus paraphrased: 'The wicked shall go away, for a time, to be made better.' Now we know that a gardener prunes his trees for this very purpose and no other. He prunes them, that is to say, with the sole object of making them healthy and fruitful. As, then, an earthly gardener does this to his trees to improve and not to destroy them, so the Heavenly Gardener will prune *us* in the world to come."

Incredible nonsense! Considering, for a moment, *who* the "Goats" on the left hand *will be*, and the contamination inseparable from the *exclusive* companionship of all the *vilest*, most *vicious*, *cruel*, *bloodthirsty*, *detestable*, *Filthy Monsters*, that the World has ever seen,—how the compulsory, and exclusive companionship "through the ages" of "the Devil and his Angels," and of all the demon-like men who ever lived—is to "prune," "Refine," and "reform," lost souls, is, it is claimed, an idea absolutely *grotesque*; stultifying our Common Sense, and opposed to the entire experience of Mankind! Every sane person knows the contaminating influence of Vile Characters.

"For we must all stand before the judgment seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in the body according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad. Knowing therefore the terror of the Lord, we persuade men."—*2 Cor.* v., 10.

"Wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat. Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."—*Matt. vii.*, 13.

"If the Righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the Sinner appear?"—*I. Peter iv.*, 18.

"But the heavens and the earth which are now are reserved unto fire against the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men."

"For we know Him that hath said, Vengeance is mine, I will recompense, saith the Lord, and again, the Lord shall judge His people. It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God."—*Heb. x.*, 30.

Yet the absurd Writer of the Article criticised, appears—with that Childish Conceit of Young Clergymen,—so unbecoming in their Solemn office,—to have persuaded himself that he has "easily disposed" of our Lord's awful, and repeated warnings. He has the following :

"Every other apparent assertion of everlasting punishment to be found in the New Testament can be as easily answered and disposed of as those I have thus treated in the present article. Things are not what they seem, and certainly many of the statements in the Bible are not. They are not what they seem either when examined by the light of knowledge or by that of reason and common sense."

After perusing the article in question, it will be for the Reader to judge whether he has, in the very faintest degree, "disposed" of a single one of the solemn teachings and words of our Lord. Instead of "disposing" of our Saviour's words, it is to be feared that the words ignored and rejected will judge, and "dispose," of many :

"47. And if any man hear My words, and believe not, I judge him not : for I came not to judge the world, but to save the world.

"48. He that rejecteth Me, and receiveth not My words, hath one that judgeth him : the word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the last day.

"49. For I have not spoken of Myself ; but the Father which sent Me. He gave me a commandment, what I should say, and what I should speak."

THE END OF FALSE TEACHERS.

Then shall He say also unto them on the left hand, "Depart from Me ye cursed.

Then shall they also answer Him, "Have we not taught in Thy streets?"

But He shall say unto them, "I never knew you. I never 'called' you."

"You forced yourself into a position, in which, by My providence, you obtained the ear of multitudes. Had you preached to them a full Gospel—earnestly and faithfully presenting My solemn warnings, as given by Me to Mankind—instead of being lulled to sleep by your false Teaching, many might have been roused, alarmed, awakened, and have fled to Me, their Saviour."—Woful words, indeed, to hear one day from Christ !

It is only fair that the Reader should know that the best Greek scholars have, for ages, taken, and, still do take, an *entirely* different view, totally opposed to this Writer's renderings, and assertions, as to the real meaning of the Greek. Take, for instance, the efforts to "wrest" the *very same* Greek word to mean a *limited* time for the eternal ruin of "the Devil and his angels," with whom "the lost" will be associated, while it is to mean "everlasting" duration for the Joys of the Redeemed. What absurdities we should be involved in the moment we permitted any to *tamper* with the translation of the New Testament in order to support their delusions. The text altered to please them will have to read, "Depart from me ye cursed into"—(not Aionios "everlasting")—but "into ('transient,' or 'for a time,' for 'some ages,' or 'through the ages') fire, prepared for the devil and his angels;" and these shall go away into (repeat the same substitutes) "punishment," but the righteous into life—*What?*—Eternal! Certainly *not!* If the "Eternal Hope" writers alter the *very same Greek* word—used alike in this verse in describing both states—to advance *their* unscriptural teaching, the sceptic and others will insist upon altering, for the same substitutes, the word "eternal" to suit *their* views. *Alter the same Greek in one place, many will, very logically, insist upon its being altered wherever it occurs.*

Finally, the Writer, in conclusion—as might have been foreseen—avows himself a believer in the final salvation of all mankind! One of those amazing Persons who can look around on this Wicked World, and yet believe as a "Universalist" all are going to Heaven"! We have the following:

"He died on Calvary not for a chosen few, not for an elect 'one hundred and forty-four thousand,' but for all mankind. Will He, then, be content, as some assert He will, with a half, or even three-fourths, of the souls He made, and for whom He laid down His precious life? 'He shall see of the travail of His soul and shall be satisfied.' And what else *will* satisfy Him than the final and complete salvation of all?"

"We do not believe that He is going to punish finite wrong-doing (wrong-doing often the result of the circumstances in which we were placed) with infinite retribution. We do not believe that for a brief wandering from His arms He is going to banish us for evermore from His presence. We do not believe that, for a short life perhaps of imperfection, and indifference to the voice of conscience, but certainly also, in the case of every one of us, of suffering and sorrow, He is going to say on that day, to trembling thousands of His children,—'Prisoners at the bar, depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire!' No, we do not, we cannot, believe *that*."

Yet we read—in exact opposition to the above—

"And I saw a Great White Throne, and Him that sat upon it, from Whose face the Earth and the Heavens fled away! And the Sea gave up the dead which were in it, and Death and Hell delivered up the dead that

were in them : and I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God. And the books were opened ; and another book was opened, which is the Book of Life. And the dead were judged out of these things which were written in the Book of Life, according to their works. And whosoever was not found written in the Book of Life was cast into the Lake of Fire !"—*Rev.* xx., 10-15.

Our Lord never taught the "ultimate salvation" of all Mankind ! Far from it ! Jesus Christ never taught that there exists such a thing as "the 'universal,' and 'absolute,' redemption of Christ." It never *was* taught ! There is no such thing ! If it ever could exist, it would prove God and Christ to be either *mistaken* or *insincere* ! For what means this ?

"44. Ye are of *your* father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do. He was a murderer from the beginning, and abode not in the truth, because there is no truth in him. When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own.

"34. Ye shall seek Me, and shall not find Me : and where I am, *thither* ye cannot come.

"21. Then said Jesus again unto them, I go my way, and ye shall seek Me, and shall die in your sins : whither I go, ye cannot come.

"24. I said therefore unto you, that ye shall die in your sins ; for if ye believe not that I am *He*, ye shall die in your sins.

"40. And ye will not come to Me, that ye might have life."

IT MAKES THE "JUDGMENT DAY" A FARCE.

Ultimate salvation for all mankind ? And yet multitudes "die in their sins," are the "children of the devil," "will not come unto Me that ye might have life," and "where" Jesus is in glory "they cannot come" ? What does it mean ? Jesus says, "He that hath ears to hear let him hear" ! We have "ears to hear." What does Christ mean throughout His ministry if there is ultimate universal salvation for all men ?

If there is, then our Saviour's teachings all through His Ministry, upon this dread subject, are not merely *unintelligible*, they are *worse*, they are *designedly false* ! What about the "Judgment Day" ? The books being opened ? The dead judged ? *Why* a Judgment Day at all ? *Who* is going to be judged ? If there is universal salvation for all the "Last Judgment" is rendered an absurdity ! Unintelligible ! *A Farce !*

"18. And to whom sware He that they should not enter into His rest, but to them that believed not ?

"19. So we see that they could not enter in because of unbelief.

"7. Again, He limiteth a certain day, saying in David, 'To-day, after so long a time ;' as it is said, 'To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts.'

" 11. Let us labour therefore to enter into that rest, lest any man fall after the same example of unbelief."

" If the Righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the Sinner appear ? "

God " swears " that they shall *not* " enter into His rest," and " limiteth a day " of salvation ? And yet all *are* to enter at last into that " rest " alike ? It is *false* ! For, if the Last Day proves that there is ultimate salvation for all men, then that terrible day will also prove that there was *not one word of truth* in all the solemn texts selected in this article from the word of God ; and that God and Christ have wilfully deceived Mankind upon this subject for nigh two thousand years. Is Jesus Christ then an " Impostor " ?

Are you prepared to commence Eternity upon *that* discovery ? Prove God and Christ to be untruthful in *one* subject, *why not in others* ? If the *Warnings* of God and Christ are false, why may not their *Promises* be equally so ? Either the Bible, or the " Eternal Hope " must go ! They are irreconcilable ! They mutually destroy each other ! Farrar has passed into Eternity. He knows now what Christ's words, which he disputed as Untrue, mean !

The Public who listen to all this thoughtless, deluded, dangerous Teaching, should note the ominous, significant, result of such teaching in the increasing spiritual sleep and indifference to God, in which multitudes, in our day, are plunged. Another ominous sign is the hearty approval with which the unbeliever—the infidel—welcomes sermons on the non-eternity of God's judgments on the wicked. What the Sceptic *warmly praises* may be " popular," " advanced," teaching, but it certainly cannot be of Christ ! Let our modern preachers consider their responsibility, when crowds of " uneducated " persons—ready to swallow any error presented—are listening to them !

It is one more proof of the perfect Free Will of the Soul, that the human mind, resolutely set upon not believing the truths of Revelation, can read these solemn warnings, and yet obstinately adhere to its own pleasing delusion ! The candid Reader is asked to use his own *common sense*, and to say whether such teachers must not, sooner or later, come into sharp and direct antagonism with the words of God and of Christ ?

" God is love ? " Why, the "*wrath of God*" hereafter, is spoken of upwards of a hundred times in the Scriptures ! God "*loves*" the impenitent, obstinate, wicked, if once they go *too far* ? It is *false* ! The whole Bible, and Christ's solemn teachings, teem with warnings of *quite another*, and an awful, phase in God's character hereafter.

"And said to the mountains and rocks, 'Fall on us and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb, for the great day of His wrath is come.'"—*Rev. vi., 16-17.*

God is certainly no "God of love" here!

"Because I have called and ye refused, *I also will mock* when your fear cometh! For they hated knowledge and did not choose the fear of the Lord. They would none of My counsel; they despised all My reproof!"

"The Wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God!"

"I tell you Nay! But except ye repent ye shall *all likewise perish!*"

HEATHEN NATIONS NOT YET INSTRUCTED.

Of course the uninstructed Heathen—both before and after our Lord came,—are not spoken of here; doubtless they are judged by a different rule altogether to the enlightened, intelligent, Christian Nations.

"The times" of their "ignorance," we are expressly told, "God winked at," and undoubtedly does so still. But, dear Reader, what have you and I to do with them and their fate? We are called upon to attend to *our own position* in God's sight! *We* are not unenlightened, uninstructed Heathen,—

WE, "GENTILES," HAVE RECEIVED MORE LIGHT THAN THE JEWS EVER DID.

We "Christians," are undoubtedly *responsible* beings before our Creator, whether we *obey, love, and serve* Christ or not! He "strives" with all for many years, but He says,

"My Spirit shall not *always* strive with man."

The Blessed God,—our Blessed Saviour,—and God the Blessed Holy Spirit,—has "striven," successfully,—with countless Millions of our Race who have been awakened and led to Christ, been redeemed and have passed away,—happy, and reconciled to their God,—to Endless Bliss!

He has "striven," Reader, (thank God) with you and me! Let us imitate the blessed lives, and pious examples of the Redeemed, and follow them to the same Heavenly Home!

"THE TIMES OF THIS IGNORANCE GOD WINKED AT."

In cases where a terrible, utterly neglected Childhood, amidst crime, drunken parents, and awful surroundings, ripen into a ruined life—who dares to say that that indulgent eye does not "wink" still?

Who dares to say that God judges the *almost* irresponsible

with the same rigour as the well taught, the well trained, and the rich? "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

Whatever may be the allowances the Supreme may choose to make—and we feel sure *does* make—in *those* sad cases, *be assured* that He will make *no such* allowances for *us*! Here lies the danger of deceptive teaching on this dread subject to Audiences comparatively well off, and unquestionably responsible before their Maker! What we have to see to, is *not* the responsibility of *others*, but *our own*! To test ourselves by *Christ's* standard, not *man's*—how *we* stand for Eternity—which course *we* are steering, the Christian or the Christless—the upward or the downward path—which *home* *our* steps are tending—to Heaven or to Hell?

Whatever may be the fate of Multitudes around us, *we* who have long heard Christ's call of entreaty should *indeed* make haste to obey it!

As sure as there is a God *there is* a Heaven and *there is* a Hell.

But, from our Childhood to our Grave, the Blessed God is ever saying,

"Come now, and let us *reason* together, saith the Lord! Though your sins be as *scarlet*, they shall be as white as *snow*; though they be red like *crimson*, they shall be as *wool*!"—*Isaiah* i., 18.

And our Lord,—though He abates not one word of His solemn warnings,—is ever assuring the Sinner that "there is more joy in Heaven over one Sinner that repenteth than over ninety and nine who need no repentance." *Why?* Because *so few* "Repent" at all?

Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My words shall not pass away.—*Mark* xiii., 31.

What, then, Reader, can we think of Modern Teachers, ignoring Christ's Words altogether? and asking us to substitute their own unscriptural Delusions?

There appear to exist three Works,—two of them written by Ministers of the Church of England,—bearing upon this Subject, viz.:—Rev William Ker, Tipton, "Popular Ideas of Immortality," 1872,—(223 pages). W. J. Accomb, "Larger Hope Lectures," 1889,—(227 pages), and Rev. Farrar, "Eternal Hope," 1890,—(276 pages). It is an *extraordinary fact* that throughout the 726 pages (!) of these three Works, there does not appear to be one *single effort* to explain,—quote,—grapple with,—or even allude to,—the *express Teachings* of our Lord Jesus Christ! They seem to have *forgotten* Christ altogether! Yet it is from our Lord alone that Mankind,—including these Writers themselves,—knew *anything whatever* about the Subject! They forget that

Millions of Christian Believers, care not a rush in 1908, for "Church Authority,"—whatever that old Delusion may now mean,—nor do they care for any Ministers who do not found their Books, and Sermons, *entirely* upon Christ's Teachings. They neither care to listen to,—or entertain the *slightest confidence* in *anything* else !

By ignoring Christ's Words, and Teachings they extinguish themselves !

MODERN TEACHERS AVOID CHRIST'S WORDS.

There are Teachers in our day who have "ears to hear" Christ's Words, but they *resolutely close* them.

The followers of the "Larger Hope" delusion *resolutely avoid* every text in the New Testament by which our Lord *emphatically* teaches the Eternal Punishment of Unbelievers. The "Larger Hope,"—quotes George Macdonald, Socrates, Carlyle, J. S. Mill, H. W. Beecher, George Dawson, Charles Dickens, Bhudda, Professor Huxley, Chunder Sen, Mr. Newdegate, Renan, Poe, Dr. Martineau, Thos. Cooper, Hume, Lytton, Mother Shipton, and Virgil (!) But they do *not* quote the sayings and warnings of *Jesus Christ*. In not one of the above Authorities,—has the Christian Believer the *slightest* confidence, but he has the greatest confidence in the words and distinct warnings of *Jesus Christ*. In not one single instance throughout the 227 pages of his Book, does Mr. Accomb venture to quote,—or attempt to explain,—one Text of our Blessed Lord,—out of a score,—warning Mankind of the inevitable "Wrath to come." In a similar evasive manner does the "Universalist" Rev. T. Allin, in his Bristol Tracts, studiously avoid the Teaching of *Jesus Christ*.

CHRIST'S WORDS.

Print a collection of the distinct warnings of Christ, on this Subject, in Bold type, place them in his hands, and the follower of this "Larger Hope" delusion, must proceed thus, (1) either he will decline to discuss, or listen to them, or (2) he asserts that they are not correctly translated ; or (3) he maintains that *Jesus* does not mean His words to be taken as true, but as Metaphor ; or,—that they are now obsolete, and must give way before "Modern Thought," or that our Lord knew no more than "any other Religious Jewish Teacher of His day." (Bishop Colenso's Theory.)

If he be driven from all these evasions, and it comes to accepting Christ's Words on the Subject, or rejecting them, he

will choose the latter resource ; and rather than believe in the Eternal Punishment of the Impenitent, he will throw Christ and His words behind him. "I go by my Reason! My Reason rejects it! I do not choose to believe it!" Thus ending,—where it began in "Unbelief."

No advancement of "Modern Thought," or "New Theology," will ever render Christ's words "obsolete," for He assures us that "*Heaven and Earth shall pass away, but My words shall not pass away.*"

Once uttered, they stand for Eternity.

Reader! Accept Christ's Warnings, and come to Him while time and opportunity is yours!

THE ETERNAL HOPE DELUSION.



"They be blind Leaders of the Blind! If the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the Ditch."—*Matt. xv., 13-14; Luke viii., 39.*

The Reader will,—especially if a "Christian,"—see the reason for these exhaustive Chapters on Unbelief in Christ,—and His Teachings.

For there are Multitudes who admit the possibility of the terribly Wicked and Depraved—being "Lost,"—who, all their Lives seem resolved, and obstinate, in their "Eternal Hope" for those who live fairly Moral Lives, but are not believers in Christ, or His Atonement, as being essential to their Salvation. But to every Reader of the Bible,—it is evident that a *line, distinct, and sharp*,—has ever,—and *must* ever be drawn,—amongst all enlightened Mankind,—(leaving out the uninstructed Heathen;—whose ignorance God, we are told, winks at)—between the "Believer," and the determined "Unbeliever." Either one or the other must give way! or,—they must separate! Belief,—and the Believer,—never has,—and *never will*, give way before Unbelief,—(or to the Unbeliever,)—while the World lasts!

"NARROW RELIGION."

It is easy to call every Evangelical Preacher in 1908—"Crude," "Narrow," &c.,—but he is not teaching *his own doctrine*, it is that of Christ, and His inspired Apostles. You are thus compelled to call *their* exhortations "Narrow," too!

The Line is "drawn" by necessity,—you may call it any name you like,—but *there it is!*

For when the fixedness,—the rigidity,—the settled prejudices, of Adult, Manhood have, at length, been reached;—when Christian Parents,—a Christian Education,—Time, Culture, Intelligence, Thought, Religious Impressions, God, Christ, and the Bible,—have *done their best*,—and yet done it all *in vain*; and *Unbelief*, whether quiet, but *practical*,—Cynical, "Atheistic," "Agnostic," "Unitarian," "Mrs. Eddy," "Delusive," "Theosophy," "Spiritualistic," or "Aggressive" Unbelief,—has been finally chosen as a fixed Principle of life, and Example to others, then the "Brotherhood of Mankind," in its Religious Sense,—common to all true "Believers,"—is,—in the case of such,—deliberately *dissolved by themselves!* Once let the common Fatherhood, and Existence of a Personal God, the New Testament, and Christ's Teachings, Warnings, Authority, and Divinity be ignored and rejected for the False Teachings of "Religious" "Cranks," and Impostors, then the "Brotherhood of Man,"—in its Religious Sense,—ceases to be intelligible!

There may be,—(and should be),—the common Civilities, and Compromises of Society, between the Christian and the Unbeliever, but "Brotherhood," in a true and Religious sense, there certainly never can possibly exist between them in this World, and *certainly* will *not* in Eternity.

THE BRIDGELESS GULF.

The great Apostle Paul was surely one of the most liberal,—large-hearted,—men who ever lived, willing to "become all things to all men," as a devoted Christian,—yet he draws his Master's Line as emphatically as words can do!

"Be ye not unequally yoked together with Unbelievers; for what Fellowship hath Righteousness, and Unrighteousness? What communion hath light with darkness?—or what part hath he that believeth with an Infidel? Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord!"—II. Cor. vi., 14-17.

It is not the fault of the Christian! It is the ordering of Nature,—the Will of the Creator,—the Constitution of Things,

—that “Belief” and “Unbelief,” and, consequently, the “Believers” and “Unbelievers,” are,—ever have been,—and ever will be,—eternally opposed to each other! Already separated by an unseen, but nevertheless, *immense* Gulf, or Chasm,—a “Bridgeless Gulf,”—the Believer and Unbeliever are resolutely pursuing two precisely opposite Paths,—which commenced in this World,—will conduct them one day to the very *extremes* of Distance and Difference! Heaven or Hell!

“Nor Thieves, nor Covetous, nor Drunkards, nor Extortioners, shall inherit the Kingdom of God, and such were some of you.”—1 Cor. vi., 10.

“Be not deceived! God is not mocked! Whatsoever a man soweth,—that shall he also Reap!”

“They that do such things shall not inherit the Kingdom of God.”—Gal. v., 21.—vi., 7.



THE DRUNKARD.

Is this the “Eternal Hope” for all?

“And Sin when it is Finished bringeth forth Death.”—*Jas. i. 15.*

How often a poor Woman,—on whom the Family of “Children” depends,—is crippled for life by a brutal villain of a husband. His girls actually forced to a life of infamy to bring the vile wretch money for his drink and debauchery,—his boys gives no chance in life, thrown on to the Public, and the Streets.

Punishment of such in this World is too often a “Farce.”

But what is coming is not a Farce!

There are no such “Farces,”—with an angry God,—in Eternity!

“Talk to me of Christ,”—screed a dying, drunken Ruffian, on his death bed.—“I tell you,—it was my vile habits, and drunken crony which killed my poor Wife. It was my selfish drinking, and gambling, which beggared my home, and children,—it was my example and atheism which ruined my earliest friend! What’s the use of keeping up this d—Farce any longer? I tell you, I’m going down to Hell!”

“But the Wicked are like the troubled Sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up Mire and Dirt.”—“There is no peace,—saith my God,—for the Wicked.”—*Isaiah xlvi., 12.*

“Like Warning Siren off a Rocky Shore,

Telling,—for ever,—on a lone, wild sea,

A Sinner’s Conscience,—warning, never more,

Recks us a Lost Eternity!

CHAPTER XLV.

PART III.

THE "ETERNAL HOPE" DELUSION.

Conclusion.

The "Old Theology" versus the "New Theology,"
which will you "Believe" ?

What depends upon it.

Before most gladly,—and happily,—turning,—in the **Next Chapter**,—to the **True "Eternal Hope"** of the Christian, it is instructive to note how the "New," or "Progressive" delusive teaching of 1908, treats this Solemn Subject. The Reader is asked to peruse on **Page 533**—the impression produced on its hearers.

THE "NEW," OR "PROGRESSIVE" THOUGHT TEACHING.
REMORSE NO SIGN OF A CHRISTIAN. THE SIGN OF A LOST SOUL. THE "SON OF PERDITION," JUDAS, HAD REMORSE. OUR LORD DESCRIBES "FALLEN" HUMAN NATURE. GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF SIN. "AN EVIL THING OF OBSCURE ORIGIN." SHUFFLING AND JUGGLING WITH WORDS. THAT ABSURD,—WORN OUT, "SYMBOL," "GEHENNA." THE "VALLEY OF HINNOM." THE SINFUL COULD NOT ENJOY "HEAVEN." A CLERGYMAN'S "BAFFLED DEITY."

The "New Theology" views of the "Eternal Hope."

As might be expected, from previous extracts, the "New Theology" Book, or Vade-Mecum,—given on Pages 589-599, Vol. II., of this Work,—adds the "Eternal Hope Delusion," to its Dangerous Teaching. Abandon Belief in one Vital Truth of Christianity,—why not in the *others* ? "Unbelief" to be consistent,—*cannot stop*,—it must go on. It was an ominous announcement in a London Paper, January, 1907,—that a "League" of Ministers (Congregational ?) was suggested of New Theologians,—“For the Defence,—and Propagation of

their Views, to be called the 'New Theology League,'—"Union" was objected to least it might clash with the "Congregational Union." Note.—We have heard little of this "League" (1908). It's "views" have "clashed,"—let us hope,—with their respective Congregations,—as it is hoped they will "clash" with the sentiments of every Christian Reader of this Work.

Yet the Papers were "Informed that there are Fifty Ministers willing to subscribe their definite adherence to the League, whilst many others,—though in Sympathy, preferred to maintain their independence." (Perhaps,—also,—one might add their *Pulpits*). Twenty names and addresses of Ministers pledged to join were given,—“But the Organisers of the Movement do not feel at liberty to give the Names of the remaining Thirty.” (A very wise Discretion.)

NOTE.—Reader. Is not this a very serious,—ominous,—Symptom of the deplorable (so-called) "Theology" which is being taught in our day? For these Gentlemen,—once joining such a League,—would feel themselves bound in honour to preach from their Pulpits the delusions of the "New Theology" to their respective Congregations.

Even more ominous is the evidently feeble hold the Vital Truths of the Christian Faith have now upon Modern Audiences, that they should crowd eagerly to listen to such Teaching. It is to the Christian Believer astounding in this day of Intelligence, how multitudes of reasoning beings, can be taken in,—like Children,—by mere gifts of talk,—verbose,—vague,—baffling,—phraseology,—half orthodox,—(so as not unduly to alarm) so-called eloquence,—and punctuate with applause, doctrines which will take from them,—if swallowed,—their most precious spiritual possessions.

For we learn that,

"The Starting Point of the 'New Theology' is belief in the 'immanence' of God,—that is the essential oneness of God and Man."

This entire Chapter in its three Parts is expressly designed to expose this delusion, as opposed to Scripture, and the entire Experience of a "Fallen" World, and that fallen human nature is as absolutely opposed to the Divine Nature, as Sin is different to His holiness.

"The Divine Essence is in every one. God lives His life in every man. If Christ was divine,—in our measure we are. Every man in his measure is a Potential Christ."

Reader,—fancy this teaching being called "deep,—thoughtful Theology,—calculated to be of "immense service" (!) Fancy the Only-Begotten Son of God,—co-equal with,—and co-eternal with the Father,—being of the same Nature,—only

in a different degree,—to ourselves,—poor,—sinful,—rebellious,—“fallen” Insects!

THE NEW THEOLOGY'S "ETERNAL HOPE."

"The Story of the Fall,"—we learn from a letter signed by certain organizers of the League,—“is an inspired Myth. “Even the Prodigal is still God's Child.” “His Remorse is the Sign of the Inextinguishable Divinity within his Soul” (!)

Note,—So far from it,—so far from “Remorse” being a sign of “God's Child,”—and “Divinity,” it is precisely the Sign of an abandoned Soul! Remorse,—without Christ,—when the time for Repentance is *once* past, is indeed precisely the very *Torment* of the Lost Soul. And will be found so by those presumptuous Teachers who,—deluded by their great Enemy, Satan, are induced to thus belittle the only hope of the Sinners,—Christ,—and His all-availing Atonement,—who treats His proffered Salvation as unnecessary,—a “thing of naught,”—and lead silly, thoughtless, Crowds to Ruin with themselves.

IS THE FOLLOWING THE USUAL RECEPTION OF “STILL A CHILD OF GOD”?

What can our Saviour mean, by the following solemn Parable, unless it be that,—when you and I have to meet our God, we shall need some other Garment to cover us, than our own fancied righteousness, and inextinguishable divinity which thinks it can do very well without the “Robe of Christ's Righteousness” to cover our nakedness?

THE WEDDING GARMENT SLIGHTED.



"And when the King came in to see the Guests, He saw there a man which had not on a Wedding Garment. And He said unto him,—‘Friend, how camest thou in hither, not having a wedding garment?’ And he was speechless! Then said the King, ‘Bind him hand and foot, and take him away, and cast him into outer darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth!’—*Matthew xxii., 11.*

So fair an appearance of Religion had this evidently Christless man,—probably a "New Theologian,"—probably a great Talker,—verbose,—confident in his delusion of being by Nature, a "potential Christ" himself,—needing no Saviour,—no Divine Sacrifice,—that he had evidently deceived others,—and had actually gained admittance! What became of the "inextinguishable divinity" in the "Unprofitable,"—or *worse* than unprofitable,—Servant? Surely this was an *extraordinary* end of still a "Child of God" to be "cast into outer darkness"!

" REMORSE " IS THE SIGN OF A LOST SOUL,—NOT A SAVED ONE.

"Weeping and Gnashing of teeth,"—"Remorse,"—and being "cast into outer darkness,"—is *surely* a most *extraordinary* reception of "Still a Child of God" and of his retaining his "inextinguishable divinity of Soul!"

It is thought every intelligent Reader must see the delusive *absurdities* of the "New Theological" teaching of our day of Unbelief.

WHY DID JUDAS HANG HIMSELF ? "

- Surely *he* showed "*Remorse*" enough! But how was it, in any way a "Sign of 'still being God's child'?" Surely it is absurd to think so! What did our Lord say of Judas?

"Jesus answered them, Have not I chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil?"

"The Son of man goeth as it is written of him: but woe unto that man by whom the Son of man is betrayed; it had been good for that man if he had not been born."

If the "Eternal Hope" is not a fatal Delusion,—*why* was it "better" for Judas "if he had never been born"? If all are eventually to be saved, our Lord's words would be inexplicable,—unmeaning.

The Reader, it is thought, will see that, once Christ's teaching is ignored, the entire veracity of the "New Testament" is challenged; and we are asked to substitute the opinions, and delusive ideas, of "modern thought."

The fatal error being the Unbelief in the Divinity of Jesus Christ,—which however disguised,—is really at the bottom of,—and the cause of—all modern "Unrest in the Churches."



"Remorse,"—Despair,—Suicide.

"Then Judas, which had betrayed Him, when he saw that He was condemned, repented himself, and brought again the thirty pieces of silver to the chief priests and elders.

"Saying, I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood. And they said, What *is that* to us? see thou *to that*!

"And he cast down the pieces of silver in the temple, and departed, and went and hanged himself."

And how many a Sinner,—long warned,—persistent,—like Judas,—unmelted by the Master's trust in him,—giving him charge of their little Store,—untouched by having his feet washed by the Lord of Heaven and Earth,—have,—like Judas,—gone out of this World, like him, "a Suicide"!

JUDAS NOT ALONE. NO "EXCEPTION." WHAT DOES
"PERISH" MEAN?

"And Jesus answering said unto them, Suppose ye that these Galileans were sinners above all the Galileans because they suffered such things?

"I tell you, Nay: but, except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.

"Or those eighteen, upon whom the tower in Siloam fell, and slew them, think ye that they were sinners above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem?

"I tell you, Nay: but, except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."

Are we asked to believe that our Lord was here merely informing grown-up,—intelligent,—Jews, that they would one day die a *natural death*? We cannot have our common sense thus abused!

IF THERE IS ETERNAL HOPE FOR ALL, WHAT IS A "SON OF PERDITION" ?

"While I was with them in the World, I kept them in Thy name : those that thou gavest Me I have kept, and none of them is lost, but the son of perdition."—*John xvii.*, 12.

"That he may take part of this ministry and apostleship, from which Judas by transgression fell, that he might go to his own place."—*Acts i.*, 25.

Yet, in the "New Theology" teaching, we read, "It does not seem to occur to many that the Christian fundamental of the love of God renders the dogma of everlasting punishment impossible, for it implies that God will do most for the being that needs the most, and surely that must be the most unhappy Sinner."—*New Theology*, page 207.

The Reader,—it is once more thought,—must be struck with the careless,—loose,—thoughtless style of the New Theological Thought, and Shallow Teaching. No "Christian" ever yet lived who believes that a Righteous God, the Judge of Justice, though of "much long-suffering" will *always* be a "God of Love" to the Lost. *Very* far from it, *indeed* !

"What if God, willing to shew His wrath, and to make His power known, endured with much longsuffering the vessels of wrath fitted to destruction."

"And that He might make known the riches of His glory on the vessels of mercy, which he had afore prepared unto glory."—*Romans ix.* 22.

'FALLEN' HUMAN NATURE UTTERLY OPPOSED TO GOD'S NATURE IN EVERY WAY.

THE LORD OF HEAVEN AND EARTH,—OUR FUTURE JUDGE.—
JESUS CHRIST,—"KNEW WHAT WAS IN MAN."

"But Jesus did not commit Himself unto them, because He knew all men."

"And needed not that any should testify of man : for He KNEW WHAT WAS IN MAN."—*John ii.*, 25.

and gives us, indeed, a *very* different view of our "fallen" state.

FALLEN HUMAN NATURE.

"For, from within, out of the Heart of Men, proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders, thefts, covetousness, wickedness, deceit, lasciviousness, blasphemy, pride, foolishness :

"All these things come from within, and defile the man.

"Because the carnal mind is ENMITY against God : for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be."

Are we, sinful creatures, to ascribe these terrible attributes in *our* Hearts *also* to the Holy God ? The Teaching which

asserts there is an "essential oneness" in sinful man's nature and that of the Divine's, approaches downright Blasphemy!

"Now the works of the flesh—"Fallen" human Nature)—are manifest—(we see it in every Newspaper we take up in 1908),—which are *these*: Adultery, Fornication, Uncleaness, Lasciviousness.

"Idolatry, Hatred, Variance, Emulations, Wrath, Strife, Heresies.

"Envyings, Murders, Drunkenness, Revellings, and such like: of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God."

"But printed 'Reports' of mere Speeches, etc., are not very trustworthy,—they fail, often, to express the meaning intended to be conveyed." True! Let us keep to "Printed" Books! Thus we read,

"Perhaps it would help to clear up the subject if I were to say frankly, —before going any further,—that there is no such thing as Punishment, no far-off Judgment Day,—no White Throne,—and no Judge external to ourselves" (!)—'New Theology,' page 213.

Then what is this?

CHRIST'S OWN WORDS.

"For the Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the Son:"

"That all *men* should honour the Son, even as they honour the Father. He that honoureth not the Son honoureth not the Father which hath sent him."—*John* v. 22-23.

"For the hour is coming in the which all that are in the graves shall hear His voice.

"And shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the Resurrection of Damnation."

"It is appointed unto men once to die, and after this the judgment."

"For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in His body, according to that he hath done, whether *it* be good or bad."

"And I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them."

"And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: and another book was opened, which is *the book of life*: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works."

No such thing as Punishment.

"Surely the Tears,—the Groans,—the Deaths,—of countless Millions of human beings, for thousands of years,—have proved to Mankind that God's warnings are something more than 'Instructive Parables!' 'Thou shalt not eat of it,—for in the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die!'—*Gen.* ii. 17. And we all die!"

"Punishment" enough! Who wants "to die"? While as to God's Judgment in the punishment of Sins and Sinners the entire Bible is full of it,—from Genesis to Revelation!

Note.—By whom, and where, the following appeared, is not known. It is as substantially accurate as an imperfect mss. permits.

"SIN" GRAPHICALLY DESCRIBED BY AN OBSERVANT WRITER.
 "FALLEN" HUMAN NATURE, AND ITS LIFE'S CONFLICT.

"Human Dignity,"—claims this observant Writer,—“appears to consist in fighting habitually against certain characteristics we human beings appear to possess *in common with the Brute Creation* we see around us. Indeed, we human beings appear capable of a fathomless state of degradation more repulsive, and far more fatal, than anything the lowest type of the Brute Creation can possibly sink into.”

NOTE.—What a *contrast*, this truthful description, to the delusions of the New Divinity, or “New Theology” of our day?

“Nature having placed certain limits to their evil propensities by implanting overpowering Instincts,—such as care of their Young, etc. But with us,—until Death intervenes,—and the Criminal passes from our view,—so long as the power for Evil obtains there would appear to be absolutely no limit in human beings,—to the depths of degradation,—selfishness,—ferocity,—hatred,—cruelty,—vice,—crime, etc., and the capacity, and desire to effect Evil, after a certain fatal Stage has been reached. Till Death intervenes, we see no pause in the frightful descent. And if, as some claim,—there exists a future State of Existence, in another,—what “Christians” call a “Spiritual,—World,” *we have no guarantee* that this frightful state of things may not be *continued indefinitely!* Why should it not? What is to prevent it?”

NOTE.—*Precisely* the result, the “Christian” holds will take place with the wicked when God,—Who alone can “prevent” it,—and Christ, cast such off for ever, and *leave them*, as they desired, during their lives,—to their “fallen” nature, and to its Awful End.

“AN EVIL THING OF UNNAMED SPECIES, AND OF OBSCURE ORIGIN.”

“This Strange Conflict,”—continues this observant Writer,—“which every Self-respecting Human Being has to sustain, is rendered imperative from the Mysterious Fact that there appears to exist in Creation an Unseen, Evil Thing,—Beast,—or Power,—or Presence,—of *obscure origin*,—and *unnamed Species*,—but apparently intelligent and active. This Obscure Thing appears to be perpetually striving,—unless habitually and strongly opposed,—to obtain the Mastery of,—and to degrade the Intellect,—and Moral Faculties of Mankind,—ever suggesting to the Human mind,—low, selfish, unworthy,—unprincipled,—Motives for Conduct. Never scrupling to advise and to urge Vice, Dishonesty, Hatred, Pride, and personal gratification, totally regardless of the cost,—however fatal it may,—and often does,—prove to others,—even though it ends in Crime, and Death, itself. A result,—and termination,—which this Evil Beast, or Thing, is apparently, by no means *averse*, should prove the climax. Even suggesting Suicide. In fact,—if not actively and strenuously opposed,—and allowed to usurp control, this Evil Thing appears, at length, to become intimately associated

with the Human Heart,—dominating the Mind,—Intellect,—Thought,—and Actions. A fatal degeneration is observed to, then, set in. Worthy aspirations,—the sense of duty,—love,—and all the amiable and lovable traits of Character, seem to die gradually away. Instead of a self-respecting Life, it becomes low, and repulsive. A silent, Moral,—and frequently Physical,—decay, a rottenness seems to set in, comparable to the corruption we observe in dead, decaying matter in the outward World. The mind in this Stage appears to feel no pleasure except when feeding upon Garbage, such as Vice, Avarice, Drunkenness, etc. All else seems to become insipid, and unable to satisfy the fallen Mind. Indeed,—in extreme cases,—notorious Criminals complain, and assert, that they actually *felt something*, to use their own expressive words, "*tugging at them*,"—to commit a great Crime, and giving them no rest until the Murder or other fatal deed was accomplished. But, in most cases,—surprising to observe,—a certain blinding conceit, or Pride, appears actually to hide from the victim his fatal loss, and real condition. What others see clearly enough he either cannot,—or will not,—recognise for a moment; and all attempts to warn, or deter, is usually challenged, and resented.

"There appears, however, at times, in some cases, intervals when his true condition is realised; producing a kind of frantic Rage, or Despair, not unfrequently ending in Self-destruction; a fatal termination the obscure, restless, Evil Thing contemplates by no means with sorrow, even if it be not suggested by it. Much the same result, occurs in cases of Intellectual Persons giving way to Avarice, Pride, Bigotry, and absurd Delusions held in 'Religion,' etc.

AN OPPOSING POWER.

"It is, however, important to recognise that, in this Mysterious Conflict, there exists also a Powerful opposing Force. It is needful to observe that, throughout this life-long conflict, the obscure, Evil Thing has, itself, to be continually struggling,—in apparently a life and death grapple,—with **Another Power**, beneficent and good in itself,—but, to it, hateful, and desperately opposed,—which we call the '**Moral Conscience**' of human beings. This equally obscure, and unseen, Influence, or Presence, enters into a desperate life-long conflict with the other. There is **no quarter** asked, or given! One or the other conquers! But, once let the beneficent, well-meaning, and kindly, Power be ignored, or despised,—and the Evil Chosen,—then we see the terrible, Evil Thing,—or, Beast,—looking out of *still human eyes*, usually suppressed,—frivolous,—and contemptuous,—but in others bursting out into fierce Rage and Despair; greedy,—foul,—monstrous! At times grinning, and grotesque,—but always dangerous,—sinister,—and repulsive!"

Reader, did you ever meet with a more graphic, or true, description of that "Sin,"—in its many Forms,—"*which doth so easily beset us*"? Before this Writer, The "New Theology," the "Fool's Paradise" of Mrs. Eddy, of U.S.A., the many Modern apologists of Sin,—or denial that such a thing exists,—look very silly indeed! We cannot have our Common Sense abused! Our Convict Prisons, the Gallows, our Asylums, our Hospitals, our Slums, and ruined Homes, witness that Sin is an Awful, Final,—absolutely Fatal Thing in its results.

And,—although the sagacious Sceptic (if he was one) naturally deals with the visible, open, gross type of Sin, with its unfathomable degradation, till Death hides its awful future from our eyes,—he might, with equal truth, have added the "Sin of Unbelief" to his description, as equally deadly, although unseen, for it kills the soul in Secret, and by Stealth.

THE SAGACIOUS WRITER'S DESCRIPTION CONFIRMED BY
SCRIPTURE.

"Know ye not, that to whom ye yield yourselves servant to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey; whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness?"

"For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh: and these are contrary the one to the other: so that ye cannot do the things that ye would."

"Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

"For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting."
—*Galatians* vi., 7.

"And Sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death."—*James* i., 15.

The New Teaching asserts, "Man is good,—good in Nature, good in design, good in possibility,—good in his true End. He never chooses Evil for itself."

The True Christian Believer absolutely denies the assertion that Man is good,—good in Nature. He calls all human History,—and present day experience,—to prove the exact contrary. Man *does constantly* "choose Evil" in preference to Good. Even when forced to admit its being evil, he apologises for it,—in his own case,—attributing it to weakness,—or to Fate. Without conviction of his sinfulness no human being as yet became a true Christian, or ever will do.

Adam did not commit twenty Sins,—we only read that he committed one. But one Sin was but the beginning of a World of Countless Millions of Crimes, a perfect Newgate Calendar of Crimes in every Nation, and in every Country, upon the Earth. The Spirit of God had to leave sinful Man, and Adam, and all of us became Spiritually dead.

Look around you, Reader, look at the Prayerless, Christless, lives of scores of Families. Is there not too often every Symptom of this Spiritual death? What do they care for God, Christ, Death, Eternity, Heaven, or Hell?

What we by Nature alone care for is Selfish Pleasure, the

gratification of Pride, Conceit, Ambition, Success in a dying World, Wealth, or Pleasures ?

It is a Bondage of Sin, in which we are all born. We can, by nature, no more love God than a Corpse can. Our Senses, instincts, desires, loves, feelings, are all, by Nature, set upon this Life,—this World alone.

TWO KINGDOMS. TWO RULERS. TWO PEOPLE.

There are two distinct kingdoms upon this fallen Earth, and there is a Ruler to both. (1) The one is the " Kingdom of this World,"—which Jesus Christ distinctly tells us is not yet His,—(2) The other is the Unseen, Spiritual, Unworldly,— " Kingdom " of our Lord, and Saviour,—God's dear Son. The Subjects of these two kingdoms are at utter variance,—they really have not a single thing, it may be said, in common.

" I deny it ! " *Do you ?* Then put it to the test, with the next person you know leading a " worldly,"—pleasure-loving,—life. Speak to such about " Religion,"—attempt to urge the *danger* of such a life,—try to speak to them of *Christ*. Such,—being Spiritually dead,—the subjects of one who hates for them to " think," or to " reflect,"—who intends to keep them his Slaves to death,—they will probably think you deranged !

They would,—in a moment,—change the conversation,—or *Resent*, it—the Pride of Fallen Man rises,—like a Tiger,—hitherto asleep ! " This person talking to me, indeed, of ' Religion ' ! Faugh ! " Away ! He is gone !

The late GEORGE CRUIKSHANK,—it is well known, in the latter part of his life,—became very earnest in Religion. He was accustomed to try to talk to all about the Solemn Subjects of God, Christ, and Eternity. A French gentleman asked the Writer in the train, coming from Paris. " Do you not think Cruikshank must have become deranged ? " (*Avoir le cerveau dérangé ?*) The Ballet,—the Theatre,—Cards, Novels, Dances, Travels, Dinners, Cookery, Music, Singers, Gambling, Races, Drinks, Sports,—by many would have been at once entered into with endless interest, and,—no doubt,—with the knowledge,—a lifetime of Frivolous pursuits, and pleasures, had acquired. But the immortal Soul,—the Eternity,—to which all of us are fast hastening,—oh ! to broach *such* Subjects a person must be " *dérangé*." It, no doubt, appears so to the Christless, the lifeless, the Spiritually *dead*. These two Subjects of the two Kingdoms are thus absolutely opposed in their beliefs, their habits, their customs, their opinions, their pursuits, their loves. Their very aims, and ambitions are utterly antagonistic, conflicting,

—warlike. The objects of the followers of this World, and its Prince, are temporal, material,—“this World only,”—Secular,—and look with contempt at the objects, lives, and desires, of the Followers of Jesus Christ,—which are Eternal. Christ’s Followers are not “of this World,”—they are Subjects of Christ’s Kingdom, Unseen, Spiritual.

“I have given them Thy word; and the World hath hated them, because they are not of the World, even as I am not of the World.”

“I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the World, but that thou shouldest keep them from the Evil.”

“They are not of the World, even as I am not of the World.”

FALLEN HUMAN NATURE IS ABSOLUTELY AND DIAMETRICALLY OPPOSED TO THE DIVINE NATURE.

So far from being essentially the same as the Divine, our fallen nature,—(apart from “change” of heart,—called “Conversion”),—is,—ever has been,—and ever will be, absolutely opposed in every conceivable way to every Precept and Command of God and Christ!

We cannot keep the very first Commandment,—we can no more “love God with all our Hearts” than we can Fly! There is not a Precept or Command of our Lord’s which does not go utterly against the grain of our human nature. “Love your Enemies.” What Nation, Heathen or Civilised, ever even pretends, or desires, to attempt such a thing? “Lay not up Treasure upon Earth,”—where exists the Nation, or People, who are not busily engaged in doing so?

THE “FALL” OF MAN WAS A FINAL ONE.

“Thou shalt surely die.” Adam did not die,—physically,—he lived many years after,—but he “fell” from God altogether. He *died* Spiritually. We hear no more of his communing happily with his God in the Garden. *Far from it!* God left him,—was compelled to do so, as the awfully Holy God could commune no longer with Sin. God knew *Murder* would be the next thing to appear in a fallen World. Jesus Christ also left the Sinful World to the “Prince” of it. At present this is not Christ’s Kingdom, at all.

“Hereafter I will not talk much with you: for the prince of this World cometh, and hath nothing in me.”—*John xiv., 30.*

This fallen, blood-stained World of Sin, Outrage, and Crime, is not *yet* Christ’s Kingdom. It is a Trial Scene,—a Scene of Conflict. We are all born in Sin, and are Subjects of Satan’s temporary rule of this Wicked World. By Nature we are

opposed to God,—there is no Spiritual life in the Natural man. Not an atom! God does not attempt to mend "fallen" human nature. We must be "born again." "A New Heart will I give you"!

"Jesus answered, My kingdom is not of this World: if my Kingdom were of this World, then would my servants fight."

Thus,—“Christians”—Followers of our Saviour,—are, like our Lord,—“not of this World,”—either.

“PROGRESSIVE RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.”

“The white-faced match-box maker who works eighteen hours out of the twenty-four to keep body and soul together, have surely some sort of a claim upon God, apart from being miserable sinners who must account themselves fortunate to be forgiven for Christ's sake. Faugh! It is all so unreal and stupid. This kind of a God is no God at all. The theologians may call Him infinite, but in practice He is finite. He may call Him a God of love, but in practice He is spiteful and silly” (pages 19-20). New Theology, page 19.

An Atheist,—now deceased,—in one of his works relates how he found a poor woman,—one night,—in London asleep, and thinly clad,—he took off his overcoat, laid it gently over her, and then we have the address to God:—“*Thou* left this poor creature in this state,—*I*, an-atheist, cover her,” etc.

Reader, can greater Conceit, unutterable Folly, be conceived? So much more merciful, this atheist, than God! Whereas it was Christ's Followers, who first started Hospitals for the Sick, and we have Reports of £10,000,000 spent in 1907 in London alone, in keeping up “Homes, &c.,” for every imaginable Disease, Want, Destitution. Precious little seems to come from the “Secularists” to support this amazing System of Charity. It is the Subjects of the Kingdom of Jesus Christ, who supply the needful for these, and Mission Efforts. It always has been so! It is the Good God Who puts into the hearts of His Followers every Scheme of Philanthropy.

A CLERGYMAN UPON A “BAFFLED DEITY.”

Leaving the “New Theology” teaching, it is ominous to observe how from other Sources the “Unrest in the Churches” in our day all tends to the same delusive “Larger Hope.” Thus,—this time from a clergyman of the Church of England, we have—

“Christ has been represented as enabling a few,—many of them no better than their unexempted (?) Neighbours,—to evade the Doom intended for them (?) merely by ‘believing’ certain Historical Propositions . . . The Articles of the Church do not embody the Doctrine of Everlasting Punishment,—the vengeance of a Baffled Deity.”

It really seems as if we "laymen"—who, like the Writer of this Book,—have never "Preached a Sermon" in his Life,—have,—nevertheless,—to teach the "Clergy" the first Principles of Christ's true full "Gospel." (1) "The Doom intended for them." It shows the Shallow,—not to say irreverent, totally misunderstood idea of too many of the Professional teachers of Religion.

The solemn "doom" alluded to, we are expressly told by Christ was never "INTENDED for THEM AT ALL,—but for the "DEVIL, and his ANGELS,"—

"Then shall He say unto them on the left hand, Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels."

Unless we choose wilfully to commit Soul-Suicide by Unbelief,—obstinate Pride,—and Rejection of Christ,—or ruin our Souls by other Sins,—the Blessed "doom" intended for us,—has,—on the contrary,—*ever* been the following,

"Come, ye Blessed of My Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the World.

(2) "Saving,"—"Changing,"—Grace,—the being "drawn" by God the precious Holy Spirit to Christ,—the being "born again," resting on His Merits for Salvation,—is *rather* a different matter to "merely believing certain historical propositions."

(3) Lastly,—every true Christian Believer challenges the irreverent expression, "Baffled Deity." Coming from the Pulpit such shallow,—thoughtless,—words are indeed *deplorable!* Whether those once instructed in the Gospel,—choose to despise, reject,—neglect,—or humbly, earnestly, lovingly "come to Christ,"—and are "Saved," *either way*, God is never "Baffled,"—or to be "Mocked," *Certainly not!* So far from it, the experience of every devoted,—faithful,—earnest,—Minister of Christ's Gospel is that of the Great Evangelist the Apostle Paul,—a "*Triumph*," not a failure!

"Now thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to TRIUMPH IN CHRIST, and maketh manifest the savour of his knowledge by us in every place."

"For we are unto God a sweet savour of Christ, in them that are saved, and in them that perish."

"To the *one* we are the savour of death unto death; and to the other the savour of life unto life. And who is sufficient for these things."—II. Cor. ii., 14.

The Clerical Authority concludes,

"No wonder such a Christianity is falling like a house of cards!"

NOTE.—After such an exposition of Pulpit teaching, one ventures the conviction that from too many Pulpits in our day, there is not *much* "Christianity" to "fall."

From another "New Theologian" we have the following,—

"It makes God even more incompetent than the traditional view does. For untold ages,—apparently He has been preparing this World for the advent of humanity,—only to find the moment humanity enters it,—the whole Scheme is spoiled (?) But we need not seriously consider this view of a "fall," as the facts are overwhelmingly against it."

(1) It is claimed that the candid Reader of this volume will admit that the "evidence" of our Senses,—the "Facts" ever before our eyes, affords us,—on the contrary,—"overwhelming" conclusions of a very awful "Fall" in Man, indeed.

(2) While *so far* from the "whole Scheme being spoiled,"—the Reader will allow that the Chapters in this Volume (Page 404 to 408),—"demonstrate" the absolute necessity of a "Scheme" for a World *expressly intended* to be a *Scene of Trial*.

So far from being "spoiled,"—"Just and true are all Thy ways." The Supreme never created this World to be merely filled with "Puppets,"—"Marionettes,"—"Automatons,"—but with intelligent beings, capable of Free Will, and "Choice," and, without "Trial," *Virtue*,—which is resistance of "Sin,"—and "choice" of Goodness—would be an impossibility. Why? Because there is no "virtue" in doing what we could not,—from our very constitution,—as "Puppets,"—help doing.

Whoever talks of a "Virtuous" Sewing Machine,"—or a "Pious" Steam Engine? Without "Sin,"—"Evil,"—"the Wicked,"—being permitted to exist,—or to be possible,—this World could never have answered its purpose as a Test, or Trial Ground of Mankind, and "Virtue,"—and real,—proved,—tried,—"Goodness" would have been an impossibility.

Take away his free choice,—his free Will,—you might have a *perfect* "Machine," but you would not have "a Man"!

Half-hearted belief in Christ's words,—a tendency to explain away all His solemn warnings as to the final doom, not only of the Wicked, but of the "Unprofitable servant,"—is the feature of our day. Modern teachers take upon themselves to draw away the belief of multitudes in the unimpeachable veracity of Christ, by claiming the "sweet reasonableness" of their own views of "the Eternal Hope;"—the "larger hope;"—Universal pardon for all; a relenting, and mild God of their own devising.

These suasive Teachers treat the doctrine of the Eternal punishment of the Wicked as an exploded belief, suited only for a primitive degree of intelligence,—in fact,—a truth suitable

to frighten naughty children with. Will it be credited that intelligent, eminent Preachers, who have necessarily made the Bible their study for years, positively assert that they can discover nothing in the New Testament to favour the truth of the Eternal misery of lost souls!

How any fairly intelligent person,—willing to admit God's words,—and Christ's words,—to be final,—can deny the Resurrection,—Immortality,—Final Judgment,—and Eternal Punishment of the impenitent Wicked,—is, indeed, amazing! A mind prepared to continue, resolutely, in Unbelief,—after these repeated statements of Christ,—on this Subject, can have little difficulty in rejecting any other truths of Revelation.

SHUFFLING AND JUGGLING WITH WORDS. THE VALLEY OF HINNOM. THE "SACRAMENTS."

Yet to show the Shifts "Unbelief" is driven to, will it be believed that a great adherent of the Church of England,—now deceased,—in a Letter which appeared in the Papers,—in reply to a Young Inquirer, anxious about this Solemn Subject,—has the following,—

"In the words you quote,—said, in the last few verses of St. Mark to have been uttered by our Lord,—the word *damned* means nothing more than *condemned*. All the horrible and vulgar associations which have formed themselves round the word *damned* were utterly absent from our Lord's mind (!) So, in Matthew, the term *Hell Fire* presents to our minds, after Centuries of Superstitions, and cruel traditions, a very different idea from that of the purifying fires of *Gehenna*—fires lighted to destroy the refuse of great cities which was in our Lord's mind (!)"

and he then goes on to tell the anxious Inquirer that if he thus dismisses Christ's warnings from his mind, and "takes" the Church "Sacrament," all will be well!

The sagacious Reader,—who has perused the Pages, filled with our Lord's Awful Warnings, in the last three Chapters, will see, in the above, the delusive teaching of "the Church." Search the New Testament through,—Christ *never* alluded to the "Valley of Hinnom,"—or "Gehenna" in the remotest way throughout His entire Ministry. What,—on earth,—have we Christians, in 1908, to do with a "precipitous ravine outside Jerusalem"? Such juggling with Christ's solemn Warnings to Sinners is worse than childish,—it is on the part of an intelligent person,—applied to a Young Inquirer, designedly false!

(2) The Reader will note the colossal impudence of any one presuming to tell "young inquirers" what "was in our Lord's mind nigh 2,000 years ago" (!) What was in our

Saviour's mind was that we have all a "Hell to Shun." It shows how even in religious delusions,—

"The Heart is deceitful above all things,—and desperately wicked,—who can know it?"

The Reader will also note the "High Church" method of treating "Evangelical" Truths, as "horrible and vulgar,"—and, as usual, substituting the delusive "Sacrament," and "Priest," for simple Faith in Christ's solemn warnings and Atonement!

This was the beginning,—in 1830,—at Oxford,—of the "High" Church Schism, the exactly opposite movement to the "Evangelical" one, started by the pious Simeon, Wilberforce, Thornton, Henry Martyn, etc. Rumours,—at first amusing to many,—came that an "Oxford Sect," within "the Church," were issuing Tracts,—hence their name "Tractarians,"—extolling "Priestcraft,"—exclusive reliance for Salvation on "the Sacraments,"—on posture,—feasts,—even "the Confessional." They vigorously proselytised the young,—taught the only way of Salvation to be the Lord's Supper administered *by them*, the Priests alleged to be the "Apostolic Succession." As there is no authority for the Institution of such delusions by Christ, they had,—and still have,—to fall back upon "Traditions," Superstitions, of the Middle Ages, etc. Tens of thousands of the "Tracts for the Times" were sold, *disparaging* Protestantism, the glorious "Reformation," and inviting all to come under the protection of the Priesthood reposing their souls upon others, and to obey them in all things. The old, old bait to draw away from,—and belittle,—the true saving "Belief" in our Lord alone, and His all-availing "Atonement." Anything rather than urging the Young to apply to Jesus Christ direct for themselves, resting upon His precious Sacrifice alone.

(4) This explains the advice to the Young Inquirer to regard our Lord's Solemn Warnings as "vulgar," and "horrible,"—the introduction of the word "Gehenna." The old delusion of the "Sacrament,"—having Miraculous efficacy at a Sinner's death-bed, is opposed to Scripture,—Reason,—and Common Sense.

"HOW CAN TWO WALK TOGETHER EXCEPT THEY BE AGREED?"
AMOS. III. 3.

In a Sermon by a Bishop at Christmas, 1907,—the following occurred:—

"There is no reason why the war between High and Low Church should exist. There were two possible readings of the formulas of the

Church of England, and even those who were convinced that they were right in one way had no right to be intolerant with those who held other views."—*Daily Paper*.

To which the following reply appeared :—

PEACE IN THE CHURCH.

"Can the Bishop of — be serious? He is reported to have said in his Christmas sermon that 'there were two possible readings of the formularies of the Church of England, and those who hold one view should not be unbrotherly to those who hold the other.' This can only mean that in the Church of England two opposite doctrines may be lawfully taught to and believed by its members. If so there is an end of the Church of England. For as the Christian faith is one, and as two diametrically opposed doctrines cannot both be true, a Church that teaches opposite doctrines cannot be the true Church."

There is,—unfortunately,—excellent Reason for strenuous opposition. For how can the excellent "Evangelical,"—or "Low" Church,—who hold much the vital Truths of Non-conformists,—possibly much longer walk in agreement, or attend the Services of a totally different "Ritual,"—"Views,"—or "Formulas" of the Church to those they alone have any belief in,—or intend shall be taught their children?

No! The two systems are totally opposed to each other. The excellent "Evangelical" or "Low" church must separate from Services, Ritual, and Teaching, they hold to be a dangerous delusion,—and entirely destructive of the True, Protestant "Church of England."

What on earth is there to "refine" such in the Future World of Misery? Has it "refined" the fallen Spirits,—the Devils? Not a bit of it! We may depend upon it, no sooner has the Great Judge pronounced the doom of the Wicked than they will burst out into horrible Rage, and frantic Blasphemies against that God,—and that Christ, Whom they have avoided and hated,—sufficiently *already* in *this* World,—becoming Demons themselves. Here comes in that old, old delusion of Mankind, "Religion by Proxy,"—the eternal "Priest," with his "absolutions,"—his "hocus pocus," "Purgatory," Prayers paid for dead Persons, etc.

The simple "remembrance" Meeting of living Christians,—enjoined by our Lord merely to be kept in remembrance "of Him,"—raised into a "Sacrament" by Church Superstition, into a rite to be administered to a dying Sinner comparable to the "Extreme Unction" of Rome. There is not a word of our Lord to give authority to such delusive,—superstitious, use of what our Saviour called the Last "Passover" (not "Sacrament.")

DR. PALMER,—THE POISONER,—AND THE SACRAMENT (!)

This "Religion by Proxy," "the Priest,"—just suits fallen Man! The vilest Characters,—after a life-time of crime,—cling with desperate obstinacy to this "calling in" at the last of these outward Rituals. That frightful Character, Palmer,—the perfectly cool, callous, Murderer it is believed,—of some 13 Persons, who either owed him Money,—or from whose death he would benefit,—stuck to "the Church," to the last!

"Palmer would go a long journey to be in time to attend Church. He was very audible in the responses,—and took notes of the Sermons" (!) He obtained £13,000,—insurance on the Life of his poor Wife,—beloved by all who knew her,—*after paying the first Premium*,—she dying September 22, 1854,—the other Insurance on his brother,—who died to the amazement of his doctor,—a very heavy insurance,—was absolutely resisted by the Companies, who sent Detectives down. The only sign he ever gave of feeling, was that for Months after his Wife's Murder, Palmer would *never sleep alone*, he would "treat" one of his racing Companions,—or his friend Cooke,—(whom he poisoned, Midnight, Tuesday, 20th November, 1855, at the Talbot Arms, Rugeley), if they would *sleep in the Room with him*.

Palmer was hung at Stafford, Saturday, 14th June, 1856. Yet in Palmer's Diary, six days after his Wife's death,—he then living with the Servant Girl,—ruined like some dozen others,—a resident of Rugeley asserted,—by him,—Palmer has the entry, "*To church,—Sacrament*" (!) (See Racing, Gambling, page 696, vol. II. of this Book. Ward, Lock & Co.'s "Life" 1856.)

Any "church" delusion suits "fallen" human nature,—however grotesque. We see here the *fathomless* credulity of the Wicked! What a being must their "God" be,—what must their notion of the Supreme be,—whom they conceive that they can bamboozle by such *outward* absurdities! So in Russia, the eternal bowing to "Icons" (Pictures) and then read the crimes committed there!

A Ruffian Brigand of South Italy,—the Murderer of 7 persons,—was aided by the deluded Peasants,—and considered a man to be revered,—because he was known to *wear* a Relic of some Saint round his neck!

"The Church,"—whether Catholic, or "High Church,"—alike deprecate the right of Private Judgment, or "Faith,"—apart from "Priests." She is prepared to relieve her Sons of all their doubts,—fears,—and responsibilities, and if they support her liberally,—and obey unquestioning her decision,—she undertakes the tremendous Responsibility of guaranteeing their Safety, and Salvation.

THE "PASSOVER" CONVERTED INTO A "SACRAMENT."

The Simple last gathering of our Lord's disciples to partake of their "Passover,"—their *last*,—and our Lord's simple direction to continue the practice "in Remembrance" of our Lord,—was soon,—corrupted into the Superstitious, Unscriptural, "Sacrament" of the dark Middle Ages. Instead of a simple gathering of LIVING Christians, it has been corrupted into a Sacrament brought by,—and administered by a "Priest,"—(always a Priest) to the DYING. Of course it immensely increased the Power of the Clergy. There is not a word in Scripture to authorise these delusions. The fellow Christians were to "pass the cup round,"—to "partake ye all of it." Copying the Services of the Heathen Temples of Rome, gradually the Priest, in gorgeous Robes,—with his *back to the audience*, kept "the cup," and "Bread" *to himself* before "an Altar" in the Cathedrals. It is all a gradual corruption of the Simple, Spiritual, personal Religion of Christ, and of the Early Christians.

Our Common Sense and Scripture alike, tell us that Thousands of the Early Christians were led to their Saviour and their God, generations before "Altars,"—"Vestments,"—Cathedrals,—or Priests were ever dreamt of,—*they* certainly never issued from the Pentecostal Chamber.

"Howbeit many of them which heard the Word believed; and the number of the men was **about five thousand.**"

"Praising God, and having favour with all the people. And the Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved."

"Then had the churches rest throughout all Judea and Galilee and Samaria, and were edified; and walking in the fear of the Lord, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost were multiplied."

Thus multitudes were led to their Saviour and their God,—**ages** before the Mitres, Candles, Images, Popes, Pictures, Incense, Sacraments, etc., ever came into existence. These were all gradually copied from the Heathen Temples of Rome in Constantine's time. They had their Candles, Altars, Bells, Priests, Processions, Images, Idols, etc. It is all a delusion! Christ taught a Spiritual Religion. His true "Church" is a Spiritual, not an outward one.

"But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth: for the Father seeketh such to worship Him."

The Apostle John, the "Beloved Disciple," never even mentions the incident of the Bread and Wine at all.

The beloved Apostle John,—who actually lay upon Jesus' breast at their last "Passover,"—never even *mentions* the Incident *at all*! There is not a word about a Priest adminis-

tering it,—or taking it to a dying Person. They were simply to “pass it round.”

“And He took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it.”

“And He took the cup, and gave thanks, and said, Take this, and divide it among yourselves.”—*Luke xxii.*, 16.

OUR LORD CALLED IT A “PASSOVER,” NOT A “SACRAMENT.”

It was simply a “Remembrance,”—the *last* Passover they would partake together.

“And He said unto them, With desire I have desired to eat this PASSOVER with you before I suffer.”—*Luke xxii.*, 15.

“And He said, Go into the city to such a man, and say unto him, The Master saith, My time is at hand; I will keep the PASSOVER at thy house with My disciples.”

If certain Christians find these outward observances helpful to Piety, let them adhere to them in a simple manner. But what an immense increase to the Power of the Clergy did this Superstitious corruption of this Incident confer! For ages what Scenes of Outrage,—Wars,—Massacres,—smouldering bones of Pious Martyrs,—has this Superstition caused! To force the Masses to bow to the Priests, and Tyrants, corrupt Wretches like those debauchees Louis XIV., XV.,—on the Throne, how many Thousands of the noblest and best of Christ's Martyrs had to die in agonies at the Stake!

It is all a Delusion! Bringing the “Sacrament” to a dying Villain can avail nothing!

A Confirmed Atheist,—Brigand,—Swindler of the Poor, the *Debauchee*, *Murderer*,—or *Ruffian*,—in *this* World,—would be the same in the next if God any longer permitted them to continue to ruin others. But HE WILL NOT! Death *alters* no man! There is no changing one's past actions, one's Life, or *Character*, in the Tomb, Prayers for the Dead are a mere waste of time. As the Rotten Tree falls,—there—a rotten tree it lies!

WILL GOD EVER CHANGE HIS DECREES?

Will then Almighty God Who spared not His best beloved children, alter His Stupendous Schemes for Eternity, for *one*,—ten,—a thousand,—or for *Billions*, of Impenitent, Rebellious, Apostate Sinners?

It is *absurd*,—*monstrous*,—to imagine that He will, or *ever intended* to do so! *Certainly* He will not! Let no one

think it! Supposing Myriads of presumptuous, self-willed, creatures, puffed up with their so-called,—extremely doubtful—“Scientific” knowledge,—attempt to dethrone God,—and dare to reject His proffered Salvation,—through Jesus Christ,—offered now to us all alike, *what then?* Having offered this Salvation to all, and urged it upon us from childhood to the Grave, will God alter His Schemes for Eternity because Millions choose to neglect it? Let no one think it! Certainly He will not! There will be *other* developments in Eternity,—the “Day of Salvation” will then have passed! The Gospel is offered to all Mankind *once*, but *once* only! For us it is now, or never!

“Now is the accepted time. Now is the *Day of Salvation*.”—II. Cor. vi., 2.

How could Debauchees,—Atheists, Murderers, Swindlers of the Poor,—the Immoral,—the Drunken,—the Depraved,—the Vicious *enjoy* Heaven?

The Idea is Grotesque! They cannot bear the very thought of Religion in *this* World.

SUCH COULD NOT POSSIBLY ENJOY HEAVEN IF THEY GOT THERE.

“Oh! if I can but get to Heaven at last!”

Such forget that,—in order to enjoy that “Heaven” there must be a *change*! Our very Natures must undergo a change during our “three score years and ten!” It is for this very reason God gives us all those years. Our real life’s work is centred in this being “born again!”

“If I can only just get into Heaven at last!” There would not possibly be “enjoyment” of “Heaven” for such if he does not,—in a sense,—“get into Heaven” before! The only true Salvation begins with a Christian life commenced in this present World.

Only let the Unregenerate,—unsanctified,—retain their Especial,—long-loved Sins,—they will “go to church,” “take the Sacrament,”—and be as loud in the “Responses” as any!

The Supreme expresses His weariness and disgust at “sham,” going through,—for years,—an outward religious programme,—“Collects,” and “Responses,” and then going home to a Religionless, prayerless, inconsistent, Worldly life!

“Bring no more vain oblations, * * * * The calling of Assemblies, I cannot away with! It is iniquity, even the solemn Meeting!”

“God is a Spirit,—and they that Worship Him must Worship Him in Spirit and in Truth!”

"Religion,"—true Piety,—makes a Prayerful, a better—a higher-principled man,—a self-denying,—a kinder,—a humbler,—man !

If it does not, then all his "church-going," his responses,—his "professions," are a delusion, and self-deception.

If the "Services," Hymns, Anthems, and Music, do not enable us to do rightly on the Monday,—and the other days of the Week,—what on earth is the use of them ?

Fancy a Worldly,—Pleasure-loving,—Frivolous,—Christless,—Prayerless person,—to say nothing of the Debauchee or Criminal,—SUDDENLY ushered into "HEAVEN" !

Our Common Sense tells us that as Religious Exercises were intolerable, despised, and nauseous to such on Earth,—*"Heaven"* would be rather a Place of *torment*—rather than of *Bliss* to them.

OUR "CHURCHES" A FAILURE.

"The result of a religious Census at Accrington yesterday week was made known on Friday. The Church of England attendance at service on Sunday evening was 2,005, the Nonconformist 3,984, and the Roman Catholic 574. The population of Accrington is 38,000, so that over 30,000 people did not attend any place of worship on Sunday evening."—*Daily Paper* in 1892.

Is it any better in 1908 ? Our "Churches" are too respectable,—the tedious Services,—and Ritual,—Stereotyped Prayers,—etc.,—are too Tedious,—the Sermons,—too Feeble.

The "Church" must go out to the People. The Masses will never come to the Church !

"Yet, for 40 years,—without even an Organ, Painted Windows, Altar, Candles, Choir, "Ordination," "Surplices," or "laying on of hands,"—a single Dissenting Minister,—by purely Evangelical earnest, practical Preaching, and *Example*,—attracted, for a lifetime, an immense Congregation, *always* 6,000 or 7,000 every service in the Metropolitan Tabernacle,—(the seats could be verified)—frequently far more.

The only "laying on of hands" a Young Christian Minister needs, in our day, is the effectual "laying on of hands" of God the precious Holy Spirit ! *All else is in vain !* And the Supreme deposes the bestowal of this essential, and speechlessly important, Gift, to *no man, or men !* It is the prerogative of the Supreme alone !

"The Wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof"—(and we see its *Fruits*)—"but canst not tell whence it cometh ; even so is everyone that is born of the Spirit !"—(*John* iii., 8.)

Nothing is more amazing to the Student of History, than the *incredible* obstinacy with which,—in spite of Ages of Bloodshed,—Persecution,—and Awful Cruelties of Priestcraft, and Priestly Tyranny,—Men still ignore the Simple, Benign, Pure, Practical, True, Spiritual, and Personal Religion of our Lord Jesus Christ. While,—like silly children,—they cling desperately, Age after Age, to a Priesthood and Priestcraft,—which has *imposed*, and *lived upon*, the *credulity* of foolish Mankind, for 2,000 years !

If the increased intelligence of 1908 cannot enable our Race to select our "Pastors," and "Ministers," for ourselves,—support them,—and "esteem them very highly for their Work's sake," (I. Thess. v. 13), if we cannot do this without attributing to them any Miraculous Gifts, or Powers,—we may almost despair both of the Common Sense,—and of the Future of Mankind.

Instead of Candles,—Choirs,—Processions,—Cathedrals,—Organs,—“Incense,”—Music,—Vestments,—and mysterious “hocus pocus” of Priests before Altars,—we need earnest, really converted “Apostolic” Christian Ministers, capable of Preaching the **Pure Gospel** of our Lord Jesus Christ, powerfully, and faithfully, to the **People of England**!

Instead of listening to every new Delusion,—or Childish dependence upon a Religion of Proxy by outward Ritual, Priests, “Sacraments,” etc.,—let us read prayerfully Christ’s Words for ourselves. Let us seek to “come to,”—and “find Christ, as a Personal Saviour,—by application to God in His Name.

Remembering that true Piety is a communion of the individual Soul with God,—an Unseen,—Spiritual,—not an outward thing. Let us adopt the Practical, Self-denying Life of Private Piety, and Prayer, described by that good Servant of God,—Dr. Doddridge, in this Volume, **Page 429**.

“DIRECTIONS FOR MAINTAINING CONTINUED COMMUNION WITH GOD AND LIVING IN HIS FEAR ALL DAY LONG.”

“THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF RELIGION IN THE SOUL.”

See Page 429.

WISHING TO SEE CHRIST.

And there were certain Greeks among them that came up to Worship at the Feast :

The same came therefore to Philip, which was of Bethsaida of Galilee, and desired him, saying “Sir, we would see Jesus.”—*John xii., 20.*

A PERSONAL SAVIOUR.

We would “see Jesus,”—that great Rock Foundation,

On which our Souls are set, through Sovereign Grace.

Nor Life, nor Death, with all their agitation,

Thence can *remove us* if we see His face.

We would “see Jesus,” life is far too blinding,

And “Heaven” appears too dim,—too far away :

We would see Him to gain the sweet reminding,

That He hath *promised all our Debts to pay!*

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE TRUE "ETERNAL HOPE."

The old Theology,—versus the "New Theology."

THE CHRISTIAN'S "ANCHOR" TO THE SOUL OF THE
"BELIEVER."

GOD CONFIRMS IT BY AN OATH.

"Wherein God, willing more abundantly to shew unto the heirs of promise the immutability of His Counsel, confirmed *it* by an Oath :

"That by two immutable things, in which *it was* impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us :

"Which *Hope* we have as an Anchor of the Soul, both sure and stedfast, and which entereth into that within the veil ;

"Whither the Forerunner is for us entered, *even* Jesus, made an high priest for ever after the order of Melchisedec.

"For Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many ; and unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time without Sin unto Salvation.

"And almost all things are by the law purged with blood ; and without shedding of blood is no Remission."—*Hebrews* vi., 17-20.

A DYING GOD,—THE ONLY TRUE GOSPEL,—JESUS CHRIST
DIVINE.

"And being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the Death of the Cross."

"I am the good Shepherd : the good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep."

"I am the door : by Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture."

"But ye believe not, because ye are not of My sheep, as I said unto you."

"My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me :

"And I give unto them eternal life ; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand.

"My Father, which gave them Me, is greater than all ; and no man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand.

"I and My Father are one."

NOTE.—"Greater than all." Whilst upon Earth,—in human form,—it is true, our Divine Lord "humbled Himself."

"And made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a Servant, and was made in the likeness of men."

Therefore,—speaking of His, then, human condition,—in this sense we are to understand, "My Father is greater than all."



The **READER** is asked especially to turn to **Pages 195-200,**
—on the **TRINITY OF GOD.**

The Advent of the Messiah. The only True Gospel.

"He was Wounded for our Transgressions. He was Bruised
for our Iniquities. By His Stripes we are healed."

THE ATONEMENT,—THE CHRISTIAN'S "ETERNAL HOPE."

"But for Thy Saving Grace, we know we should never in Glory see,
The Image of THAT Face, which once grew pale and agonized for
me!"

"Why! He was a Sinner—like the others"! **JUSTICE** cries. "True"
says the all just, yet indulgent God. "Many Sins—many Falls—but He
took Me at My Word"! He came to Me in My own way! He took
hold of My strength, and made Peace with Me. And what is this that
I see upon that once-sinful Soul? Surely it is the Blood of My dear
Son? I shall "PASS OVER." I see NO Sinner THERE!

"Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect? It is God
that justifieth."

"Who is he that Condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather,
that is risen again, who is even at the right-hand of God, who also
maketh intercession for us."—*Romans viii., 33.*

Having in the last Chapters considered the fatal "Fall" of Mankind from God his Creator,—proved by the entire History of our Race in every Clime, and Nation,—let the following Chapter present to us,—in our LORD'S OWN WORDS,—the only True "Eternal Hope,"—or "Redemption,"—now offered to us all, during this day of Grace,—offered alike to Saint and Sinner,—but especially to the Sinner.

"And Jesus answering said unto them, They that are whole need not a physician ; but they that are Sick.

"I came not to call the righteous, but Sinners to repentance."—*Luke* v., 31-2.

IT IS NOW,—OR NEVER.

"Behold, now is the accepted time ; behold, now is the day of Salvation."

"Receiving the end of your faith, even the Salvation of your souls."

"I,—Jesus,—have sent My angel to testify unto you these things in the Churches. I am the offspring of David, and the bright and morning star.

"And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

"How shall we escape, if we neglect so great Salvation ?"

THE UNFAILING "ETERNAL HOPE" OF THE CHRISTIAN, THE GREAT "MESSIAH," CAME AT LAST.—THE DISAPPOINTED WORLD.—CHRIST REJECTED,—AS HE IS BY MANY IN THIS DAY OF UNBELIEF.—WE "GENTILES," ARE CHOSEN.—OMINOUS SIGNS OF "UNREST IN THE CHURCHES,"—AND MODERN UNBELIEF IN OUR LORD'S DIVINITY.—ARE WE GOING TO FOLLOW THE FATAL EXAMPLE OF THE UNBELIEF OF THE JEWS ?

OUR LORD BEFORE ABRAHAM,—DIVINE,—ALPHA AND OMEGA.

"Jesus said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Before Abraham was, I am."

"Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."

"I am Alpha and Omega, the Beginning and the Ending, saith the Lord, which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty."

"And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth."

"Father, the hour is come ; glorify Thy Son, that Thy Son also may glorify Thee."

"As Thou hast given Him power over all flesh, that He should give eternal life to as many as Thou hast given Him."

"And this is life eternal, that they might know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent."

"I have glorified Thee on the earth ; I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do."

"And now, O Father, glorify Thou Me with Thine own self with the glory which I had with Thee before the world was."

THE BATTLE OF THE PAST IN RELIGION HAS BEEN EVER ABOUT OUR LORD,—IT IS THE BATTLE OF TO-DAY,—IT WILL BE THE GREAT BATTLE OF TO-MORROW ! IT IS "CHRIST," THE DIVINE,—OR "NOTHING."

WHY ? Because as claimed in the previous Chapter, all other "Religions" can dispense with the presence of their Founders,—we Christians,—*cannot* ! The Mohammedan can go on without the dead and gone Mohammed. The Buddhist can continue his weary,—weary,—belief without Gautama Buddha. But, without Christ,—our Divine Saviour, we can do nothing ! The fact is this is Christ's World,—He has always been in this Fallen World,—through the Holy Spirit, Christ's Representative,—"Before Abraham was, I am." The Sceptic very truly observes that the Teachings of other Great Religions by Teachers, ages before the MASTER actually appeared, personally upon Earth (Emmanuel, "God with us")—are in many respects in their best aspects, remarkably similar to the Teachings of our Lord. Certainly they were ! It would have been extraordinary indeed, if they were not, for all the good Prophets were taught by Christ,—through His Holy Spirit. Buddha, Socrates, Plato,—all the truly great Religious Teachers obtained their inspiration from Him. But the followers of Buddha, Confucius, Plato, Socrates, Mohammed etc., never alleged that their Prophet ever rose from the dead,—or,—ever said, "I and My Father are one." "Before Abraham was I am."—"I am the Resurrection and the Life."—"I am Alpha and Omega, the Beginning and the End." Thus true "Christianity" cannot exist a moment without Jesus Christ,—the Divine,—the Personal Saviour.

Find one Flaw in our Lord,—and His Teaching,—and our Christian Religion falls to pieces !

"I am with you" (Christian Believers), "always, even unto the end of the World."

"Without Me ye can do nothing."

"Abide in Me, and I in you. I am the Vine, ye are the branches, as the branch cannot bear fruit of itself except it abide in the Vine, no more can ye, except ye abide in Me."

"If a man abide not in Me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered, and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned."

To all True Christian Believers,—"Christianity" is really "Christ." In fact, it is Christ,—or Nothing

This fact all Sceptics,—sooner or later,—have to recognise. Why ? Because Christ stops the way to Perdition ; and every Unbeliever has to meet Christ,—must first get rid of Him,—must push past Him and His Cross ! Consequently, you will always find that Unbelievers have,—at last,—to come to the

solemn Subject of Jesus Christ ! They seem to be always at it ! The "Unitarian" has to deny His Divinity. Strauss (1836) and Renan (1863) have to write their "Life of Christ." Voltaire, Paine, Ingersoll, etc., all give their views of Christ. The last writing Bradlaugh ever sent to the Press, shortly before his death, was upon Christ. Beginning with the Old Testament, "Unbelief" *cannot stop* ! So it is with the "New" Divinity of our day ; beginning with opposing Paul's writings, before long it must come into direct opposition to Christ. His Miracles,—His Miraculous Birth,—His sinlessness,—His Resurrection,—the necessity of His Atonement,—all must be cavilled at, and belittled !

PHILIP WISHES TO SEE GOD THE FATHER.

"Philip saith unto Him, Lord, shew us the Father, and it sufficeth us."

"Jesus saith unto him, Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known Me, Philip ? he that hath seen Me hath seen the Father ; and how sayest thou then, Shew us the Father ?"

"Believest thou not that I am the Father, and the Father in Me ?"

"Jesus knowing that the Father had given all things into His hands, and that He was come from God, and went to God."

(1) THE ONCE CRUCIFIED SAVIOUR WILL ONE DAY RULE OVER ALL.

"For He must reign, till He hath put all enemies under His feet."

"Far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every Name that is named, not only in this World, but also in that which is to come."

"And hath put all things under His feet, and gave Him to be the head over all things to the Church."

(2) EITHER IN MERCY, OR IN JUDGMENT, EVERY KNEE WILL ONE DAY BOW.

"Wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a name which is above every name."

"That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in Heaven, and things in Earth, and things under the earth."

(3) THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

"And almost all things are by the law purged with blood ; and without shedding of blood is no remission."

"For it is not possible that the blood of bulls and of goats should take away sins."

"Wherefore when He cometh into the world He saith, Sacrifice and offering Thou wouldst not, but a body hast Thou prepared Me."

"In burnt offerings and sacrifices for sin thou hast had no pleasure."

"Then said I, Lo, I come (in the volume of the Book it is written of Me) to do Thy will, O God."

(4) THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

"I am the good Shepherd, and know My sheep, and am known of Mine."

"As the Father knoweth Me, even so know I the Father; and I lay down My life for the sheep."

(5) JESUS DIES.

"Then said Jesus, Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do. And they parted His raiment, and cast lots."

"And about the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani? That is to say, My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

"And straightway one of them ran, and took a sponge, and filled it with vinegar, and put it on a reed, and gave Him to drink."

(6) CHRIST'S WAS A FINISHED WORK.

"When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar, He said, It is finished; and He bowed His head, and gave up the ghost."

"And when Jesus had cried with a loud voice, He said, Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit; and having said thus, He gave up the ghost."

"As the Father knoweth Me, even so know I the Father; and I lay down My life for the sheep."

(7) THE ONLY WAY TO GOD.

"For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God."

(8) NO ONE CAN ADD TO CHRIST'S WORK, OR TAKE AWAY FROM IT.

"For I testify unto every man that heareth the words of the prophecy of this book, If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book."

"And if any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city, and from the things which are written in this book."

(9) THE MIRACULOUS, OR VIRGIN BIRTH.

"Behold, a Virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a Son, and they shall call His name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us."

"And she shall bring forth a Son, and thou shalt call His name Jesus: for He shall save His people from their sins."

"And, behold thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and bring forth a Son, and shalt call His name Jesus."

"He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest: and the Lord God shall give unto Him the throne of His Father David."

"And the Angel answered and said unto her, The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee; therefore also that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God."

"And thou shalt call His name Jesus (Saviour in the Hebrew), for He shall save His people from their sins. For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given; and the Government shall be upon His shoulder; and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace! Of the increase of His Government there shall be no end."—*Isaiah ix.*, 6.

Long, men waited and prayed, and at last in God's good time, just when Religion, Honesty, and Common Decency, seemed to have died out, when things were at their very worst, under the Roman Empire,—the Sun of Righteousness arose upon a dead and rotten World

(10) CHRIST THE CREATOR,—WITH GOD,—OF ALL THINGS.

"In Whom we have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins."

"Who is the Image of the invisible God, the firstborn of every creature."

"For by Him were all things created, that are in Heaven, and that are in Earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers; all things were created by Him, and for Him."

"And He is before all things, and by Him all things consist."

"And He is the head of the body, the Church: Who is the beginning, the firstborn from the dead; that in all things He might have the pre-eminence."

(11) JESUS CHRIST CAME FROM HEAVEN.

"I came forth from the Father, and am come into the world: again, I leave the world, and go to the Father."

"For the Father Himself loveth you, because ye have loved Me, and have believed that I came out from God."

"Jesus said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Before Abraham was I am."

"And he that seeth Me seeth Him that sent Me."

(12) CHRIST HAS ALL POWER.

"And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth."

"As Thou hast given Him power over all flesh, that He should give Eternal life to as many as Thou hast given Him."

"And this is life Eternal, that they might know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent."

But, "at present, we see not all Things put under Him."

(13) ALL ARE INVITED TO COME TO CHRIST.

"I Jesus have sent Mine angel to testify unto you these things in the Churches. I am the root and the off-spring of David, and the bright and morning star."

"And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the Water of Life freely."

(14) NO SINCERE SEEKERS REJECTED.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life."

"All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me; and him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."

(15) GOD WISHES ALL TO ACCEPT HIS PLAN OF SALVATION.

"For God so loved the World, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

"For God sent not His Son into the World to condemn the World; but that the World through Him might be saved."

"He that believeth on Him is not condemned; but He that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God."

WE SHOULD PRAY TO BECOME "CONTRITE" AND "HUMBLE."

"For thus saith the High and Lofty One Who inhabiteth Eternity,—Whose Name is Holy,—I dwell in the High and Holy Place with him also that is of a Contrite and humble spirit,—to Revive the Spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones."

WE SHOULD FEAR GOD.

"For as the Heaven is high above the Earth, so great is His Mercy towards them that fear Him"! The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear Him.

WE MUST TAKE HOLD OF GOD'S STRENGTH THROUGH CHRIST.

"Let him take hold of My strength that he may make Peace with Me, and he shall make Peace with Me."

(16) JESUS WAS IN GLORY WITH GOD BEFORE THE WORLD WAS.

"The same was in the beginning with God."

"All things were made by Him; and without Him was not anything made that was made."

"And now, O Father, glorify Thou me with Thine own self with the glory which I had with Thee before the world was."

"I and My Father are one."

(17) JESUS CHRIST WILL BE THE JUDGE OF ALL.

"For the Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the Son:

"That all men should honour the Son, even as they honour the Father. He that honoureth not the Son honoureth not the Father which hath sent Him."

(18) WE ARE “REDEEMED,”—OR “PASSED OVER,”—BY THE DESTROYER, SOLELY BY THE BLOOD OF CHRIST.

“Neither by the blood of goats and calves, but by His own blood He entered in once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us.”

“Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things.”

“But with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot : the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.”

“So Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many ; and unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time without sin unto Salvation.”

(19) HOW CHRIST SAVED HIS REDEEMED.

“For He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin ; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him.”

“Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness ; by whose stripes ye were healed.”

“Neither is there Salvation in any other ; for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.”

(20) JESUS CHRIST HAS THE KEYS OF HELL, AND DEATH.

“I am the first and the last.”

“I am He that liveth and was dead ; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen ; and have the keys of Hell and of Death.”

“I am the Resurrection, and the Life : he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.”

(21) THERE CAN BE NO “NEW” TEACHING.

“For other Foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.”

“Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the World.”

(22) CHRIST, THE ONLY “WAY,” HIS SHEEP FOLLOW HIM ALONE.

“I am the door : by Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture.”

“Jesus saith unto him, I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life : no man cometh unto the Father, but by Me.”

“My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow me.”

“And I give unto them eternal life ; and they shall never perish. neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand.”

“And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him : for they know not the voice of strangers.”

To the Believer in Christ's Divinity, these Extracts are a Chapter of supererogation. He knows, “in Whom he has Believed.” He accepts Christ's Teaching and only true Gospel,—as given in the above extracts, from the New Testament, as Final.

But he will admit that,—in our day of "Unrest in the Churches," that a vast number of intelligent,—thoughtful,—Young Men,—in our day,—hear Doubts expressed by Ministers who ought to be their Spiritual Leaders,—and, too often, listen to false teachers instead of deciding upon a Christian Course for themselves. Hence one cannot too often consider the true Gospel Message.

(23) CHRIST REJECTED BY THE WORLD AS NEEDLESS, AND IS SO NOW.

"He was in the World, and the World was made by Him, and the World knows Him not."

"He came unto His own, and His own received Him not."

"But as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name."

"If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

"If we say that we have not sinned, we make Him a liar, and His word is not in us."

"If we say that we have no Sin, we deceive ourselves, and the Truth is not in us."

(24) ARE WE CHRIST'S? WE MUST EXAMINE OURSELVES.

"But God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

"Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith; prove your own selves. Know ye not your own selves, how that Jesus Christ is in you, except ye be reprobates?"

"Now if any man hath not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His."

"And if Christ be in you, the body is dead because of sin; but the Spirit is life because of righteousness."

"THE FALL."

The "Fall" of Man was not only real, but *complete*,—so *final*, indeed, that God does not attempt to patch up our utterly "fallen" Nature." We have not a particle of true,—real saving,—"grace,"—"faith," or "love of God,"—in our old original human nature. Not a particle! "*A New Heart* will I give you; a *New Spirit* will I put within you, and I will take away the *stony heart*, and give you a Heart of Flesh."

"Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

"Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again."

"The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit."

"Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."

Nothing can alter the old "fallen" nature. We must have

the "New Heart,"—the "New Birth,"—the "New Creature,"—
"Conversion."

The Extracts from the New Testament given, are,—in a condensed Form,—the

LAST WORDS OF GOD TO HIS FALLEN CREATURE MAN.

The object of this Chapter,—in a day of Feeble, Indecisive, Preaching,—not to say, of Unbelief,—is to ask the Reader to compare the True Gospel Teaching,—the only Way of Salvation which will be ever offered to Mankind,—with the delusive Preaching now known as "Progressive Religious Thought,"—"New Divinity,"—or "New Theology." The attempt to introduce a New Gospel is delusive, simply because "progressive thought,"—is of this Earth, "Earthy," the Carnal Reasoning of a Fallen Race.

THE GOSPEL WILL NEVER CHANGE.

For God will *never change*,—nor will there be a "shadow of changing." All Mankind had disappointed their Maker,—all had sinned, and come short of His Will and Love,—but there was One in glory with Him before the World was.

"And now, O Father, glorify Thou me with Thine own self with the glory which I had with Thee before the World was."

The "altogether lovely." Here, then, was one willing to take our Human Form, but as a perfect, sinless, Man.

"Then said I, Lo, I come (in the Volume of the Book it is written of Me) to do Thy will, O God."

"Wherefore when He cometh into the World, He saith, Sacrifice and offering thou wouldst not, but a body hast thou prepared Me :

"In burnt offerings and sacrifices for Sin Thou hast had no pleasure."

"For it is not possible that the blood of bulls and of goats should take away sins."

Here, then, was obedience, at last, by a Perfect Life,—as our Representative,—every Law of God fulfilled.

• THE ENDLESS DIFFICULTY OF THE "UNITARIAN,"—"NEW THEOLOGY," ETC. WAS IT JUST FOR AN INNOCENT CHRIST TO DIE FOR THE UNJUST ?

But was it "Just,"—or "Right,"—for the Just to be sacrificed to die "for the Unjust to bring us to God" ? The

Innocent to die for the Guilty? It was better than "Righteous"! There are deeds too Noble,—live in a HIGHER SPHERE than merely "Right"! They are something even greater, higher than our ideas of "duty,"—more Heavenly! Our Saviour died,—it is true,—the innocent for the guilty,—He suffered agony for us in the Garden,—and on His Cross,—it is true, for there only could "Sin" be conquered,—and forgiven.

"And being in an agony He prayed more earnestly: and His sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground."

Divine Justice accepted the Perfect Life,—the perfect obedience, the Holy Death. He,—who alone could have accomplished it,—our Divine Lord,—bore the Sins of all who chose to come as sincere Seekers to Him,—and, in Him find Redemption, Reconciliation with God,—and a "Treasury filled with Stores of Boundless Grace,"—

"Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth."

God could feel no pleasure in the Death and agony of the innocent,—much less in that of His dear Son,—but it was Joy,—such as God alone could feel,—to see thus,—at last, the perfect obedience,—the all-conquering Love,—and Goodness,—in which all Mankind had failed,—at last accomplished! All Mankind had disappointed their Good Creator,—they had used their Free Will,—Freedom of Choice,—obstinately to disobey Him, and His good Precepts and Laws. They do so still in 1908.

"The Lord looked down from Heaven upon the Children of Men, to see if there were any that did understand, and seek God. They are all gone aside, there is none that doeth good,—no, not one."—*Psalms* xiv., 2.

And really looking at the Sins, Follies, Corruption,—constantly brought to light in 1908,—the World over—may not David's description,—allowing for Eastern metaphor,—be said to be only too true to this day?

It is astonishing how the Sublime Truths of the Gospel are misunderstood by Thoughtless Teachers and Hearers, who cannot relinquish the vague idea of our Saviour's Atonement,—perfect Life,—and obedience ever to Death,—even the Death of a Malefactor,—appeasing the fierce anger of God against Sin. "Would a Father treat a beloved son in such a way"? the prejudiced "Unitarian" triumphantly has asked for ages past. Such entirely miss the Great Mystery of God's Love, and Christ's all-availing Sacrifice. They resolutely fail to recognise that our Lord's Atonement was a willing one.

"Thinkest thou not that I cannot now pray to My Father, and He shall presently give Me more than ten Legions of Angels?"

But He would not! Our Saviour had come to Redeem His true Followers,—the Sun of Righteousness,—the morning Star, had risen upon a Fallen, Dying World,—and Christ accepted a shameful Death, satisfied not the Divine Anger, but God's necessary yearning, and desire after holiness,—righteousness,—and perfect obedience in us His last, and noblest first-fruits of His Creation. Jesus Christ was our Representative, by His Perfect Life as well as His obedience unto Death.

Every one, instead of repairing the Evil Sin had introduced into the World by Adam's disobedience had but too often, left the World worse than he found it. But here, at length, was a "Son of Man,"—yet "fairer than all the Children of Men,"—one on Whom the Father's love could rest with perfect joy and satisfaction.

AN INTRINSIC VALUE IN CHRIST'S SACRIFICE.

Thus there was a Real and Intrinsic value in the offering of our Lord,—Who had dwelt,—infinitely Precious in the bosom of the Fathers from all Eternity. How many an act of Heroic Self-Forgetfulness,—Self-Sacrifice,—stirs our love, and admiration,—which would be most Unjust to demand, or ask for in one reluctant, yet most Glorious in one who freely offers the Sacrifice. Such noble Deeds, are only "NOT JUST," because they are much better than Righteous,—because they move in that Higher Region where Law is no longer needed, seeing that it is superseded by all-conquering Love!

THE CURRENCY OF HEAVEN.

The Debt was paid in Regal coin! The Sins of our Fallen Race were contracted on Earth,—upon a fallen World,—our Lord paid for them in the **Currency of Heaven!**

"But this Man, after He had offered one Sacrifice for Sins for ever, sat down on the right hand of God."

"Now where Remission of these is, there is no more offering for sin."

"Having, therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the Blood of Jesus."

The Debt has been paid for the Redeemed. God does not ask for it to be PAID TWICE. Thus, we see, that there was a REAL INTRINSIC Value in the Willing, and all-availing, Offering of Christ, which enabled Him,—on behalf of Fallen Mankind,—of whom He became the Representative,—to claim AS A RIGHT, —which the all-just Father as joyfully conceded as the Son

demanding,—the Redemption,—under certain conditions of us all, dependent upon our accepting, and following our Lord,—from the Power, and woeful effects of Sin and Satan. Thus opening to all true Christians the "Door" of Eternal Life, the only possible door of access by fallen Man to the awfully Holy Supreme Being.

"I am the Door: by Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved. Verily, I say unto you, I am the Door of the Sheep."—*John x., 7-9.*

(26) THE REDEEMED. CHRIST'S SHEEP.

"Then shall the Righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father. Who hath ears to hear, let him hear."

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away."

The Reader will thus, it is claimed, see the absurdity of "Progressive Religious Thought," when all has been already accomplished, for our Salvation, that ever will be done, and accomplished by Divinity Itself.

(27) THERE CAN BE NOTHING "PROGRESSIVE,"—CHRIST'S WORDS ARE FINAL, COMPLETE.

"Heaven and earth shall pass away: but My words shall not pass away."

"And if any man hear My words, and believe not, I judge him not: for I came not to judge the world, but to save the World."

"He that rejecteth Me, and receiveth not My words, hath One that judgeth him: the Word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the Last day."

"For I have not spoken of Myself, but the Father which sent Me, He gave Me a commandment, what I should say, and what I should speak."

"Jesus cried and said, He that believeth on Me, believeth not on Me, but on Him that sent Me."

"And He that seeth Me seeth Him that sent Me."

(28) WE MUST CONSTANTLY ASK FOR DIVINE GRACE TO "COME" TO CHRIST, AND FOR THAT PRECIOUS "DRAWING" OF GOD, THE HOLY GHOST.

"No man can come to Me except the Father which hath sent Me draw him: and I will raise him up at the last day."

"And He said, Therefore said I unto you, that no man can come unto Me, except it were given unto him of My Father."

"No man can come to Me, except the Father which hath sent Me draw him."

"For by Grace are ye saved through Faith: and that not of yourselves; it is the Gift of God."

(29) GOD WISHES ALL TO BELIEVE IN, AND TRUST TO, CHRIST.

"And this is the will of Him that sent Me, that every one which seeth the Son, and believeth on Him, may have Everlasting life : and I will raise him up at the last day."

"He that believeth on the Son hath Everlasting life : and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life ; but the Wrath of God abideth on him."

(30) THERE MUST BE A LIFE OF PRAYER.

"And He spake a Parable unto them *to this end*, that men ought always to Pray, and not to faint."

"Be careful for nothing ; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God."

"And the Peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."

"If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him ?"

(31) CHRIST, HEIR OF ALL THINGS.

"Hath in these last days spoken unto us by His Son, whom He hath appointed Heir of all things, by whom also He made the worlds."

(32) CHRIST, WHO MADE THIS WORLD, WILL BE WITH THE REDEEMED TO THE END.

"Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you : and, lo, I am with you alway, *even* to the end of the World."

FALSE TEACHERS.

"And He said, Take heed that ye be not deceived : for many shall come in My Name, saying, I am Christ ; go ye not, therefore, after them."

"Avoid profane and vain babblings, and oppositions of Science falsely so-called :

"Which some professing have erred concerning the Faith."

"That your Faith should not stand in the Wisdom of men, but in the Power of God."

"Because the foolishness of God is wiser than men ; and the weakness of God is stronger than men."

"But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God : for they are Foolishness unto him : neither can he know them, because they are Spiritually discerned."

"Because the Carnal mind is Enmity against God : for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be."

"Ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the Truth."

"Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."

"Be not carried about with divers and strange Doctrines."

"And this is life Eternal that they might know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, Whom Thou hast sent."

ENCOURAGEMENT TO THE BELIEVER,—A BACKSLIDER TO WHOM GOD HAS SPOKEN IN YOUTH WHO MAY HAVE FALLEN AWAY.

"Nevertheless,—I will remember My Covenant with thee in the days of thy Youth,—and I will establish unto thee an Everlasting Covenant. That thou mayest remember, and be confounded, and never open thy mouth any more, when I am pacified toward thee for all that thou hast done,—Saith the Lord."—*Ezekiel* xvi., 60, 63.

(32) BUT MANY OBSTINATELY REFUSE TO COME.

"And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil."

(33) MANY THUS "DEPART FROM THE LIVING GOD,"—AND ARE LOST.

"So I swear in My wrath, They shall not enter into My rest."

"Take heed, brethren, lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief, in departing from the living God."

"But I know you, that ye have not the love of God in you."

"Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have Eternal life: and they are they which testify of Me."

"And ye will not come to Me that ye might have life."

(34) MANY REJECTORS OF CHRIST'S GOSPEL DIE IN THEIR SINS.

"Then said Jesus unto them, I go My way, and ye shall seek Me, and shall die in your sins: whither I go, ye cannot come."

"And ye have not His word abiding in you: for whom He hath sent, Him ye believe not."

"I said therefore unto you, that ye shall die in your sins: for if ye believe not that I am *He*, ye shall die in your sins."

(35) REJECTION OF CHRIST, A FEARFUL THING.

"For if we sin wilfully after that we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sins."

"Of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy, who hath trodden under foot the Son of God, and hath counted the blood of the covenant, wherewith He was sanctified, an unholy thing, and hath done despite unto the Spirit of grace?"

"It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God."

(36) THE GOSPEL FOOLISHNESS TO MANY. SUCH REJECT CHRIST.

"But if our Gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost."

"In whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them."

"For the preaching of the Cross is to them that perish Foolishness; but unto us which are saved it is the power of God."

"And ye will not come to Me, that ye might have life."

"But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God : for they are foolishness unto him : neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."

(37) MANY WILL NOT "BELIEVE."

"For the preaching of the Cross is to them that perish Foolishness ; but unto us which are saved it is the power of God."

"But I know you, that ye have not the love of God in you."

"And ye have not His word abiding in you : for whom He hath sent Him ye believe not."

(37) THEY CHOOSE THIS WORLD AND THEIR SINS.

"Because the Carnal mind is enmity against God : for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be."

(39) THE LAST JUDGMENT DAY.

"And the Devil that deceived them was cast into the lake of fire and brimstone, where the beast and the false prophet are, and shall be tormented day and night for ever and ever."

"And I saw a great white Throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away : and there was found no place for them."

"And I saw the Dead, small and great, stand before God : and the books were opened : and another book was opened, which is *the book of life* : and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works."

"And the sea gave up the dead which were in it ; and Death and Hell delivered up the dead which were in them : and they were judged every man according to their works."

"And death and hell were cast into the lake of fire. This is the Second Death."

"And whosoever was not found written in the Book of Life was cast into the lake of fire."

(40) WHERE WILL THOSE STAND WHO ARE CHRISTLESS ?

"And if the Righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the Ungodly and the Sinner appear ?"

Thus,—all through the Scripture,—there runs Two Voices, —(1) The Voice of Acceptance,—Blessing,—Love,—Peace,—and (2) The Solemn,—Awful,—Voice of Warning,—Final Rejection,—"Casting off,"—and Misery. Reader,—while the little day of our life is passing swiftly away,—let us be amongst the "humble" and "contrite" ones,—that we, too, may make our "Peace with God,"—and find in Christ the True Saviour of Mankind. This is the True "ETERNAL HOPE," and the ONLY One.

Having,—in these EXHAUSTIVE Chapters,—considered that Dangerous,—Unscriptural Delusion, termed the "Larger,"—"Higher,"—or "Eternal Hope,"—let us thus GLADLY TURN to the True, "Immutable" Eternal Hope,—confirmed by

God Himself by an Oath. But always speaking to "Believers,"—the Redeemed,—who have *accepted* His offered Salvation through Christ's Merits, and Atonement,—not to others.

This is the ONLY "Sure, and certain Hope" set before "Fallen" Mankind. All else is DELUSION.

There were Offers of Salvation in the Old Testament to all, before the new Dispensation, but always contingent upon a CHANGE taking place,—a Turning Away" from SIN.

There was not one word of "Eternal Hope" for all—Saints and Sinners alike. Far from it! The old Testament,—like the New, teems, on the contrary, with Solemn Warnings as to the result of obstinate, wilful, Sin, and resolute impenitence.

THE SINNER MUST "TURN."

"But if the Wicked turn from his Wickedness,—and doeth that which is Lawful and Right,—he shall surely live."

But "turn," with God's help, he *must*.

"Yet ye say, The way of the Lord is not Equal. O, House of Israel, I will judge you every one after his ways."—*Ezekiel xxxiii.*, 20.

"Say unto them, 'As I LIVE, saith the LORD GOD, I have NO PLEASURE in the Death of the Wicked,—but that the Wicked should turn from his way and live. Turn ye! Turn ye! from your Evil Ways. For why will ye die, O House of Israel?'—*Ezekiel xxxiii.*, 11.

"When the Wicked man turneth away from his wickedness that he hath committed, he shall surely save his Soul, he shall not die. Because he CONSIDERETH,—and turneth away from all his transgressions that he hath committed, he shall surely live."

"Repent,—and turn yourselves from all your transgressions, so Iniquity shall not be your Ruin."—*Ezekiel xviii.*, 27-30.

THE NEW HEART.

"A New Heart will I give you, and a New Spirit will I put within you, and I will take away the Stony heart out of your flesh,—and I will give you a Heart of flesh. And I will put My Spirit within you to walk in My Statutes, and ye shall be My People, and I will be your God."—*Ezekiel xxxvi.*, 26-28.

MAN COMPLAINS THAT GOD IS UNJUST.

"Yet ye say,—'The way of the Lord is not Equal! Hear, now, O House of Israel! Is not My way equal? Are not *your* ways unequal?'—*Ezekiel xviii.*, 25.

"All his Transgressions that he hath committed they shall not be MENTIONED unto him: in his righteousness that he hath done, he shall live.

"Have I any Pleasure AT ALL that the Wicked should die? saith the LORD GOD, and not that he should return from his ways, and live?"—*Ezekiel xviii.*, 22-23.

"The Soul that Sinneth IT SHALL DIE,—but I have no Pleasure in the death of him that dieth, saith the Lord God. Wherefore turn yourselves live yet,"—*Ezekiel xviii.*, 20-32.

GOD WISHES TO "REASON" WITH EVERY SINNER.

"Come now! And let us REASON together, saith the Lord! Though your SINS be as SCARLET, they shall be as WHITE as SNOW, Though they be RED like CRIMSON, they shall be as WOOL!"

NOTE.—Covered by Christ's "Robe of Righteousness, this will be the blessed experience of His Redeemed.

"But if ye Refuse,—and Rebel,—the Destruction of Transgressors,—and Sinners shall be together,—and they that FORSAKE the Lord shall be consumed."—*Isaiah* i., 18-28.

THE LONG PROMISED "MESSIAH," "SAVIOUR," AND "LORD" CAME AT LAST.

The Jewish Nation fully believed their Prophets. They do so *still*! They go with us "Gentiles" to the last Words of the Old Testament,—to the last verse of Malachi! But *there they stop!*

Thus Malachi,—the last of the Prophets,—some 300 years before the advent of our Lord, says—

"And the Lord,—Whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to His Temple,—even the MESSENGER of the COVENANT. Behold! He shall come, saith the Lord of Hosts."—*Malachi* iii., 1.

"Then shall ye discern between the RIGHTEOUS and the WICKED. Between him that SERVETH GOD and him that serveth Him not."—*Malachi* iii., 18.

The Promised "Messiah,"—"Saviour,"—"Redeemer,"—had been long-expected,—by the Jewish Nation. Indeed all the then known World was in expectation of the Coming of some Great Person, or Prophet. The Ancient Books of the Prophets had been anxiously consulted, and Bethlehem had long been looked upon as the Birthplace. Even the Heathen of the Roman World were expecting some Great Event.

"When Herod the King had heard these things, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him."

"And when he had gathered all the chief Priests and Scribes of the people together, he demanded of them where Christ should be born."

"And they said unto him, In Bethlehem of Judæa: for thus it is written by the Prophet."

"And thou, Bethlehem, in the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda; for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule my people Israel."—*Matt.* ii., 6.

"Others said, This is the Christ. But some said, Shall Christ come out of Galilee?"

"Hath not the Scripture said, That Christ cometh of the seed of David, and out of the town of Bethlehem, where David was?"

The first intimation of this gracious Purpose was given just when the first Shadow of Sin had swept over this World, just when our first Parents heard the Sentence, the consequence of their Sin,—that of Death,—passed on them; it

was given in the Words, "The Seed of the woman shall bruise the Serpent's head;" and so it has come to pass! Our Saviour, when He came, told His disciples that—"Many Prophets and Kings have desired to see these things which ye see, and have not seen them."

"And Jesus turned Him unto His disciples, and said privately, Blessed are the eyes that see the things that ye see."

"For I tell you that many Prophets and Kings have desired to see those things which ye see, and have not seen them; and to hear those things which ye hear, and have not heard them."—*Luke x., 23-24.*

What was it those Prophets and Kings desired, and had not, which we have? It was this,—a Saviour and a Saviour's Kingdom. All wise and holy hearts for ages, Heathens, as well as Jews, longed for this,—for One Who should free them from Sin and conquer Evil,—One Who would explain the Evil and Wrong that were in the world. And now this Kingdom is come, and the King of it,—the Saviour of men,—Jesus Christ!

In the Counsels of the Eternal God—in Foresight of the power of Satan and the depravity of man,—this wonderful Counteracting Scheme had been arranged! Wonderful, because it enables God, who is all Justice—to execute His Punishment against Sin to the very uttermost—and yet to pardon and save the repenting Sinner!

But the Proud, Jewish Nation were expecting a *very* different "Messiah" to our Lord! Their Worldly,—Ambitious,—Minds,—were set upon *this* World, *alas*,—they were anticipating a Great Leader,—a "Warrior King" who would reinstate them to become the Foremost Nation,—who would help them to Victory over Rome,—in fact, lead them on to the Conquest of the World!

For a Warrior King they were *prepared*!

THE UNBELIEVERS OF THE JEWS,—A PICTURE OF THE UNBELIEVERS OF THE GENTILES.

We,—Gentiles,—have had far more Light than the Jews enjoyed, our responsibility is greater! Their end was Ruin complete, a rejection lasting for nigh 2,000 years. What may the Gentile Rejectors of our Lord, and His Warnings, expect in our day of Gospel Preaching, an Open Bible,—all done that ever will be done?

The Jews,—unlike us,—were undoubtedly the Heirs of the Promise made to their Fathers. They rightly considered themselves the "chosen" Peoples,—the Gentiles,—the Samaritans, etc., were outside their Church. Yet when Christ came He came to them almost in vain, as a Nation.

"And He did not many mighty works there because of their Unbelief."

Long indeed had they waited ! Here they were,—the Heirs of the Promises,—the Sinful bound by Satan's reign in that Heathen day,—his terrible bondage waiting to be broken,—the ignorant needing instruction:—the "Saviour" appeared just as things seemed rotting under the Roman Heathen World. Here, on the other hand,—was the Great Deliverer,—their Messiah,— "suddenly,"—as the Prophet Malachi,—foretold, "come to His Temple." He was amongst them, full of Grace, with all Power, and willingness to deliver, bless, change, teach, and heal all who would "come to," and "believe" in Him. Christ had come at last ! Yet the two could not meet !

"The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed Me to preach the Gospel to the poor ; he hath sent me to heal the broken hearted, to preach deliverance to the Captives, and recovering of sight to the Blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised."

"To preach the acceptable year of the Lord."

"And He closed the Book, and He gave it again to the Minister, and sat down. And the eyes of all them that were in the synagogue were fastened on him."—*Luke iv., 18-20.*

The Scripture was fulfilled "in their very ears" that day ! Then follow the active proofs in our Lord's Miracles,—the Blind *did* see ! The lame *walked*, even the Dead *were* raised. Look at the Jewish Nation after 2,000 years ! Did they "believe" then,—do they "believe" in Christ *now* ? *Certainly not !* They had come together, but, there was a fatal obstacle that ruined all,—and that fatal obstacle was their *Unbelief !* When Man *WILL* not,—Christ *CANNOT* !

"PRIESTCRAFT" AT THE ADVENT OF JESUS CHRIST.

Mark the speechless amazement, and contempt of the "High Priests" of that day. Their long expected King, who, they fondly hoped,—in their Worldly ambitious minds,—was to lead their Nation on to Victory, and to make it the greatest People and Kingdom ever known,—*come at last !* The great Messiah, of Whose glories sacred Bards had "sung their deathless songs,"—Whom Prophets had foretold,—and Whose advent Angels had heralded,—come at last, and instead of leading them to the Conquest of the World, went about incessantly, *not amongst them*,—not amongst the "Upper Classes," the Rich,—but amongst the Poor,—the "Working Classes,"—the down-trodden,—the Helpless,—the Leper,—the Diseased,—the Depraved ! Oh ! It was a bitter disappointment ! Conquerors,—Warrior Kings,—they had had ! For a *Monarch* they were *prepared* ! But such a Scene as *this* had never been imagined !

What! The "Messiah, the Wonderful, the Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, and the Prince of Peace," come at last,—*passes us by*,—condemns us, the Priests, and the "Established" Clergy, and acknowledged Leaders in Religion,—and goes *at once* to the *Poor*! Come as a carpenter's son,—commands us to follow His example,—that "unless ye have the *spirit* of *Christ*,—ye are none of His!" If the Working Classes of 1908 would but see it, *what* a lesson does our Saviour's life teach to Mankind!

THE PRIESTS REJECT CHRIST.

These Jewish Priests, Proud, Selfish, Corrupt, Avaricious, Grasping,—rigid, as usual, in their demands of "Tithes," from the People,—yet proud of their fancied Sanctity,—full of Pretence, Ritual, and outward Show,—were brought suddenly into contact with their long Promised Messiah! As their last Prophet, Malachi, told them—

"The Lord Whom ye seek,—shall suddenly come to His Temple, but who may abide the day of His Coming? And who shall stand when He appeareth? For He is like a Refiner's fire?"—*Malachi* iii., 1.

Expecting, and longing, for Worldly Power,—Fame,—Conquest,—they were looking for a Warrior King to come who would enable them to rule the World. But the Lord of Heaven and Earth brought to us fallen Creatures a New Testament, and Dispensation,—a Spiritual Kingdom not of this World.

"Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me: for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"Jesus answered, My Kingdom is not of this world: if My kingdom were of this world, then would My servants fight."—*John* xviii., 36.

This Sublime Teaching,—Christ's Holy Life,—Miracles,—unconquerable Goodness,—and unearthly Wisdom merely drove these corrupt, proud, Priests, to Hatred and Revenge, because of the Contrast it offered, before the People, to their wretched Lives and Practices. The Priests never got over, or forgave, that tremendous Denunciation the Lord of Heaven and Earth uttered in Matthew xxiii.

It was not spoken in a corner,—or behind their backs,—but before all the People, and in their own Temple! The Sentence was uttered by One Who "spake as no Man spake"! It was delivered with the Awful Majesty of the Son of God,—and Earthly Authority,—and Pretence,—quailed before it!

Christ exposed them in the Great Temple,—soon to be destroyed,—which for ages they had scandalously corrupted,—where they had led the People into error, and Sin. The

People listened ! The Wicked were without Answer or Appeal ! There was then nothing but MURDER left ! The Great Husbandman had sent them Prophets whom they killed,—lastly His only Son !

"Then gathered the chief priests and the Pharisees a Council, and said, What do we ? for this man doeth many miracles ?"

"If we let Him thus alone, all men will believe on Him."

"And the chief priests and scribes sought how they might kill Him ; for they feared the people."

"Then from that day forth they took Counsel together for to put Him to death."

"Much people of the Jews, therefore, knew that He was there : and they came not for Jesus' sake only, but that they might see Lazarus also, whom He had raised from the dead."

"But the chief priests consulted that they might put Lazarus also to death."

"Because that by reason of him many of the Jews went away, and believed on Jesus."

Christ then gave Himself up ! There was no more to be said ! They were,—like Judas,—*whose feet He had washed*,—now gone past His aid,—past His powers to reach,—or Save ! They might do their worst !

So it is with every obstinate Sinner's Soul,—those who *will* go on in Pride, Unbelief,—and Sin ! Such must run their Course out to the solemn End, and meet what Sin will always lead to.

The Jewish Nation,—a stiff-necked People,—was now to be given up ! The Gentiles were to take their place. The Lord spoke no more ! No more Warnings,—given in love to His Enemies' Souls,—*no more Parables*,—*no more Appeals* ! *Only Silence*,—and the *Cross* ! CHRIST WAS GONE ! The Jewish People as a Nation,—and Jerusalem,—*passed away* !

A LESSON TO UNBELIEVERS IN CHRIST'S DIVINITY IN 1908.

These desperate men have long gone,—with their Confederate,—Judas,—to their Doom ! But their case is but reflected in the Unbelievers in Christ in our day.

"Of how much sorer Punishment, suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy, who hath trodden under foot the Son of God, and hath counted the Blood of the Covenant, wherewith he was sanctified, an unholy thing, and hath done despite unto the Spirit of Grace ?"

"For we know Him that hath said, Vengeance belongeth unto Me, I will recompense, saith the Lord. And again, The Lord shall judge His people."

"It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God."

THE "MESSIAH" REJECTED BY THE THEN "CHOSEN" PEOPLE,
THE JEWS.

We know the Result ! Their Leaders desperately opposed to Christ,—sought constantly to put Him to death. They saw Wondrous Miracles,—heard the Solemn Warnings of the Lord,—Who denounced their Pride,—neglect of the People,—their Hypocrisy,—their Sins, boldly before the People in the Seat of their Religion,—the Temple,—which they had desecrated by their corrupt Lives,—False Example,—and Covetousness.

The Lord's tremendous denunciation and exposure,—in the 23rd chapter of Matthew,—the Corrupt Priests,—and False Teachers,—the "Scribes and Pharisees,"—seem never to have got over,—or *forgiven* !

"And the Jews' Passover was at hand, and Jesus went up to Jerusalem.

"And found in the temple those that sold oxen and sheep and doves, and the changers of money sitting :

"And when He had made a scourge of small cords, he drove them all out of the Temple, and the sheep and the oxen ; and poured out the changers' money, and overthrew the tables ;

"And said unto them that sold doves, Take these things hence ; make not My Father's house an house of merchandise."

"And they were all amazed at the mighty power of God."

"And many of the people believed on Him, and said, When Christ cometh, will he do more miracles than these which this man hath done ?

"The Pharisees heard that the people murmured such things concerning Him : and the Pharisees and the chief priests and Officers to take Him."

"And there was much murmuring among the people concerning Him : for some said, He is a good man : others said, Nay ; but he deceiveth the people.

"Howbeit no man spake openly of Him for fear of the Jews."

"The Officers answered, Never man spake like this man.

"Then answered them the Pharisees, Are ye also deceived ?

"Have any of the Rulers or of the Pharisees believed on Him ?

"But this People who knoweth not the law are cursed.

"Nicodemus saith unto them, (he that came to Jesus by night, being one of them.)

"Doth our law judge any man, before it hear him, and know what he doeth ?

"They answered and said unto him, Art thou also of Galilee ? "

THE LORD WEEPS OVER HIS OWN PROPHECIES.

"O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy Children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not !

"Behold your house is left unto you desolate.

"For I say unto you, Ye shall not see Me henceforth, till ye shall say, Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord."

WHEN GOD LEAVES, SOCIETY FALLS TO PIECES.
GOD LEAVES THE JEWS.

As they have *ever* done,—God's Warnings came true, and after the Worship of the great God,—to whom as a Nation the Jews owed so much,—(the "God of their fathers") had been carried on for Centuries,—in the year 72 it ceased *for the first time* at Jerusalem! On the 17th July, A.D. 72,—the Sacrifices in the Great Temple at Jerusalem, *ceased for the first time*;—and the Public Worship of God ceased with them! GOD WAS GONE!

Immediately,—Jewish Society *fell to pieces*! They ceased to exist as a Nation,—disappearing for ages,—amidst a Scene of Bloodshed, Horror, and Despair at the Siege of Jerusalem, probably never before known. Had the Jews been a Nation of Secularists,—they would have disappeared for ever,—never been heard of again! But the Jew is no Unbeliever; he clings still to his God,—the "God of his Fathers,"—and to the Prophecies which foretell his restoration. It is this Faith in God which has preserved them,—all these Ages,—a standing Miracle amongst the Nations,—until the "Times" of us, the "Gentiles shall be fulfilled." A People,—a Nation, existing like the Jews for nigh 2,000 years,—without a Country or Territory,—is a standing Miracle of God's power,—and of the truth of the Bible prophecies! Such a thing is contrary to all Human experience,—unparalleled in the History of Mankind.

Even the Unbeliever cannot get over the Jews! *There they are!*



Too Late! Jews' "Wailing Place" at Jerusalem.
"O Lord! Build the City!" "O Lord! Build the City!"

Thus the Past proves that without God, and His Worship, Human Society cannot exist,—immediately they cease it falls to pieces,—thus emphatically confirming the assertion,

"The Infidel Writer is a Great Enemy to Society." The "Unbeliever" in Christ is the worst Enemy his Country, and his Nation, can have, because he is ever seeking to destroy that Faith, upon which our National Greatness, and Prosperity, have ever been founded, and upon which they *entirely depend*.

MANKIND CANNOT DO WITHOUT CHRIST.

No sooner have God and Christ departed,—Religion been dethroned,—and Public Worship ceased,—than Virtue, Order, Reason, Liberty, Safety, and Happiness, depart also! They are indissolubly connected!

The year 72 saw the final breaking up, and dispersion,—for Centuries,—of the Jewish Nation. With amazing long-suffering,—God for long Centuries,—(through their Prophets),—had most solemnly warned the Jews that their weariness of Him,—their iniquities,—and stubborn rejection of His Messengers, and their "Messiah" had been too much even for Omnipotence, and that He was *about to leave them*, and choose a *more willing* people,—the Gentiles. That "From the rising of the Sun, to the going down of the same, My Name shall be great among the Gentiles,—but ye have profaned it." —Malachi i., 11. With all our faults the Worship of our Blessed God is certainly carried on in Europe, America, and Australia, ceaselessly by us, the "Gentiles"; the Sun never sets upon it!

His Name is, in 1908, certainly "Great!"

But the Jewish Nation are not Atheists,—far from it,—they believe their Ancient Prophet,—they go with us Gentiles to the very last Words of the Old Testament, the last of their Prophets,—Malachi,—but there,—before the first words of the Gospel of Matthew begins, they stop! It is claimed that the existence of the Jews,—through the Ages,—oppressed in every possible way,—without a Country,—or Nationality,—is the most amazing Miracle on record in History. Can a greater confirmation of Prophecy,—or the effect of Unbelief,—before our very eyes, be conceived?

"And some believed the things which were spoken, and some believed not.

"And when they agreed not among themselves, they departed, after that Paul had spoken one word, Well spake the Holy Ghost by Esaias the prophet unto our fathers,

"Saying, Go unto this People, and say, Hearing ye shall hear, and shall not understand; and seeing ye shall see, and not perceive:

"For the heart of this People is waxed gross, and their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes have they closed; lest they should see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and understand with their heart, and should be converted, and I should heal them.

"Be it known therefore unto you that the salvation of God is sent unto the Gentiles, and that they will hear."

After bearing with His chosen People for ages,—sending them Prophets,—Warnings,—Expostulations,—all in vain,—then His own Divine Son,—God, as He solemnly warned them He would do, finally gave them up to "Unbelief."

"I have no pleasure in you,—saith the Lord of Hosts,—neither will I accept an offering at your hand. But from the Rising of the Sun even unto the going down of the same My Name shall be great among the Gentiles."—*Malachi* i., 10-11.

Certainly. The Sun in Europe, America, Australia, never sets upon the Worship of God,—and Christ,—by "Gentiles."

ARE WE GENTILES GOING TO FALL LIKE THE JEWS THROUGH UNBELIEF ?

There are ominous signs of Departure in our day,—even in the Pulpits,—from the Belief and true Gospel, of our Forefathers. The Vital Truths of Christianity,—the Divinity,—Miraculous Birth,—and Warnings,—of Jesus Christ,—are challenged,—explained away,—or disbelieved. In their place comes "Progressive" Thought—the denial of the loss of the unchanged, impenitent, wicked—the Wicked Delusion that all will be eventually Saved, or "cease to exist,"—all tending to detract from the necessity of the New Birth,—or Conversion,—and to belittle the Great Saviour of Mankind, and His Atonement. If God rejected His once "Chosen" People,—the Jews,—for their Unbelief,—will He not Reject us Gentiles,—if we fall away,—who have had an Enlightenment,—a Gospel Teaching,—the Jews never enjoyed ?

"If every transgression and disobedience received a just recompence of reward :

"How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation ?" *Hebrews* ii. 2-3.

"Let us labour therefore to enter into that rest, lest any man fall after the same example of unbelief."—*Hebrews* iv., 11.

Reader,—if you have not yet been able to find the Saviour as a Personal Redeemer,—and to trust all to Him as to our Divine Lord, and Master,—peruse the Rules for a Daily Christian Life given by that man of God, Dr. Doddridge on **Pages 432-446**—of this Volume. Also **Pages 186-203**.

Try such a Life,—in however imperfect a way at first, for a Month,—for a Year,—and see if God, and Christ, are Faithful to their Promises. Before you have attempted such a Life long, a Sweet Heavenly Messenger will come to your door,—

the Blessed Holy Spirit,—Christ's Representative in this "Fallen" World. He will give Grace, and Faith, to find the Saviour, and you will enjoy;—in a Life of Piety, and Prayer,—things which this Dying, Passing, World, never has,—and never can bestow,—even the "UNSEARCHABLE RICHES OF CHRIST"!

CONCLUSION.

THE MURDEROUS "BIGOT,"—VERSUS THE "SCEPTIC."

"Fallen" Mankind seem, throughout history, to be ever vibrating between the equally fatal Rocks (1) "Scylla,"—Merciless, frantic, cruel "BIGOTRY,"—or, (2) "Charybdis,"—SCEPTICAL indifference, "believing" nothing at all. Equally fatal,—personally,—to those who give way to them,—if History is asked which of these Sins has proved the greatest Curse to Mankind, torrents of Blood and Misery reply *the "Bigot."*

DEBAUCHED "BIGOTS" ON THE THRONE. THE "SACRAMENT."

Passing by such examples of the above such as Phillip II. of Spain,—"that awful Assassin,"—and the debauched Tyrants Louis XIV. and XV. of France with their vile women, and the blood of a hundred thousand innocent subjects murdered by their orders — or their hands,—let us take our own dangerous Bigot Henry VIII., in his later Reign. The Christian Believer sees "God in History." The Almighty overrules the frantic rage and vices of cruel Tyrants, and Monsters for,—eventually,—the good of all. Henry VIII.,—flattered by an obsequious Parliament,—and cowardly Clergy,—became a brutalized character,—dangerous to approach. The Murderer of helpless women who had trusted to him,—guilty of the barbarous execution of his Wives—the wicked—infamous—totally needless murder of the noble Sir Thomas More,—and many of his most valuable Subjects,—who stood in his way, still,—this wicked man was nevertheless the Instrument,—in God's Providence,—to free this Country from the deadly Tyranny of Papistry. In breaking with the Pope,—caring nothing for his "Excommunication,"—Henry VIII. merely sought his own personal will and the gratification of his illegal immoralities and divorces. Flattered by a subservient Court, and Clergy, all trembling for their own personal safety,—this immoral wretch posed as "Pope,"—"King,"—and "Church and State,"—all in one! He actually considered himself a deep Theologian! Still,—half Papist himself,—he insisted upon his Subjects believing in the "Real," actual, "Presence" of Christ, in the Bread, and Wine.

It is remarkable how debauchees like Louis XIV., XV., clung desperately,—like Dr. Palmer the Poisoner,—to the "Sacrament"—to the last. They attended "Mass" regularly, and massacred their Subjects with equal ease of mind. Wretches *unfit* to Live, much less to Rule! Many excellent, pious, Martyrs,—both Protestant and Catholic,—suffered under this Tyrant Henry VIII.,—all who stood in his way, or refused to obey his decision as "Head of the Church,"—(a nice "Head" of the Church of Jesus Christ)—were, placed together,—Catholic and Protestant, often dragged on the same hurdle from the Tower, to Smithfield to be burnt. An excellent Protestant Clergyman, Lambert, was accused of not believing in the "Real Presence" of Christ in the Sacrament. Henry VIII.,—eager to show his "Theology,"—presided at a great assembly in Westminster Hall. He sat upon the Judgment Seat clothed in white satin,—surrounded by the Prelates, Bishops, and Lawyers. The worthy, pious Lambert, forced to kneel to the King, as "Head of the Church,"—meekly, but courageously,—stated his Reasons,—from the Scripture,—for declining to believe, or teach, that our Lord's actual body was in a Wafer. Nine Prelates, Bishops, &c.,—then replied to him,—all having an eye to the King's favour, indeed, trembling for themselves. We read, "owing to his, now, enormous bulk Henry VIII. required a machine to lift him into a chair, or to remove him from place to place;—ulcers in the legs, &c., gave him excruciating torture, while a slow disease undermined his former great strength." No doubt the results of vice. A very dangerous Bigot to thwart! Of course the worthy clergyman, Lambert, was condemned. "What sayest thou,—wilt thou live, or die?" asked the King. "My soul I commit into the hands of God,"—Lambert replied meekly,—"my body to your Royal clemency." "I will not be the Patron of Heretics," replied the Tyrant. A few days after this excellent clergyman was burnt alive. "The terrible fashion,"—says the chronicler,—"of the burning of this blessed Martyr of all the many burnt at Smithfield was the most cruelly handled,—for his legs being burnt to the stumps the wretched tormenters, and enemies of God, did withdraw the fire from under him, and two on each side held him up on their halberds as far as the chains allowed, while he lifting up such hands as were left cried to the People,—'None but Christ! None but Christ!' and so being let down gave up his life!" *Well* may we say—"Oh RELIGION! What horrors have 'fallen' Mankind committed in thy Sacred Name!"



The Vulture.

"For wheresoever the Carcase is, there will the Eagles be gathered together."—*Matt. xxiv., 28.*

CHAPTER XLVII.

CONCLUDING ADDRESS.

THE VULTURE. PARTING. WE ARE NOW IN THE FIELD.

"WHERE ARE OUR SCHOOL MATES GONE?" THE SEPARATION BEGINS EARLY. LIFE COMES BUT ONCE. THE TWO PATHS. THE SPRING, SUMMER, AND WINTER OF THE SOUL.

"Two men shall be in the field, the one shall be taken and the other left!"—*Luke xvii., 36.*

LET us mark our Lord's answer,—when His Disciples asked Him when certain Judgments, which Jesus had foretold would come to pass,—“two Men shall be in the Field;—the one shall be taken and the other left!” They said unto Him, “Where, Lord?” And He said unto them, “Wheresoever the Body is, there will the Eagles be gathered together.”

The word our Lord here uses evidently refers to the “Vultures” of the East. These repulsive,—but most useful Birds,—the Scavengers of the East,—possess amazing powers. Job, speaking of the secret things of God,—says, “There is a path which no Fowl knoweth, and which the Vulture's eye hath not seen.”—(Job xxviii., 7.) Admitting, in these words the extraordinary power of these remarkable Birds. For,—let but a carcase fall in the Desert,—distance seemingly making no difference,—although there may not be a Cloud in the Sky, and all is solitude,—before long, little specks will be seen in the Sky.

They are the Vultures! *They are coming!* Aided by some marvellous instinct,—by Scent, Sight, or some unknown Agency, these birds know that a dead body has fallen! Down they come! With a “Vulture's eye,”—they swoop down! Try to keep them off, and they will patiently take up a position near, and *wait!* *They can wait!* They will tire you out! It is vain to disturb them. They remain till their task is done!

The words of our Lord are evidently a sort of Proverb, but their meaning must be clear. “You ask Me *where* this shall happen? I tell you *everywhere!* Till Heaven and Earth shall pass away, wherever there is Sin, Carelessness, and neglect of God, there will be Judgment; as surely as where there is a carcase to devour, there are the Birds of Prey gathered together!”

The Judgment does not come at once.

The Long-suffering and Patience, and Deliberation of God is the most solemn part of Religion!

It takes many years, in some cases, for the Judgment to fall. The Mill of God's Providence grinds very slowly, but it grinds *very sure!* It often comes through very unlikely agencies, through the agency of very indifferent characters.

For many years the wicked Jezebel had defied God; destroyed the Prophets, and urged on her wicked husband, Ahab, to be far worse than he might else have been.

Years passed,—but at length “a certain man drew a Bow at a venture,”—a chance shot,—yet it “smote Ahab” fatally.

just "between the joints of his harness." Yet the wicked Woman Jezebel lives 13 years after his death.

"And there was none like unto Ahab to work wickedness in the sight of the Lord, whom Jezebel his Wife stirred up. He did very abominably in following idols."—*I. Kings xxi.*, 25.

"And Jezebel said unto him, I will give thee the vineyard of Naboth. And she wrote letters, 'Set two men of Belial to witness against Naboth, saying, 'Thou didst blaspheme God, and the King, then carry him out and stone him that he die.'"—*I. Kings xxi.*, 7-9.

"Then they sent to Jezebel, saying, Naboth is stoned, and is dead. And Jezebel told Ahab her husband, 'Arise, take possession of the Vineyard, for Naboth is dead.'"

"But the Word of the Lord came to Elijah, Go down to Ahab, King of Israel, he is in the Vineyard of Naboth, and say unto him, 'Hast thou killed and taken Possession? Thus saith the Lord, In the Place where the Dogs licked the blood of Naboth, shall they lick thine. And of Jezebel also spake the Lord saying, The dogs shall eat Jezebel by the Wall of Jezreel.'"—*I. Kings xxi.*, 17, 23.

It was an evil day for this wicked woman, when she taunted Jehu,—for it was her *last*!

And when Jehu was come to Jezreel, Jezebel heard of it; and she painted her face, and tired her hair, and looked out of a Window; and as Jehu entered at the Gate, she said, "Had Zimri peace, who slew his master?"



Jezebel.

13 Years After. "Judgment" at Last.

But the man of War, and Blood, would brook no insult! "He lifted up his face to the Window and said, 'Who is on my side? Who?' And there looked out to him two Eunuchs. And he said, 'Throw her down!' So they threw her down."

"And when he was come in, he did eat and drink; and said, Go see, now, this cursed Woman, and bury her, for she is a King's daughter. But they found no more of her than the scull, feet, and hands."—*II. Kings ix.* 30.

And every impenitent Sinner,—sooner or later,—will find,—like Ahab,—and Jezebel,—that however *slowly* the Mill of God's Providence may grind,—it grinds desperately *Sure*!

Very often, in the New Dispensation we live under, God's Judgments for Sin, Carelessness, and Neglect of Him, do not

fall *at all* in this life, as in the Old Testament. But the answer comes,—“What if God, *willing to shew His wrath*, and to make His power known, endures with *much long-suffering* the vessels of wrath fitted to destruction?”—(Romans ix., 22). Far better let His judgments fall in *this* World, where they may lead to amendment,—than that they should be thus reserved for the NEXT!

WE ARE ALL IN THE FIELD.

Let us, therefore, take the Words of our Lord, “Two Men shall be in the Field,”—as applying to ourselves. We are all now, together, “in the Field;” engaged in daily business; sharing alike, much the same hours of work, of Rest, and Refreshment. Meeting it may be, perhaps each Sunday, side by side, in the Sabbath School, or the Place of Worship. But let us mark our Lord’s Words,—words of Him who “spake as never man spake,”—words of solemn meaning of Him “Whose thoughts are not as our thoughts.” “Two men shall be in the field,—one shall be taken, and the other left!” It is even so indeed! We share now, very much the same business, and pleasure, but shall we always be so united?

If the Veil which hangs over the Future could,—for a moment,—be drawn up,—if we could look but eight or ten years onward,—how infinite would be the variety of Fortune experienced by those who are now here assembled, and who have now so much in common with each other!

WHERE ARE OUR SCHOOL MATES GONE?

Nothing, indeed, is more striking than when we have lived, ten, twenty, or forty years after leaving the School we were at, to try to trace the various fortunes of those with whom we were once living so familiarly! The Spot may be the same as ever,—the School-house may still be there,—the Summer’s sun may light up the well-known Fields, and Woods, and Playground, where once we played,—but they *are gone*, and few, very few, who have been spared for even ten years after leaving School, can look around, without perceiving, that here one, and there another, of those who entered Life together with them,—set out with them from the same port,—have already ceased to accompany them,—and are gone down even in their first spring-time to the grave!

We may say of Life,—as of the Ship,—bearing its Emigrants to Climes beyond the Sea:—

"Thou wilt not *bring them back* !
 All whom thou bearest from their hearth to roam,
Many are thine,—no more again to track,
 Their own sweet Island Home ! "

When the White Cliffs of their Native Land sank,—at last,—beneath their Horizon,—they *never rose* upon them *again* !

ONE SHALL BE TAKEN AND THE OTHER LEFT.

But our Lord's words have yet a more solemn meaning :
 "Two shall be in the field, one shall be taken, and the other left."

If the Streams of our several fortunes were but to be divided for a time,—and the time would come when all of us were, one day, to be united once more ;—the sense of separation would be far less sad.

But we know that in the most solemn sense of all, "One shall be taken and the other left." Our separation, one from another, will but go on further and further, till it ends at length in the extremes of distance and difference ; one will pass away into darkness and misery, and the other will be welcomed into the Mansions of the Lord !

They who were once so nearly connected with each other, who sat together in the same School, or College,—but then as far parted asunder as Heaven and Hell !

Speaking of the various aspects life will wear even ten years hence, to those who find it so similar now ; what mortal, though ever so well acquainted with the characters of you all, could dare to predict your future Destiny ? Who shall be taken, and who left ?—On whom misfortune shall fall, and whom it may spare ?

Nothing in your present state can enable one so much as to guess ; for in points of Worldly Fortune there is no certainty ; so suddenly and so unexpectedly, in these matters do our prospects, in a few years, either brighten or darken.

Experience has proved that no mere efforts of our own can ensure earthly prosperity ; no human being can judge whose lot amongst you will be prosperous, and whose the contrary ; and if this be impossible, how much less can any one dare to conjecture the final and everlasting fate of any one of my Readers ?

WE CAN AVOID THE GREAT PARTING.

But though, in Earthly things, Success is not always to be insured by any efforts of our own, in that Great Separation,

which is to take place hereafter, it *does* depend, greatly depend, upon yourselves ; for I speak to those who have known, and heard, Christ's Gospel, and with all things ready on Christ's part, to give us the victory. It does, I say, depend upon ourselves, our efforts,—our Prayers,—whether we shall be among those who “ are taken, or those who are left.”

And those who watch narrowly, cannot but see those signs in several Characters which are the Seeds, however far from maturity, of Eternal Happiness or Eternal Misery !

You have, then, deep reason to be thankful for every mark of early goodness ; nor should you dare to slight the signs of early sinfulness, for if you *do* slight such signs they will assuredly grow, every year, darker and more fatal !

SIGNS OF CHARACTER.

There are some whose tempers are naturally weak, who yield to the wishes, and opinions, of others too readily,—who dislike trouble, and fear disquiet and danger ; but the Christian's spirit must not be the Spirit of Weakness. And the worst of this otherwise gentle, and amiable, Character is, that such tempers are very apt to sink into meanness, and Sensual Appetites, and Lust ; for Covetousness, and Selfishness, and Sins of Uncleaness, often belong to the same Character.

Others, again, even from Boyhood, are revengeful and passionate, oppressive, and unkind,—*too proud* to attempt to *give* pleasure, and *too sullen* to *receive* it ! The leading bias in this Character is soon discernible, and,—as far as one can judge from two or three years' observation,—too often is allowed to retain its hold ; for while they have been under notice until they have passed away,—that leading Feature, for good or for bad, has appeared to remain the same.

But by far the most numerous cases are those with no decided symptoms of any kind,—no especial leaning towards evil,—no marked disposition towards good. The House is “ swept and garnished ;” Evil Spirit (in the sense of some, one, marked, Besetting Sin) there is apparently none. But can it continue thus empty long ? Surely either Good or Evil will shortly find a home in that empty heart ! How often do we see the innocence of early boyhood tainted, the spirit soiled, the sense of what is true and noble dulled ; and, as far as we have had the opportunity of remarking, the evil which has thus entered has not departed. On the other hand, the good, when early received and cherished, has never entirely left

so long as it has been in our view ; much oftener has it seemed to grow stronger and brighter.

THE THOUGHTLESS.

It is, then, to these more numerous cases,—in which there are, as yet, no decided symptoms,—I would draw your attention for a moment : neither weak, nor vicious, nor cruel, with no more alarming sign than a general thoughtlessness, a general indifference, a fondness for what they like to do, rather than for what they ought, with no more alarming symptom, it is true. But is there not something in this thoughtlessness, in this indifference, which is alarming enough of itself ? How can Piety and love to God exist in a ground so shallow as that of *Thoughtlessness* ? How can those be in a hopeful condition who are not only far from the Kingdom of Heaven, but have, as yet, *taken no step towards it*, nor appear to wish, or intend, doing so ?

We are told that the Holy Spirit of God intercedes for us with groanings which cannot be uttered ! God only knows *how long* Eternity is, and that we do indeed need an Intercessor for us when we are so indifferent about our own Eternal interests ! We cannot doubt God's earnest solicitude as to our fate, seeing that He is described, in the Person of our Saviour, as knocking at the door of our hearts, waiting to be gracious ; asking us to be His, to turn to Him, to give to Him those affections, that love, which are His due. He waits there, to use the language of Scripture, until " His head is wet with the dew, and His locks with the drops of the night."

Knowing the infinite worth of even one human soul, He consented to bear God's righteous, but awful, indignation against sin, in our stead, that we might have a way left open to draw near to God. For this purpose, He consented to a life of suffering, of poverty, of humiliation. The wild Fox had some hole to which to retreat, and enjoy rest, the Birds of the air had their nests to which to resort, but the Son of Man had not where to lay His head.

Surely, then, if all this appears to you unreal and fanciful, —unreal in the sense in which your games, your favourite pursuits are real,—surely there is in this *entire indifference* to Him who died for you, this *entire thoughtlessness* about everything connected with these subjects, something alarming enough of itself !

WHY INDIFFERENCE IS ALARMING.

It is alarming, because this is a World in which there is no standing still ; the ever changing Seasons are but a type

of our Life, for ever growing and for ever decaying ; everything is going on. There is the SPRING,—the SUMMER,—yes ! and there is, alas, THE WINTER of the SOUL ! Those days and years we thought in Boyhood so long, which promised so much, slip by, as evening after evening comes and goes ! Like “Sunsets lost on Boyhood’s distant Shore.” Amongst all things in Nature a *change* is going on,—either growing brighter and better, or fading. We have, doubtless, observed a Person who appears to be much the same in appearance as he was this time last year, or for years past ; but he is not the same ! Watch him a few more years, and you see “He is very much aged,” or,—may be, he is dead. The Seasons may return again and again, all things may seem as they were, even to the very shadows the sun throws around us, but *we* are not the *same* ! In the eye of God we are different from what we were last year ; we are not the same by possibility ! We are either colder towards Him, or we are nearer to Him than we once were ! You, and I, and all of us, are fast passing onward to *Eternity*, along whichever path we have chosen, and the great question is *Whither?*

ONLY TWO PATHS.

There are but two Paths along which all men are advancing ! The one is a Life of Piety, which leads upwards and onwards, and its end is Heaven ; the other is the Godless life led by hundreds of Young Men in our large towns, which leads for ever downwards ; for in the Eternal World there can be no standing still,—all will, even then, be for ever increasing in goodness and in wisdom, towards infinite perfection, without, however, reaching it ; or else will be sinking for ever into deeper depravity, pollution, misery, and sin, with all the wicked who have ever lived, and with the evil spirits themselves !

Yet a little while, and we, who have met in this place, will be parted by a bridgeless Gulf which Eternity itself can never lessen, or narrow !

Like Vessels, with their sails set contrary ways, we pass over the Sea of Life, in pursuit of the objects we have placed before us as the chief aim of our Hopes and our Desires ! Yet a little while, and Life,—like a rushing Torrent,—with its Hopes, its Fears, its Joys, its Grievs,—will be over ! We shall all then have walked our last mile along the Path of life we have made choice of : you will have reached either the glory and the happiness, or the endless misery, in which the two paths end !

Surely, then, we ought to watch and pray over the portion

of our lives that is passing ! We dare not, even the youngest of us, let our days pass away in utter apathy and forgetfulness !

Christ would indeed have us ask ourselves whether we have prayed more or less during the past month, or year,—for where spiritual life and advancement are but commencing, the best signs will ever be in our prayers, whether they have been frequent and earnest.

What number then of Prayers spoken from the heart could the Angels record of us during the year, or during our life that is past ? What evil habit has been laid aside, what sin overcome or weakened, what temper corrected, what generous, humble, kindly feelings experienced, what willing, loving acts of duty rendered to man ?

Do God's Angels regard us with more of hope, or of fear, than they regarded us a year ago ?

Whilst journeying o'er the Sea of Life,—the Writer and Reader of this Book have, in God's providence, come together,—as it were,—for a few fleeting moments, on our Voyage to Eternity ! We have read together, once more,—in various parts of this Book,—the solemn warnings of Almighty God,—and, in the various Texts therein quoted,—we have listened to, and considered *once* more the sweet Gospel message,—heard, *once* more a loving Saviour's call !

But the Question still remains,—and it is *the Question* for Time, and for Eternity,—whether you will still seize the Passing, Worldly, Sinful, pleasures of the moment, or whether you will now listen to the voice of Him who says, “ Behold I stand ! open to Me, for My hair is wet with the dew,—and My locks with the drops of the Night ! ”

THE HEAVENLY CALL, THROUGH PIOUS MESSENGERS.

We have come to the conclusion of this *last address*, and God only knows how these words may affect you ! Do not read them with entire indifference ! Raise one humble prayer that He would bless them to your good before you leave the subject, to begin once more your daily life, and to encounter the temptations it must surely bring !

You have heard the like Counsel, I know, a hundred times before, on a hundred Sabbaths, from the earnest Ministers or Pious friends, whom the faithful God caused, in His providence, to *cross your path*, in youth, just at the “ accepted time,”—when your “ bosom was young.”

Was it the loving Parent,—or the Faithful Minister of Christ,—the Religious acquaintance, or the Godly friend,—

the Sabbath School Teacher,—the pious School fellow,—or the Young Christian Companion of later years,—who were the sweet Messengers whom the Blessed God caused,—*unsought by you*,—in His Providence,—just at the “accepted” time,—to *cross your Path* in Youth?

Or,—may be,—some Religious Book struck you;—it seemed *not much to others*,—but you felt that it was God’s call to *your soul*!

Those days,—it may be, to some,—are long over, and are gone! For years,—it may be,—the grass of some distant Burial Ground has waved o’er where those sweet, silent,—Messengers of God now lie!

But, to *some* Reader,—from that quiet resting place,—there still come sweet Memories of the Past!

Doubtless those Messengers conveyed to you the Whispers of the Unseen God! And the Wind, as it sweeps over those neglected Graves, still seems to me to waft to *some* Reader, a Heavenly,—“but now,”—a Solemn Call. “Oh! leave those fleeting pleasures of a passing, delusive, World,—that prayerless, Christless, life,—and follow us,—our pious example, and Christian lives,—to the same, bright Heavenly Home!”

OUR COMRADES CALL.

In our far-off School days,—in the Evening after a Summer’s day’s Holiday in the Woods, and Fields,—we heard the voices of Comrades calling, “*Come Home*”! “*Come Home*”! And from those Graves of pious Comrades who left us long years ago for their Heavenly “Home”—there seems to come to *some* Reader,—it may be, now, far down the Stream of Time,—nearer Eternity than he may think,—*once* more the voice of Comrades calling,—for the last time, “*Come Home! Come Home!*”

“Return, oh! Wanderer,—to thy God,—’tis Madness to delay!
There is no Changing in the Tomb,—and short is Mercy’s day!”

“Come to thy God in Time”! The Church bells seemed to chime,
“While Youth and Life is thine,—*come to thy God in time!*”

“Ah! Sir,—HE WAS THE ONLY MAN I EVER FELT!”

“Why do you say, ‘to *some* Reader,’—is not the call to *all*?” Well! *It was once* a Call to them *all*! “What? Has He *passed some by*?” Reader! *Eternity* shall answer *that* question! As an elderly man once said to the Writer,

—speaking of an earnest and noted Minister of Christ, (who had been deceased for many years),—“ Ah ! Sir,—he was the only man *I ever felt!* ” His life had not been that of a Christian ;—and he was now fading into age ; but forty, or fifty, years had not erased the memories of early days when the Almighty sent, doubtless, through that good Minister, a Call to this man ! A Call from the Supreme once “ felt ” is never forgotten ! It shall not be forgotten throughout the ages of Eternity !

He said no more, he died soon after, but there was doubtless here a long, sad, tale, had that old man chosen to have told it ! A long, sad tale,—(and how many are there like him ?),—of early Convictions stifled,—the Call, through sweet Messengers of God, in early days, met with repulses, weariness, neglect ! Choosing *this* World,—and, probably, its *sinful* pleasures,—and *letting* Christ go ! The priceless Tide of Salvation,—not taken at its turn,—came to him no more ! And now,—in the chill evening of a Godless life, there had come that solemn complaint of his,—inability to “ *feel!* ” That fatal want,—absence of *anxiety* or *desire*,—that fatal lack of heart to seek a Salvation once proffered, and neglected, thirty, or forty, years before ! *Solemn* words,—dear young Reader,—and every Christian Believer knows that they are so,—coming from one far down the Stream of Time, the “ Summer ended, and the Harvest past,” “ He was the only man *I ever felt!* ”

Other good Ministers, doubtless, had come, and preached, and prayed ! Doubtless, they had spoken eloquently, and well : others, younger men,—had listened,—“ felt,”—and been gathered in, but they spoke in vain to this man ; he could not “ feel ” them ! Others,—younger people,—listened and turned to Christ, but he could not ; they did not seem to speak to *him!*

How *was it*, Reader ? The *very same* Gospel was surely preached by these good Ministers, as by their Predecessors, forty, sixty, years before ! Oh, yes ! But the *man* who listened to them was not, now, the *same!* The Gospel of Christ was *there*,—the Precious Blood was flowing still,—Oh ! yes !—the “ Bridegroom was as sweet,”—but the “ *feeling*,”—the *desire*,—after them *was gone!*

HE HAD MISSED THE TIDE.

He had lost that “ Spring time ” in his life, when, under the faithful Ministry of that good man,—(whom God doubtless caused to cross his path in Youth),—and under the influence of God, the precious Holy Spirit, he should have grasped God’s

Promises, and invitations,—and come out as a Young Christian! He should have given up, with God's aid,—that long loved, besetting Sin,—loosened his hold upon this poor, dying World,—and then, by a Prayerful and Christian Example to all around him, seized the precious Tide, in his Youth, which it was God's Will should have borne him to his Heavenly Home!

That precious Tide,—the Tide of Salvation,—is flowing now,—for *you*,—as once it flowed for him! Oh! Seize it at its turn, and let it bear you to the Heavenly Shore!

If in the Spring Time of *your* life,—the Blessed God is sending you Convictions, I charge you not to receive these Messengers of God to *your* Soul,—with Weariness, Indifference, or Contempt! Go, rather, to your Chamber, and your knees,—seek the Company of Pious Youths of your own age,—and carefully cherish, and foster, by Prayer, those Visitations,—those Whispers of the Unseen God! You may think lightly of these things now,—you will not think lightly of them throughout an Endless Eternity!

“THE HARVEST IS PAST, THE SUMMER IS ENDED,—AND
WE ARE NOT SAVED!”

God grant that no Reader of this Book may ever know what it is to look back upon a prayerless, woeful, past life of neglect;—others, around him “Called,”—“Chosen,”—and, after a Pious life, long since passed to Bliss,—and *he* left,—in the Evening of his life,—unable to “feel!” To find that the Pious Sentiments, and Convictions, of his early days, have faded from his life for ever,—and will come to him again no more! That the Blessed God,—after waiting *many* Years,—at length passed him by,—for *others*,—and that now, for him,—for Time and for Eternity,—all around is *Cold*, and *Stern*, and *Still*!

You think you are much the same as you were years ago, and you hope, I know, to consider, many a time yet to come, the Gospel invitation! I would not cast a gloom over the mind of any,—but I would urge you to remember, that while you are considering, and saying, “Time enough yet,” and “By and By,” time is *passing on*! It seems but yesterday since I wrote the first Edition of this Book, yet *forty-four* years have now slipped by; the Youths who read it then are now men of sixty or sixty-five years old,—and, many I know, have already *passed away*!

If you seem to care less for what you have read to-day, than you did for the last appeal you heard like it, you should fear

that you have moved away from the point where you once stood: the Change is not in Him to whom I would fain endeavour to lead you,—His love yearns over you as ever, His ear is as open to your prayer;—the Change must be in yourself:—a change not one to discourage you, from regaining the point you may appear to have lost,—but one which, disregarded for a length of time, is indeed calling your Prayers! You have used up so many Weeks and Months of your short allotment of life, and there remains so much the less, and you are so much nearer the end whichever Path you have chosen! You are more grown to good or evil, more bent upon Heaven or Earth, than when you heard the Gospel call last, and as since every night we must pitch our Tent a day's Journey nearer *some* Home, may each Year that passes, find you, and me, dear Reader, a Year's journey upon that Path which will lead us to our Heavenly Home!

"By going down the Path of 'By and By,' one comes, at last, to the Gate of 'Never.'"—(*Spanish Proverb.*)

"Now is the 'accepted' time! Now is the day of 'Salvation!'"

"Wide is the Gate and broad is the Way that leadeth to Destruction, and *many* there be which go in thereat;" because "strait (difficult) is the Gate and narrow is the Way that leadeth unto Life, and *few* there be that find it."

"Behold, I stand at the Door and knock!"

"Come now,—and let us reason together,—saith the Lord!"

"Though your Sins be as Scarlet, they shall be as Snow!"

"As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the Wicked,—but rather that he should return, repent, and live!"

"The Scripture which the Eunuch read was this, He was led as a Sheep to the slaughter; and like a Lamb dumb before his shearer, so opened He not His mouth."



"The Spirit said unto Philip, Go near, and join thyself to this chariot. And Philip said, Understandest thou what thou readest?"

"And he said, How can I, except some man guide me? And he desired Philip that he would come up and sit with him."



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"I am twenty years old, and, this Spring, I left my occupation, and am to take a Course at College, to qualify for the Ministry. * * * I wish I had a thousand of those Books to present to young Men about here, for many are leading a life of Sin and Iniquity. * * * "

NOTE.—Should this ever meet the eye of the unknown Writer, let him be assured that all Christian People will rejoice at the change alluded to. Never, surely,—in the History of the English Speaking Race, were able Young Men in America, or Great Britain, and her Colonies, more sorely needed for the Good Master's Service.

In 1908, as in A.D. 33,—“The Harvest truly is plenteous, but the Labourers are few.”—(*Matt.* ix., 37.)

Though strangers to each other, in this World, these “Labourers” will all meet,—one day,—at the Great Harvest Home,—when Eternity shall begin,—and “Time itself shall be a forgotten Incident !”

A LITTLE WHILE.

“What is this that He saith,—A little while ?”—*John* xvi., 17.

A “little while,”—to wear the Weeds of Sadness,
To “Bear the Cross,”—to Wrestle with the Strong !
Then,—to pour out with Joy,—the Oil of Gladness !
Then,—Bind the Sheaves, and Sing the Harvest Song !

A “little while,”—midst Shadow, and Illusion,—
To strive,—by Faith,—Love's Mysteries to spell,
Then,—solved each dark Enigma's bright solution,
Then,—hail Sight's Verdict,—“*He doth all things well*” !

And He Who is Himself the Gift,—and Giver,—
The Future Glory,—and the present Smile,
With the Glad Promise of a Bright Forever
Will Gild the Shadows of Earth's “Little While” !

“What shall we then say to these things ? If God *be* for us, who *can be* against us ?

“He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things ?”—*Romans* viii., 31-32.

“And they that be Wise shall shine as the brightness of the Firmament. And they that turn many to Righteousness, as the Stars for ever, and ever.”—*Daniel* xii., 3.

“The best of all is,—God is with us !”—*John Wesley*.

